CHOICE

Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues

To SING to the

THEORBO-LUTE, or *BASS-VIOL.*

BEING

Moſt of the Neweſt *Ayres*, and *Songs*, Sung at *COURT*,
And at the Publick *THEATRES.*

Compoſed by ſeveral Gentlemen of His Majeſties Muſick, *and others.*

The SECOND EDITION Corrected and Enlarged.

LONDON,
Printed by *W. Godbid*, and are to be ſold by *John Playford*,
near the *Temple* Church, 1675.

Mus 526.11 F *

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To the LOVERS of

MUSICK.

Gentlemen & Ladies,

MUSICK is of different effects, and admits of as much variety of Fancy to pleaſe all Humours as any Science whatever. It moves the Affections ſometimes into a ſober Compoſure, and other-times into an active Jollity. Theſe *Songs* and *Ayres* are ſuch as were lately Compoſed, and are very ſuitable and acceptable to the *Genius* of theſe *Times*. Many of the Words have been already Publiſhed, which gave but little content to divers Ingenious Perſons, who thought them as dead, unleſs they had the *Airy Tunes* to quicken them; to gratifie whom, was a great inducement to me for their Publication. Your kind acceptance and general good liking of the former Impreſſion of this Book has both encouraged and obliged me to preſent you with a Second; wherein I have taken care to Correct thoſe Errors that before eſcaped in the *Muſick* untaken notice of; and have likewiſe added ſeveral *Stanza's* of Verſes to the *Songs* that then wanted them; as alſo Thirty five new *Ayres*, *Songs*, and *Dialogues*, never till now Printed; moſt of which, (as well as thoſe in the firſt Edition) were Tranſcribed from the Original Copies of the *Authors*, and by them allowed to be made publick. By your approbation of this, you will engage to the publication of more of this kind,

Your Servant,

J. P.

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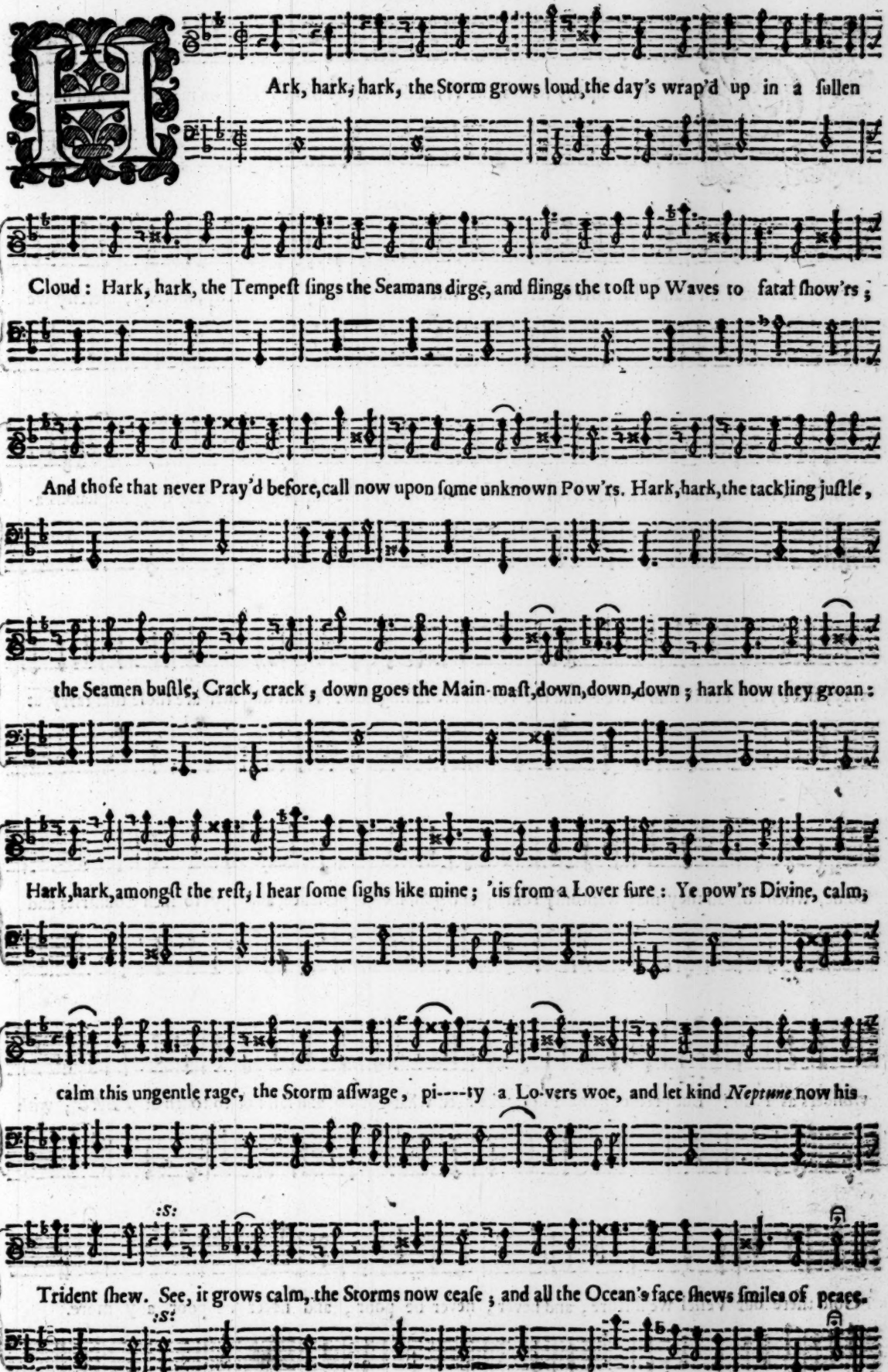

Hark, hark, hark, the Storm grows loud, the day's wrap'd up in a ſullen
Cloud: Hark, hark, the Tempeſt ſings the Seamans dirge, and flings the toſt up Waves to fatal ſhow'rs;
And thoſe that never Pray'd before, call now upon ſome unknown Pow'rs. Hark, hark, the tackling juſtle,
the Seamen buſtle, Crack, crack; down goes the Main-maſt, down, down, down; hark how they groan:
Hark, hark, amongſt the reſt, I hear ſome ſighs like mine; 'tis from a Lover ſure: Ye pow'rs Divine, calm,
calm this ungentle rage, the Storm aſſwage, pi----ty a Lo-vers woe, and let kind *Neptune* now his
:S:
Trident ſhew. See, it grows calm, the Storms now ceaſe; and all the Ocean's face ſhews ſmiles of peace.
:S:

Heer up my Mates, the Wind doth fairly blow; clap on more Sails, and never

ſpare. Farewell all Lands, for now we are in the wide Sea of Drink; and merrily, merrily, merrily we

go. Bleſs me! 'tis hot, another bowl of Wine, and we ſhall cut the burning Line: Hey boys ſhe ſcudds a-

way, and by my head I know we round the World are ſailing now. What dull men are thoſe that tarry at

home, when abroad they may wantonly rome; and gain ſuch experience, and ſpy to ſuch Countries and

wonders as I do! But prethee good Pilot, take heed what you do, and fail not to touch at *PERU*; with

Gold there our Veſſel we'll ſtore, and never, never be poor, and never be poor any more.

Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

Hus *Cupid* commences his rapes and vagaries, and ſports himſelf with

Female paſſions; A thouſand times over he changes and varies their Fancies as oft as their Faſhions: A

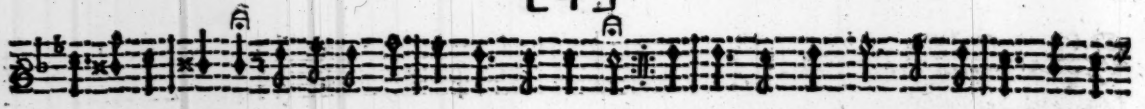
world of fine ſtratagems he exerciſes, his, pow'r to increaſe, and inlarge his Dominions; Though his

force be but feeble; by fraud he ſurprizes the Lord knows how many millions: With his Songs and his

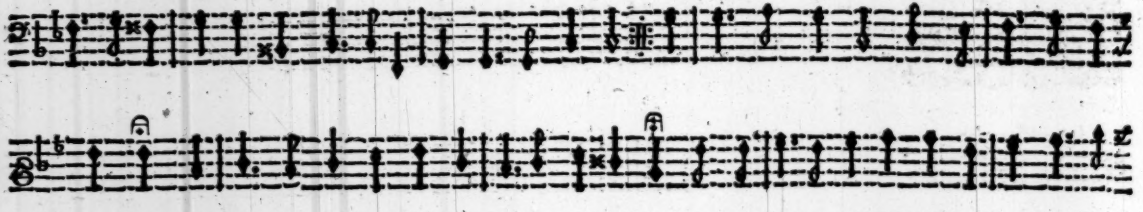
Sonnets, his Tales and Romances, he works on the hearts of the poor ſilly Lover; Whoſe want of diſ-

cretion his Trade ſo advances, ſince he none of his cheats can diſcover: But his greateſt deſign, and where-

in he moſt glories, by which the whole world is ſo willingly cheated; Is to cog and diſſemble, and

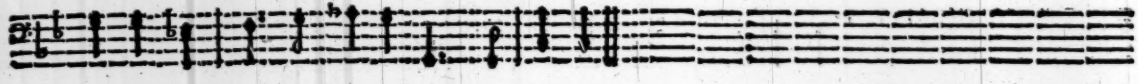


tell lying Stories, as Women love beſt to be treated. Now you that from Love are reſolv'd to be



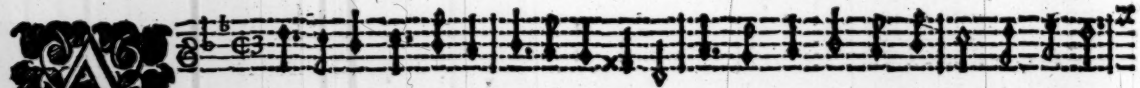
Free-man, take heart and be noble, be active, and jolly; for to pine for a Miſtriſs, you never ſhall

ſee man, who yields not to love Me-lan-chol-ly.

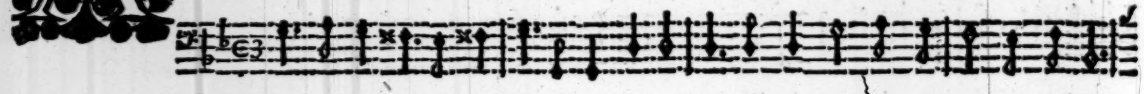


Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

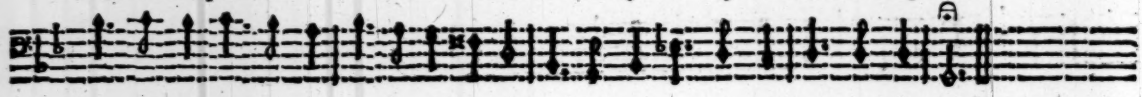
A 2 Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.



After the pangs of a deſperate Lover, when day and night I have ſigh'd all in vain;



Ah, what a pleaſure it is to diſ co-ver, in her Eyes Pi--ty who cauſes my Pain.



Mr. *Alph. Marſh.*

I.

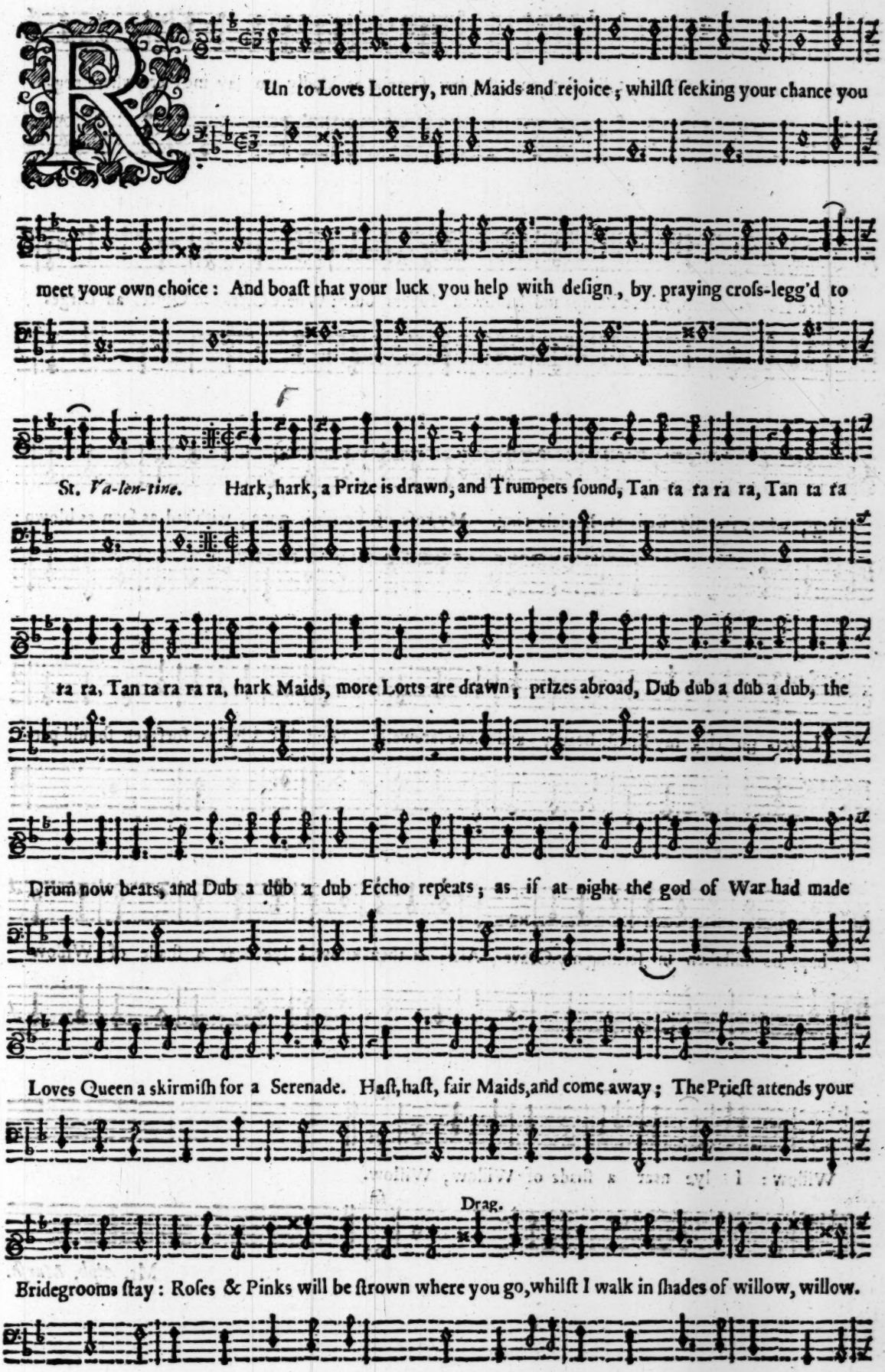
When with unkindneſs our Love at a ſtand is,
And both have puniſh'd our ſelves with the pain;
Ah, what a pleaſure the touch of her hand is!
Ah, what a pleaſure to preſs it again!

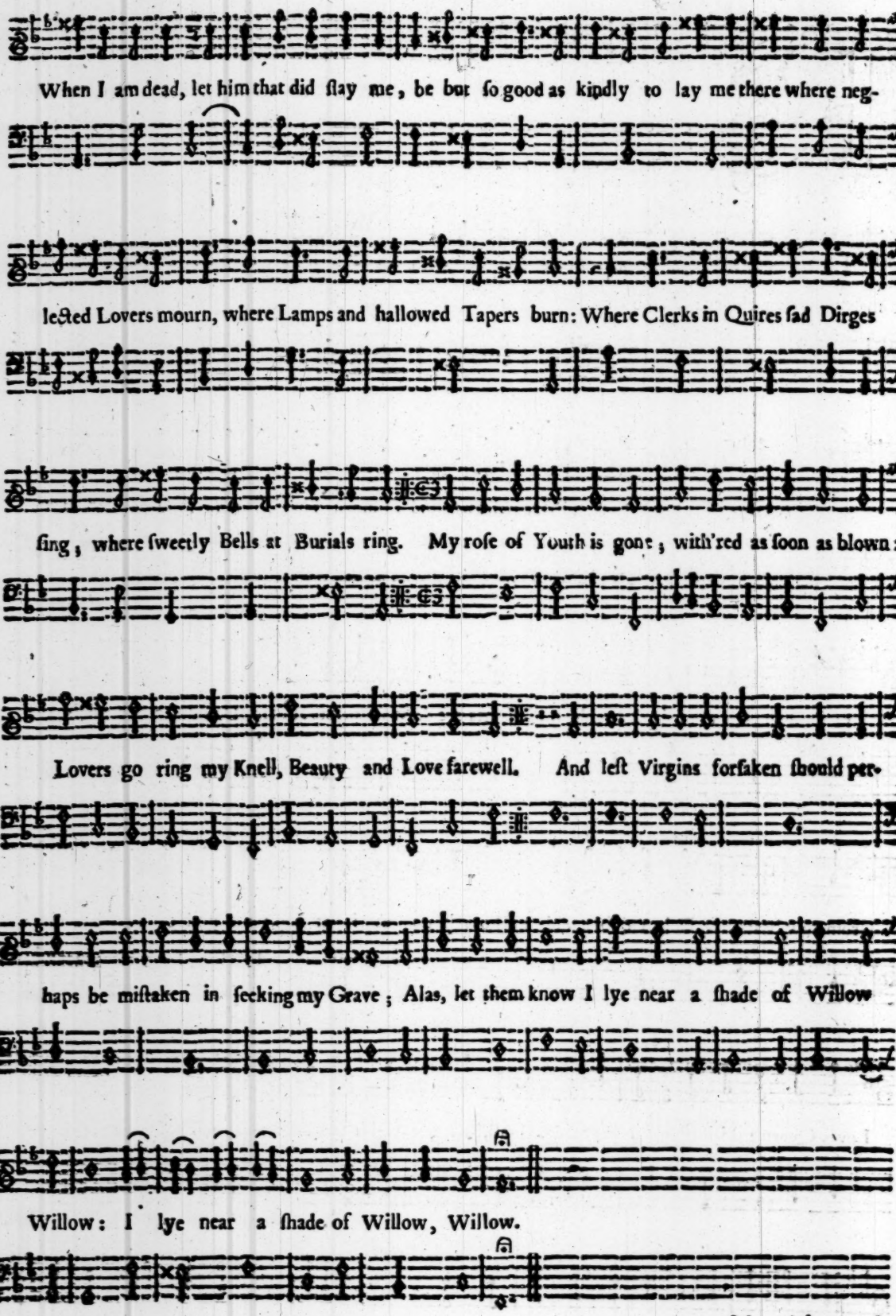
II.

When the denyal comes fainter and fainter,
And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny;
Ah, what a trembling I feel when I venture!
Ah, what a trembling does uſher my Joy!

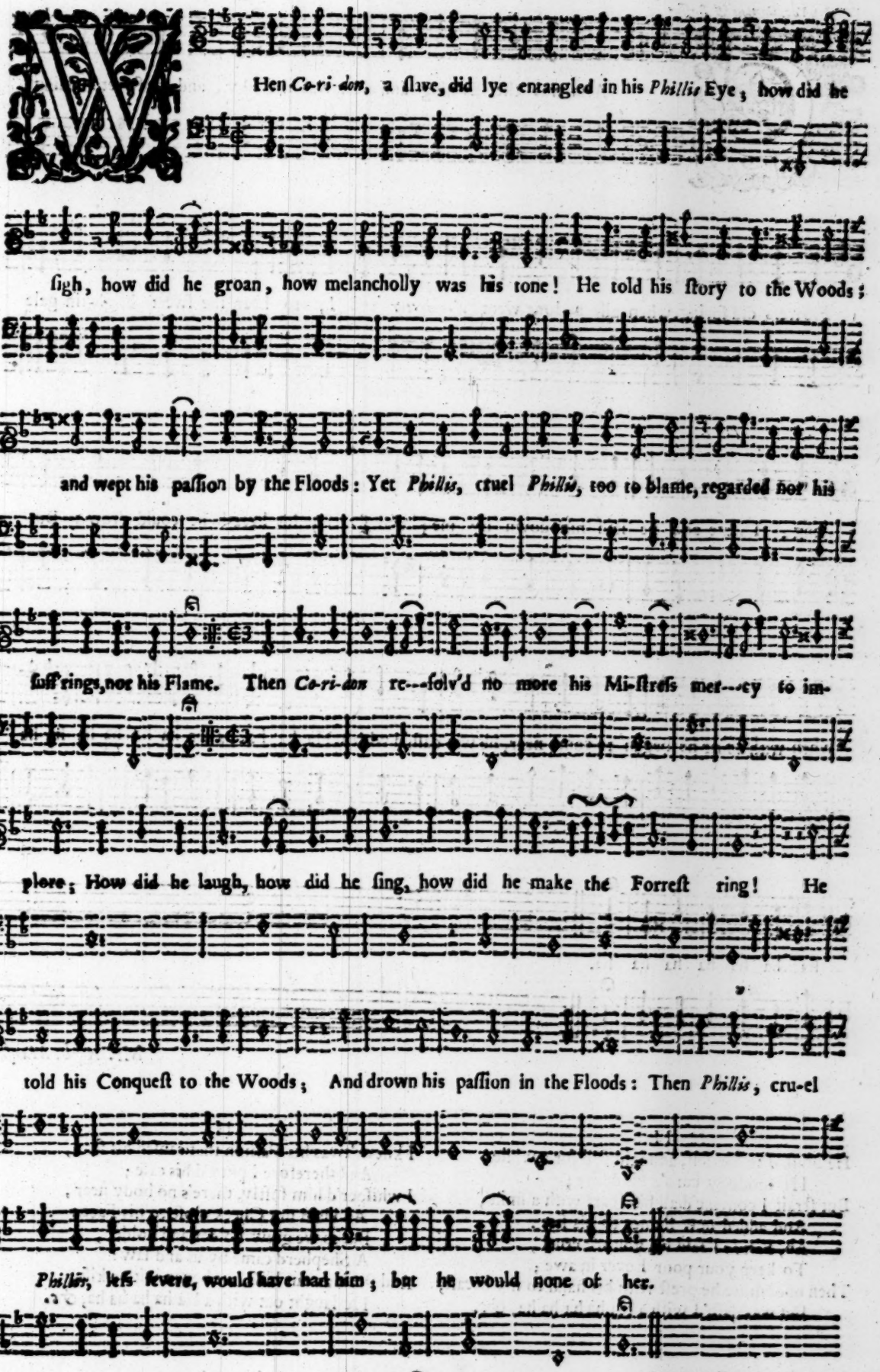
III.

When with a ſigh, ſhe accords me the bleſſing,
And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt pleaſure and pain:
Ah, what a Joy 'tis beyond all expreſſing!
Ah! what a Joy to hear, Shall we again?

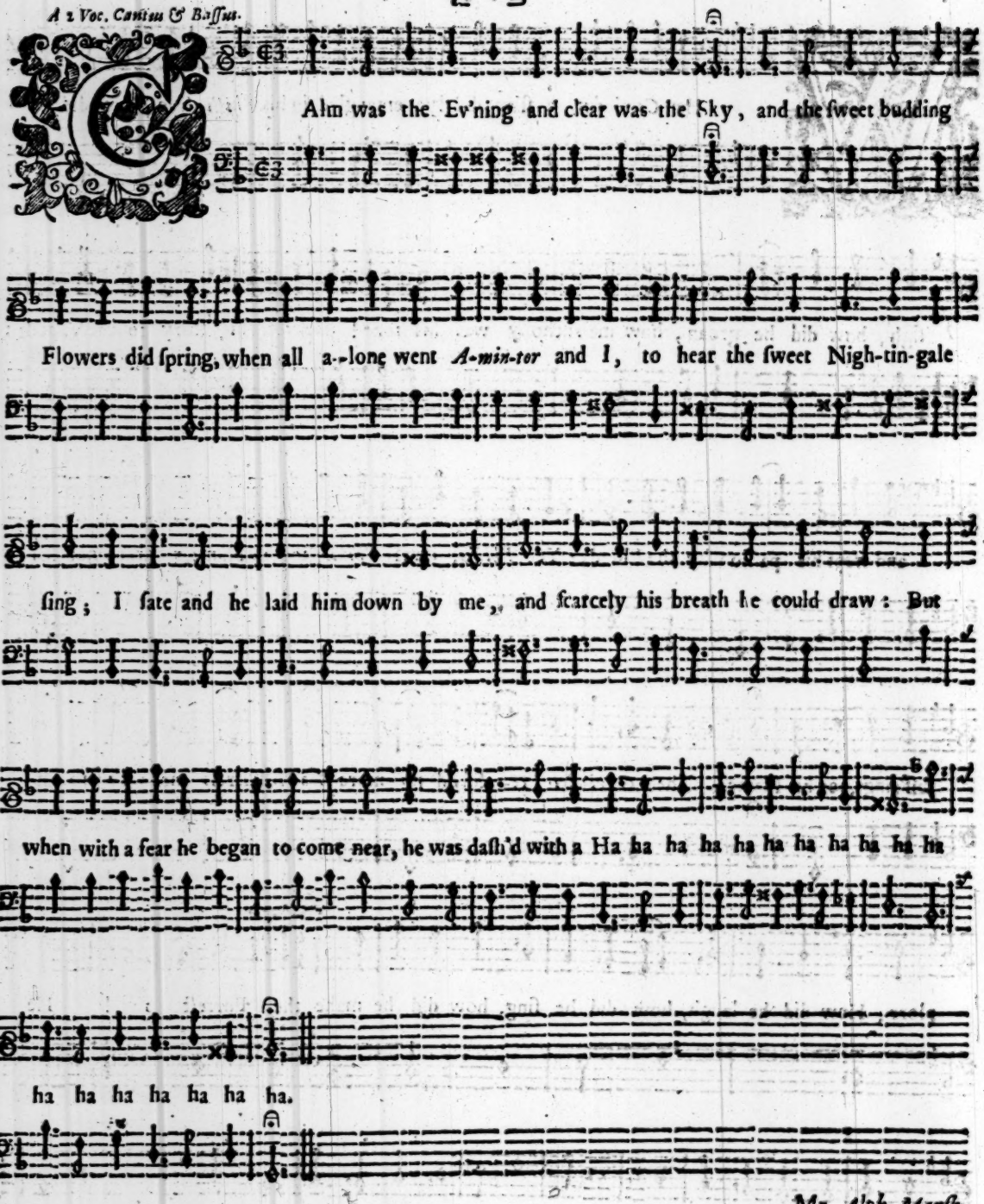

Un to Loves Lottery, run Maids and rejoice; whilſt ſeeking your chance you
meet your own choice: And boaſt that your luck you help with deſign, by praying croſs-legg'd to
St. Va-len-tine. Hark, hark, a Prize is drawn, and Trumpets ſound, Tan ta ra ra ra, Tan ta ra
ra ra, Tan ta ra ra ra, hark Maids, more Lotts are drawn; prizes abroad, Dub dub a dub a dub, the
Drum now beats, and Dub a dub a dub Eccho repeats; as if at night the god of War had made
Loves Queen a skirmiſh for a Serenade. Haſt, haſt, fair Maids, and come away; The Prieſt attends your
Drag.
Bridegrooms ſtay: Roſes & Pinks will be ſtrown where you go, whilſt I walk in ſhades of willow, willow.



Mr. *Alph. Marſh.*


When Co-ri-don, a ſlave, did lye entangled in his Phillis Eye; how did he
ſigh, how did he groan, how melancholly was his tone! He told his ſtory to the Woods;
and wept his paſſion by the Floods: Yet Phillis, cruel Phillis, too to blame, regarded nor his
ſuff'rings, nor his Flame. Then Co-ri-don re---ſolv'd no more his Mi-ſtreſs mer---cy to im-
plore; How did he laugh, how did he ſing, how did he make the Forreſt ring! He
told his Conqueſt to the Woods; And drown his paſſion in the Floods: Then Phillis, cru-el
Phillis, leſs severe, would have had him; but he would none of her.

A 2 Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.



Mr. *Alph. Marſh.*

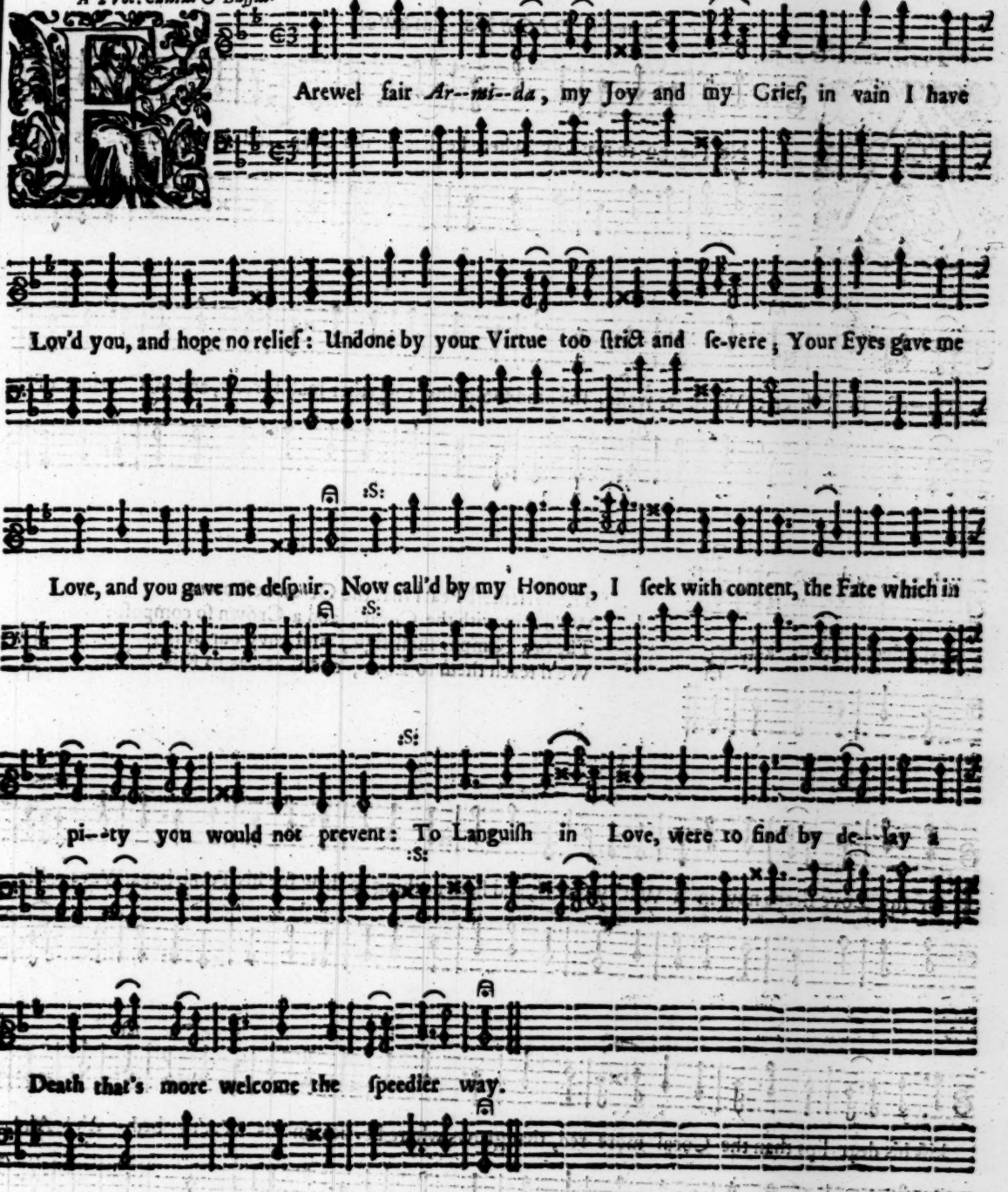
II.

He bluſh'd to himſelf, and laid ſtill for a while,
His modeſty curb'd his deſire;
But ſtrait I convinc'd all his fears with a ſmile,
And added new flames to his fire:
Ah, Silvia! ſaid he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe;
Then once more he preſt with his hand to my breaſt,
But was daſh'd with a Ha ha ha ha ha, *&c.*

III.

I knew 'twas his Paſſion that cauſed his fear,
And therefore I pitty'd his caſe;
I whiſper'd him ſoftly, there's no body near,
And laid my Cheek cloſe to his Face:
But as we grew bolder and bolder,
A Shepherd came by us and ſaw:
And ſtrait as our bliſs, we began with a kiſs,
He laught out with a Ha ha ha ha ha, *&c.*

A 2 Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.



Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

On Seas and in Battles, 'mongſt Bullets and Fire,
The danger is leſs than in hopeleſs deſire:
My Deaths wound you gave me though far off I bear,
My Fate from your ſight not to coſt you a Tear.
But if the kind Floods on a Wave would convey,
And under your Window my Body ſhould lay:
The Wound on my Breaſt, when you happen to ſee,
You'l ſay with a ſigh, it was given by me.

Captain *DIGBY*'s Farewel.

A 2 Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.

Nd I'le go to my Love where he lies in the Deep, and in my embra-ces my

Deareſt ſhall ſleep: When we wake, the kind Dolphins to-gether ſhall throng, and in Chariots of

Shells ſhall draw us a-long.

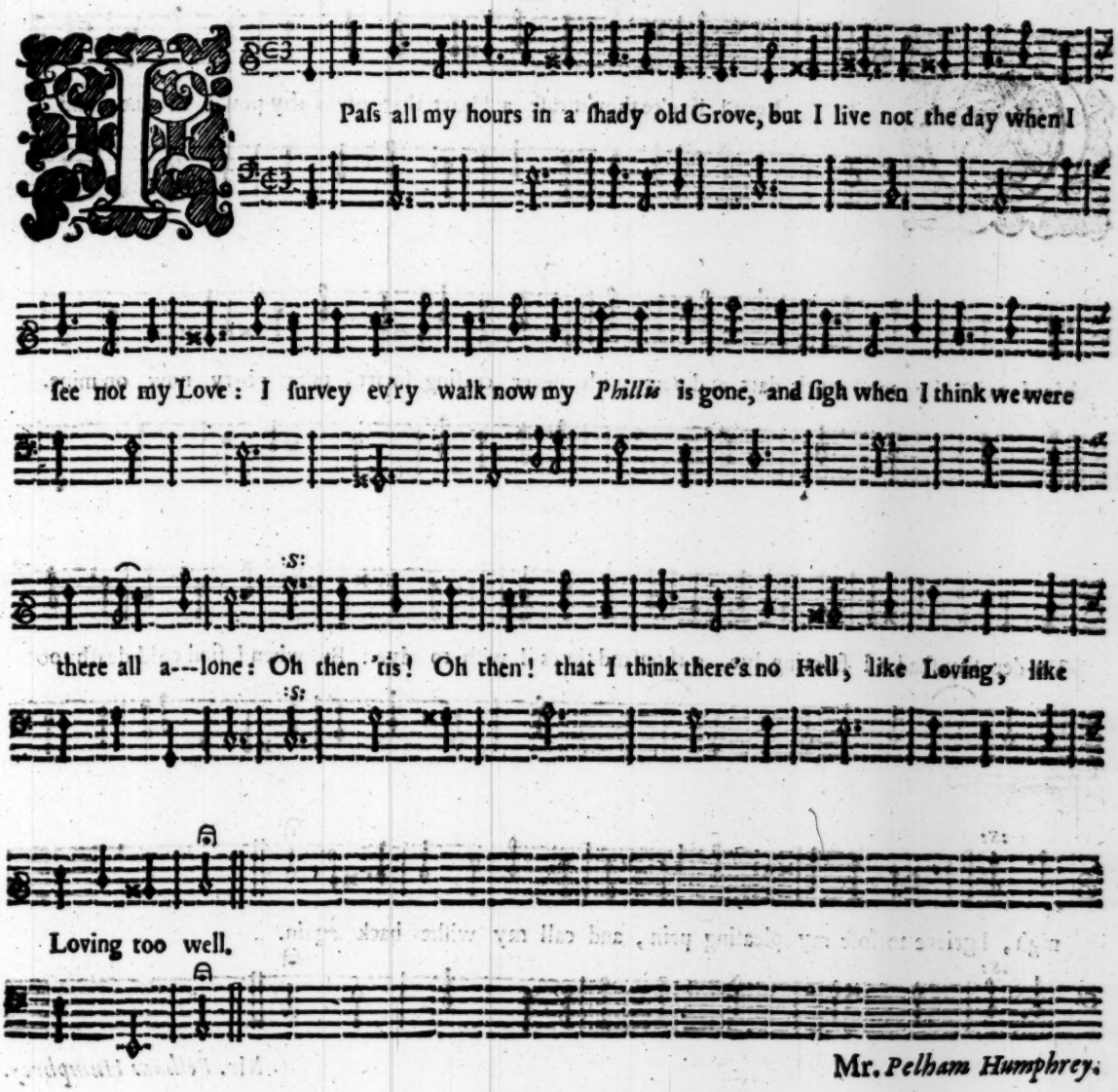
The Orienteſt Pearl that the Ocean beſt owes
We'll mix with the Coral, and a Crown ſo compoſe:
The Sea Nimphs ſhall ſigh, and envy our bliſs;
We'll teach them to Love, and Cockles to Kiſs.

For my Love ſleeps now in a Wat'ry Grave, and hath nothing to ſhew for his Tomb but a Wave: I'le

kiſs his dear lips than the Coral more red, that grows where he lies in his Wat'ry bed. Ah! Ah!

Ah my Love's dead! There was not a Bell, but a *Triton*'s Shell to Ring, to Ring out his Knell.

Mr. *Robert Smith.*

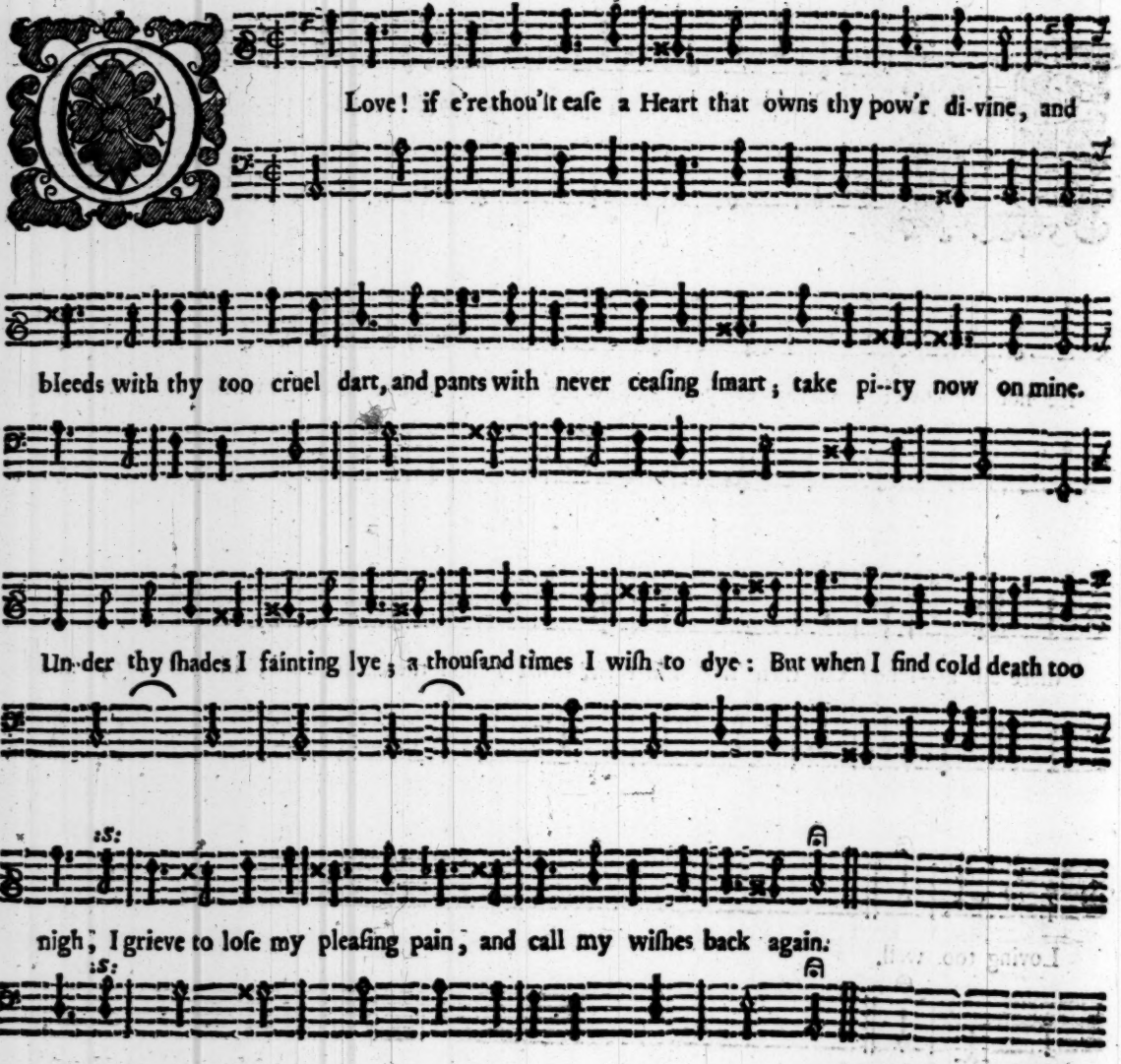


Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

II. But each Shade and each conſcious Bow'r, when I find
Where I once have been happy, and She has been kind:
When I ſee the print left of her ſhape in the Green,
And imagin the pleaſure may yet come agen:
Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis, I think no Joys above
Like the pleaſures, the pleaſures of Love.

III. While alone to my ſelf I repeat all her Charms,
She I love may be lockt in another mans arms;
She may laugh at my Cares, and ſo falſe ſhe may be,
To ſay all the kind things ſhe before ſaid to me:
Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis, that I think there's no Hell
Like Loving, like Loving too well.

IV. But when I conſider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent Paſſion, ſo kind without Art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope ſhe may be
So full of true love to be Jealous of me:
And then 'tis, and then 'tis I think no Joys above
Like the pleaſures, the pleaſures of Love.



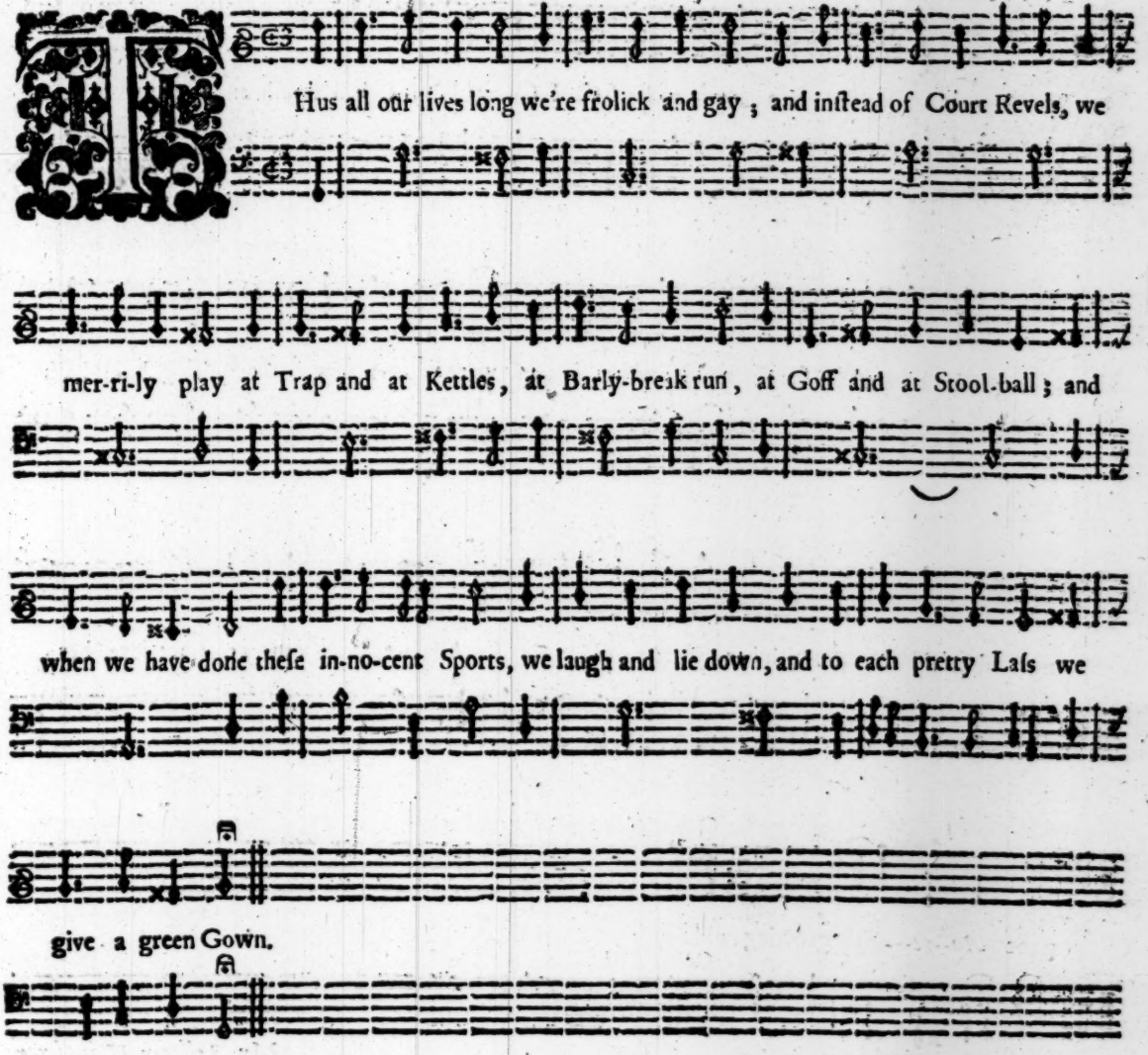
Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

II.

But thus, as I ſat all alone
In th' ſhady Mirtle Grove,
When to each gentle Sigh and Moan,
Some neighb'ring Eccho gave a Groan,
Came by the Man I lov'd:
Oh, how I ſtrove my Grief to hide!
I Panted, Bluſh'd, and almoſt Dy'd,
And did each tatling Eccho chide,
For fear ſome breath of moving Air
Should to his Ears my ſorrows bear.

III.

And, oh ye Pow'rs! I'de dye to gain
But one poor parting Kiſs;
And yet I'le ſuffer wracks of pain,
E're I'de one thought or wiſh retain
That Honour thinks amiſs:
Thus are poor Maids unkindly us'd,
By Love and Nature both abus'd;
Our tender Hearts all eaſe refus'd:
And when we burn with ſecret flame,
Muſt bear the grief, or dye with ſhame.



Mr. John Baniſter.

II.

We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
The Partridge, Hare, the Pheſant our Quarry ;
The nimble Squirrels with cudgel we chaſe,
And the little pretty Lark betray with a glaſs
And when we have done, *&c.*

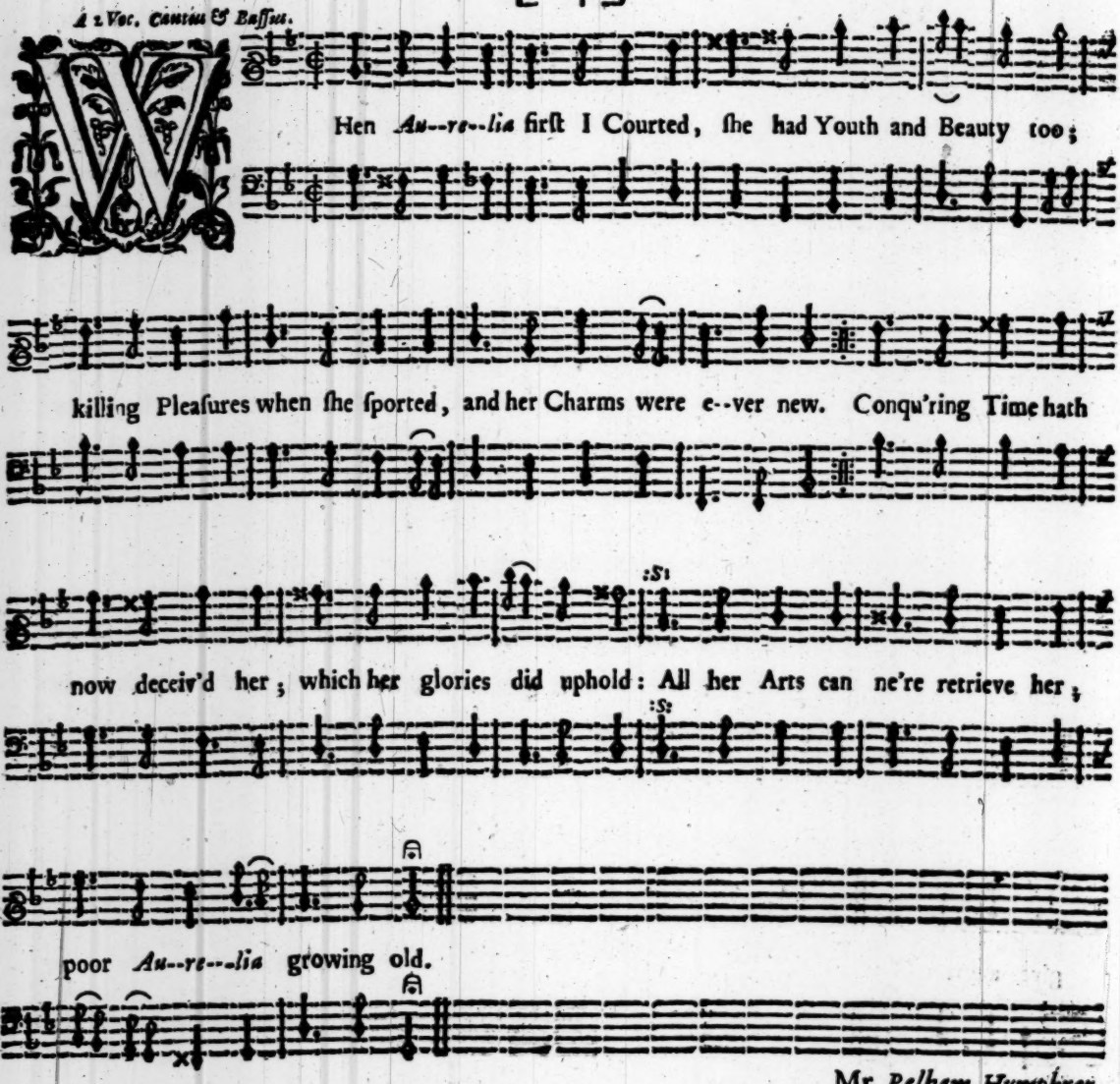
III.

About the May-pole we dance all a round,
And with Garlands of Pinks and Roſes are crown'd ;
Our little kind tribute we merrily pay
To the gay Lad, and the bright Lady o'th' May.
And when we have done, *&c.*

IV.

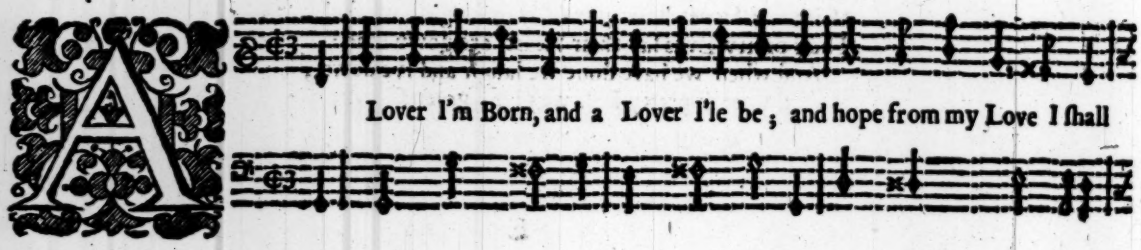
With our delicate Nimphs we kiſs and we toy,
What others but dream of we daily enjoy ;
With our Sweet-hearts we dally ſo long till we find
Their pretty Eyes ſay their Hearts are gown kind :
And when we have done we laugh and lye down ;
And to each pretty Laſs we give a green Gown.

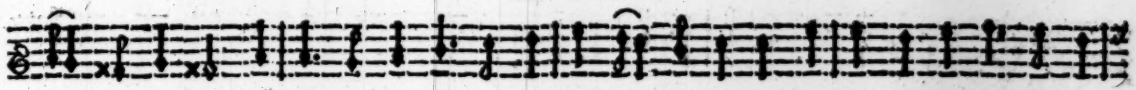
A 2 Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.



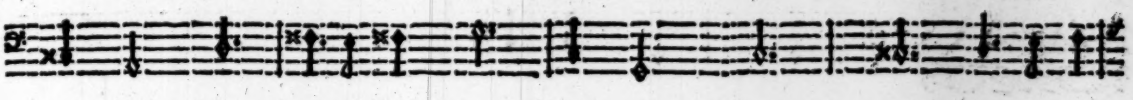
Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

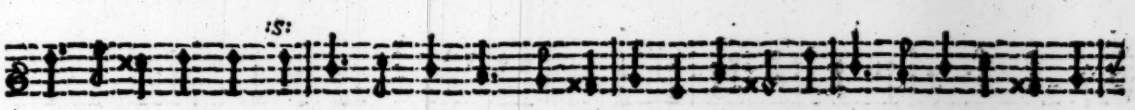
Thoſe Airy Spirits which invited,
Are return'd, and now no more;
And her Eyes are now benighted,
Which were Comets heretofore.
Want of theſe abates her merits;
Yet I have paſſion for her Name:
Only kind and amorous Spirits,
Kindle, and maintain the Flame.





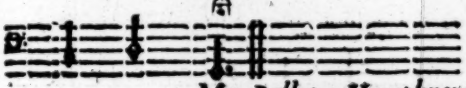
ne--ver be free. Let wiſdom abound in the grave Woman-hater; yet ne--ver to love is a





ſign of ill Nature: But he who loves well, and whoſe Paſſion is ſtrong, can ne-ver be wretched, but

e--ver be Young.



Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

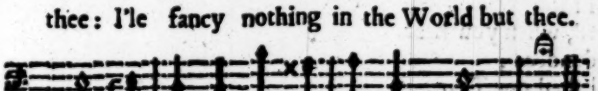
II.

With hopes and with fears, like a Ship in the Ocean,
Our Hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion:
When our Paſſion is pall'd, and our Fancy would fail,
Some little quarrel ſupplyes a freſh Gale:
But when the doubt's clear'd, and the jealouſies gone,
How we Kiſs and Embrace, and can never have done.

Mine own *Sabina*, come along, the ſubject of my Song, for thee I long:

Then know, my pretty Sweeteſt, know, ſince thou loveſt mee, I'le fancy nothing in the World but

thee: I'le fancy nothing in the World but thee.



II.

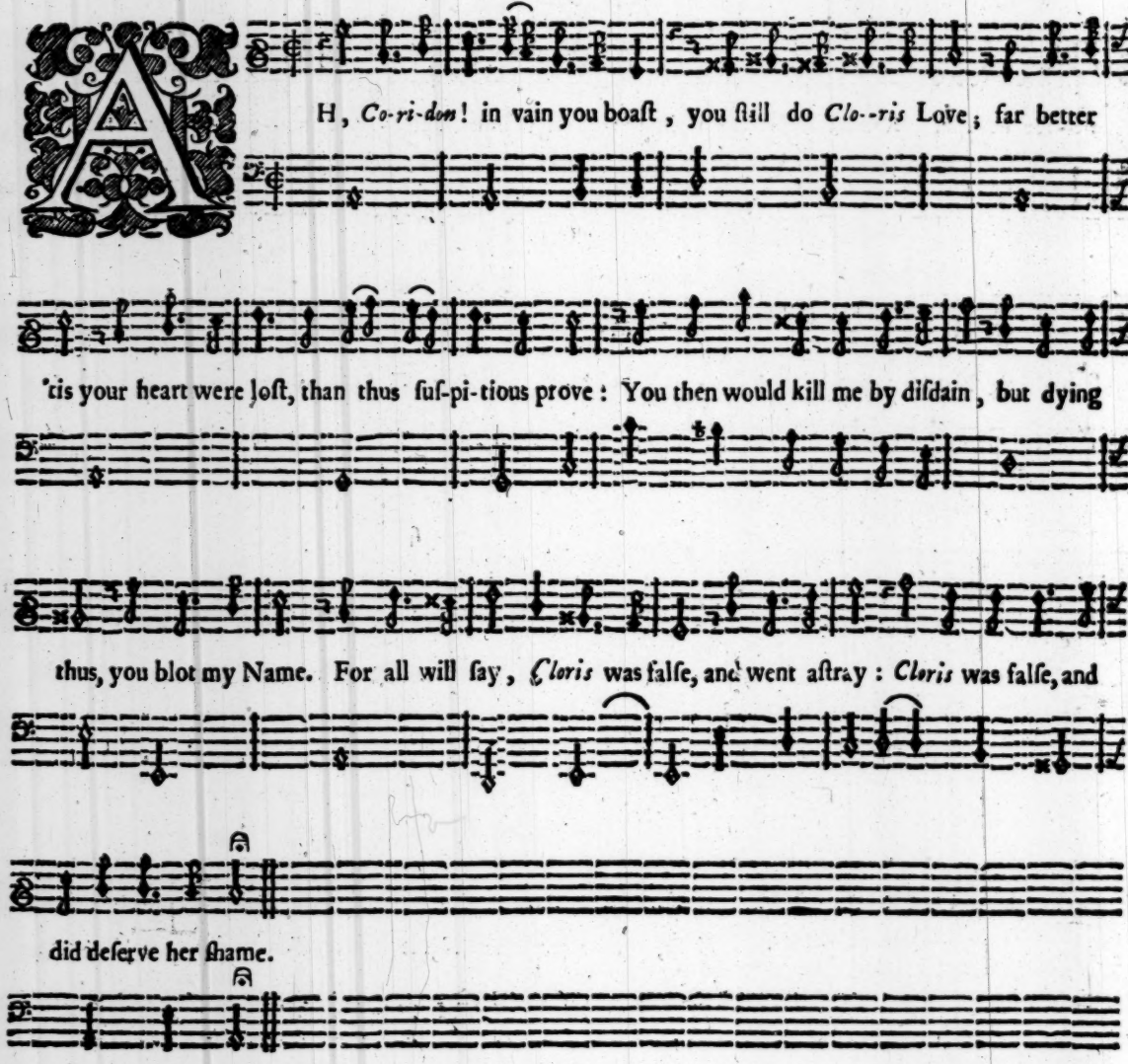
Unvail thoſe Damask Cheeks of thine,
Where ev'ry beautious line
is ſo Divine;
That were I to receive my Death by thy fair Eye;
I'de court it in the pits to buried lye.

III.

Diſplay thine Arms, thy Wealth unfold,
Then like to Jove of old,
in liquid Gold;
And we'll carouſe it in Loves bowls to ſuch a bliſs,
Our Souls ſhall mingle, while our Bodies Kiſs.

IV.

Thus will we Live, thus will we Love;
When as the gods above
ſhall envious prove;
And after death, we'll toy as they; 'till that appear,
We'll have *Elizium* here, as they have there.



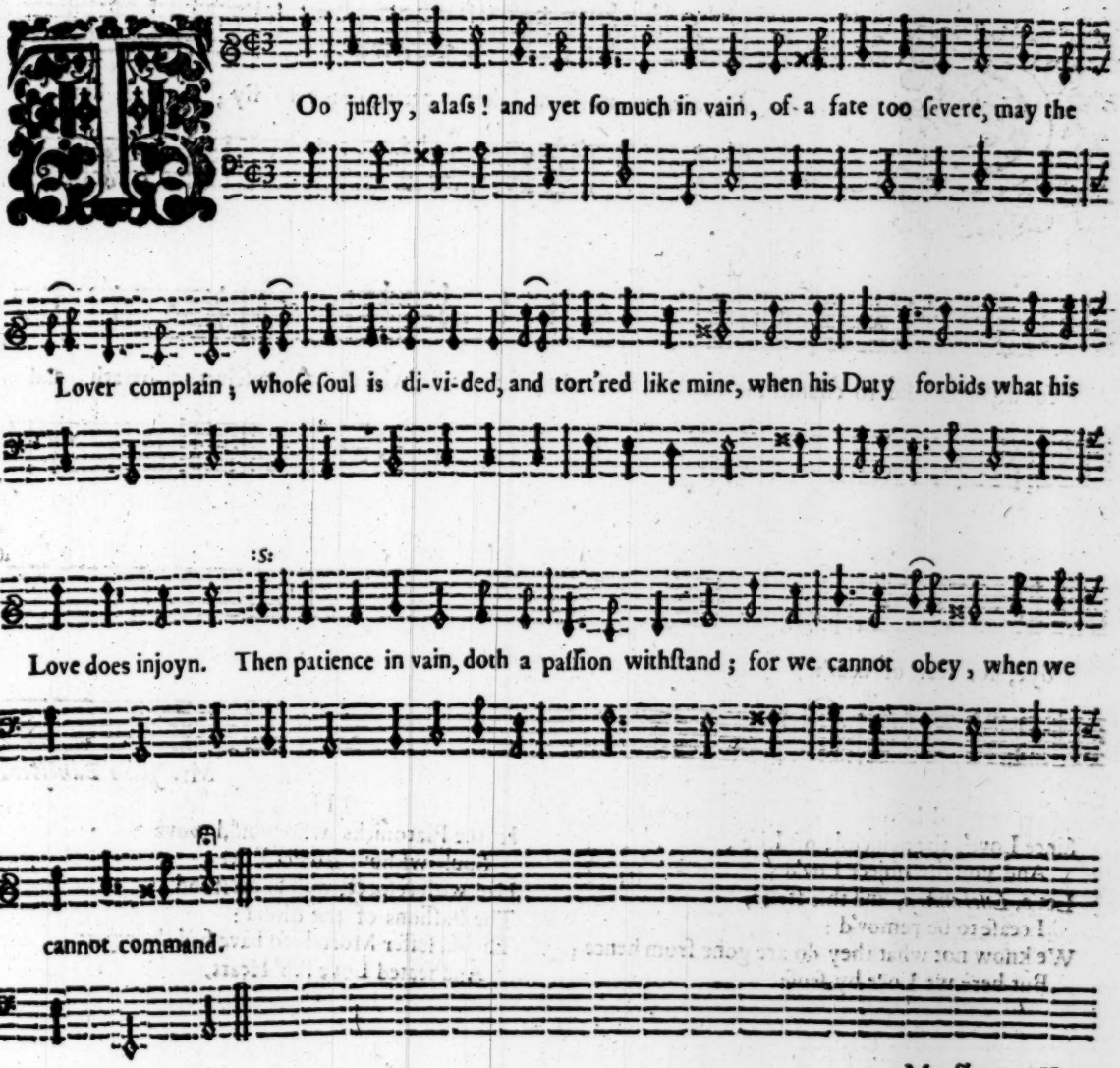
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

For happy Shepherd, well you know
Your Flame does mine excell;
All generous *Coridon* doth know,
But none my Tale will tell:
Cloris, though true, muſt loſe her name;
But *Coridon* will keep his fame:
For all will ſay, *Cloris* was falſe,
And went aſtray:
Cloris was falſe, and did deſerve her ſhame.

III.

But cruel Shepherd, when you hear
That I am dead indeed;
I do believe you'll ſhed one Tear,
Though now you have decreed,
That *Cloris* true, muſt loſe her Name,
For *Coridon* to keep his Fame.
For then you'll ſay, *Cloris* was true,
And ne're did ſtray:
Cloris was true, and I deſerve the ſhame-



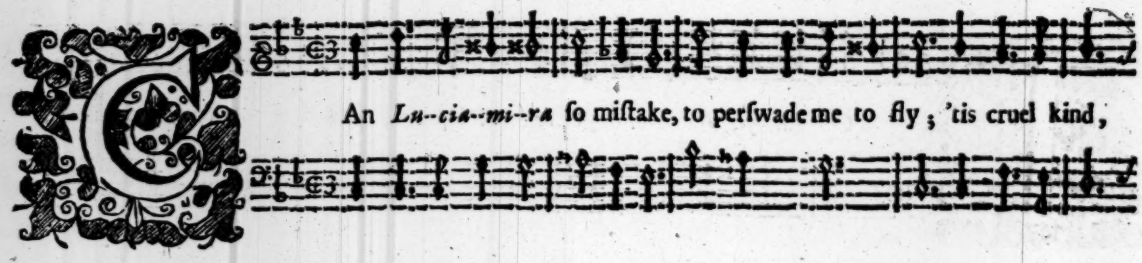
Mr. *James Hart.*

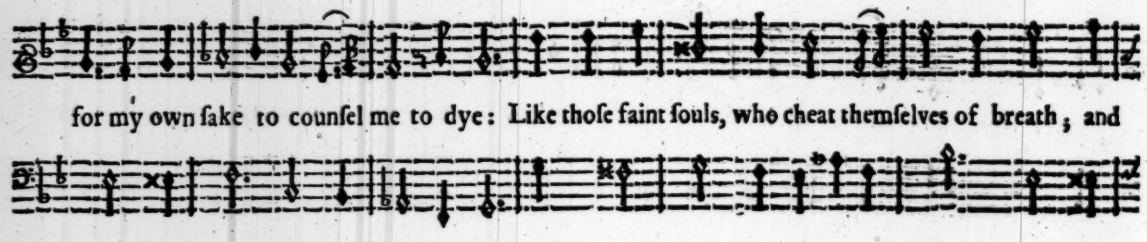
II.

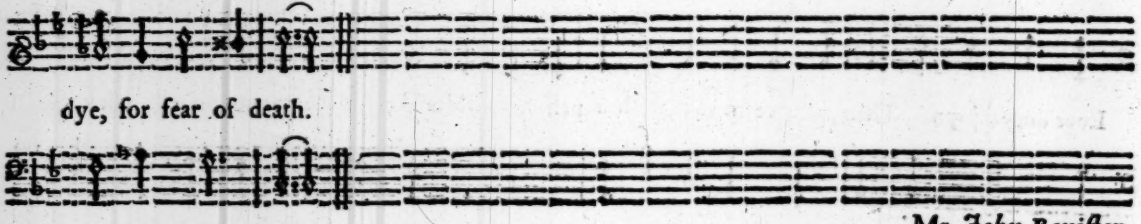
Sure Nature deſign'd us a bleſſeder ſtate;
There's no other Creature but chuſes a Mate:
And the Turtles in pairs, through an Amorous grove,
Do Love where they like, and injoy where they Love.
What Tyrants are thoſe who do ſeek to deſtroy
The liberty we do by Nature enjoy.

III.

Yet ſince 'tis a bleſſing the Gods have ordain'd,
That our wills ſhould be free, though our pow'r be reſtrain'd;
We'll Love while we live, for the conſtant at laſt
Do the perfecteſt Joys of *Elizium* taſt:
O there, O there, we may Love out our fill,
When to do and enjoy is the ſame as to will.







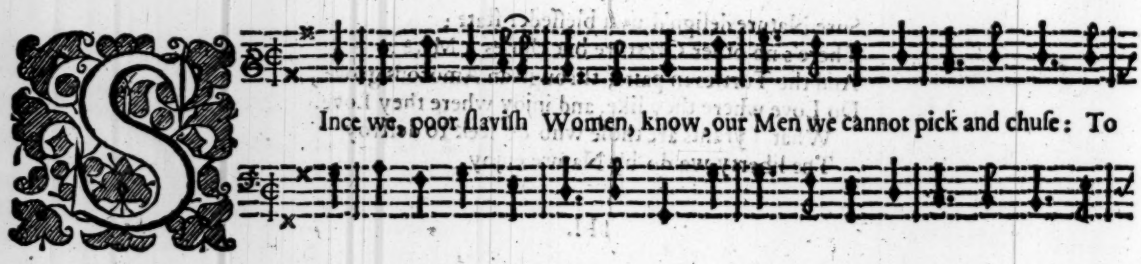
Mr. *John Baniſter.*

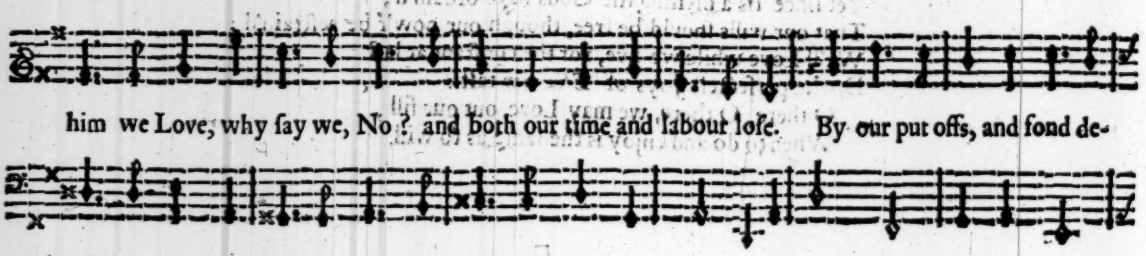
II.

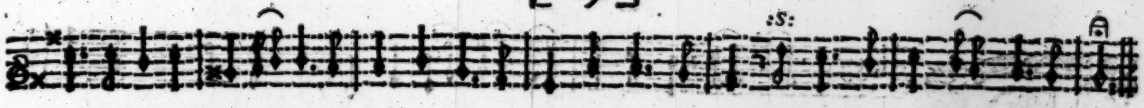
Since Love's the principle of Life,
And you the object Lov'd;
Let's, *Luciamira*, end this ſtriſe,
I ceaſe to be remov'd:
We know not what they do are gone from hence;
But here we Love by ſenſe.

III.

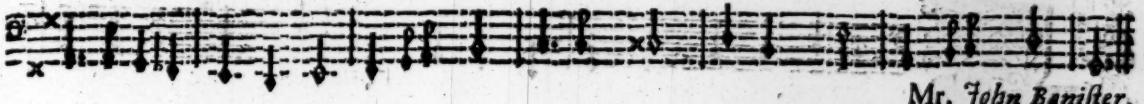
If the Platonicks, who would prove
Souls without Bodies Love;
Had with reſpect, well underſtood
The Paſſions of the Blood:
They'd ſuffer Mortals to have had their part;
And ſeated Love i'th' Heart.







lays a Lovers ap-pe-tite we pall; and if too long the Gallant ſtays, his Stomachs gone for good and all.



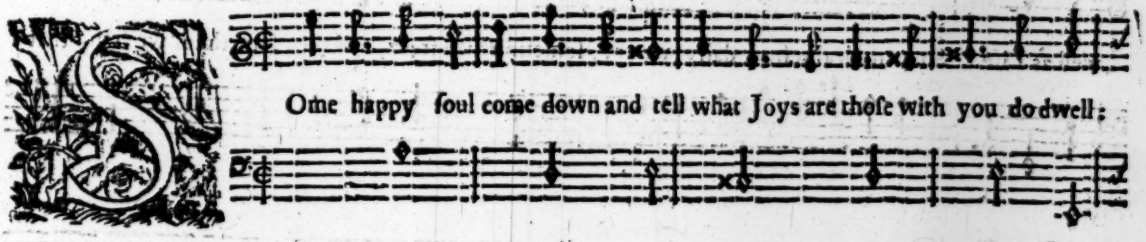
Mr. *John Baniſter.*

II.

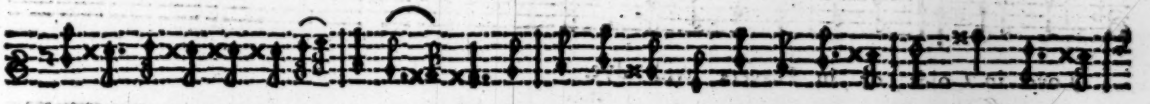
Or our impatient amorous Gueſt,
Unknown to us, away may ſteal;
And rather than ſtay for a feaſt,
Take up with ſome courſe ready meal.
When opportunity is kind,
Let prudent Women be ſo to;
And if the Man be to her mind,
Be ſure ſhe do not let him go.

III.

The Match ſoon made, is happieſt ſtill;
For Love has only there to do:
Let no one Marry 'gainſt her will,
But ſtand off, when her Parents woo:
And to the Sutor be not coy;
For they whom Joynture can obtain,
To let a Fop her Bed enjoy,
Is but a lawful Wench for gain.

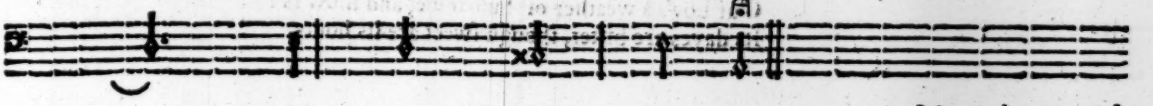


Ome happy ſoul come down and tell what Joys are thoſe with you do dwell:



If it be happineſs like ours below, which from our want of ills does only flow: Then, then 'tis

plain, that mighty theam of Im-mor--ta--li--ty is but a Dream.



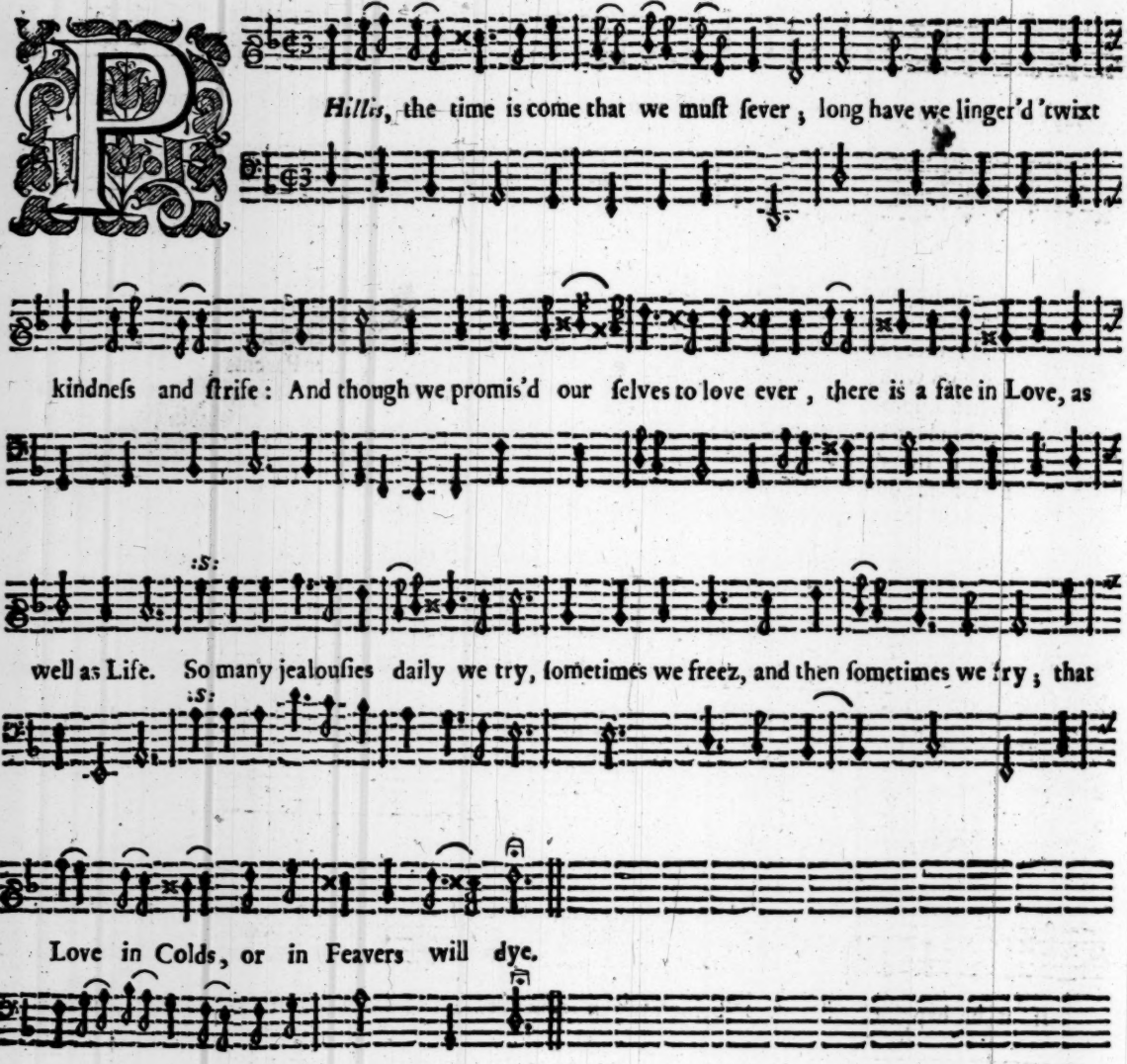
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

'Tis Love, 'tis Love! For nothing can
Give real happineſs to man:
But Joys like thoſe that Lovers ſouls enjoy,
Which here on Earth there's nothing can deſtroy.
Ay, ay, 'tis Love can only be
The happy ſouls felicitie.

III.

Are your delights in what you ſee,
Of wonderful varietie?
Or can your Joys ariſe from pleaſant things;
Your taſt, or ſmelling, to your fancy brings?
No, no, 'tis plain, if it were ſo,
Eternity by gradual ſteps muſt go.



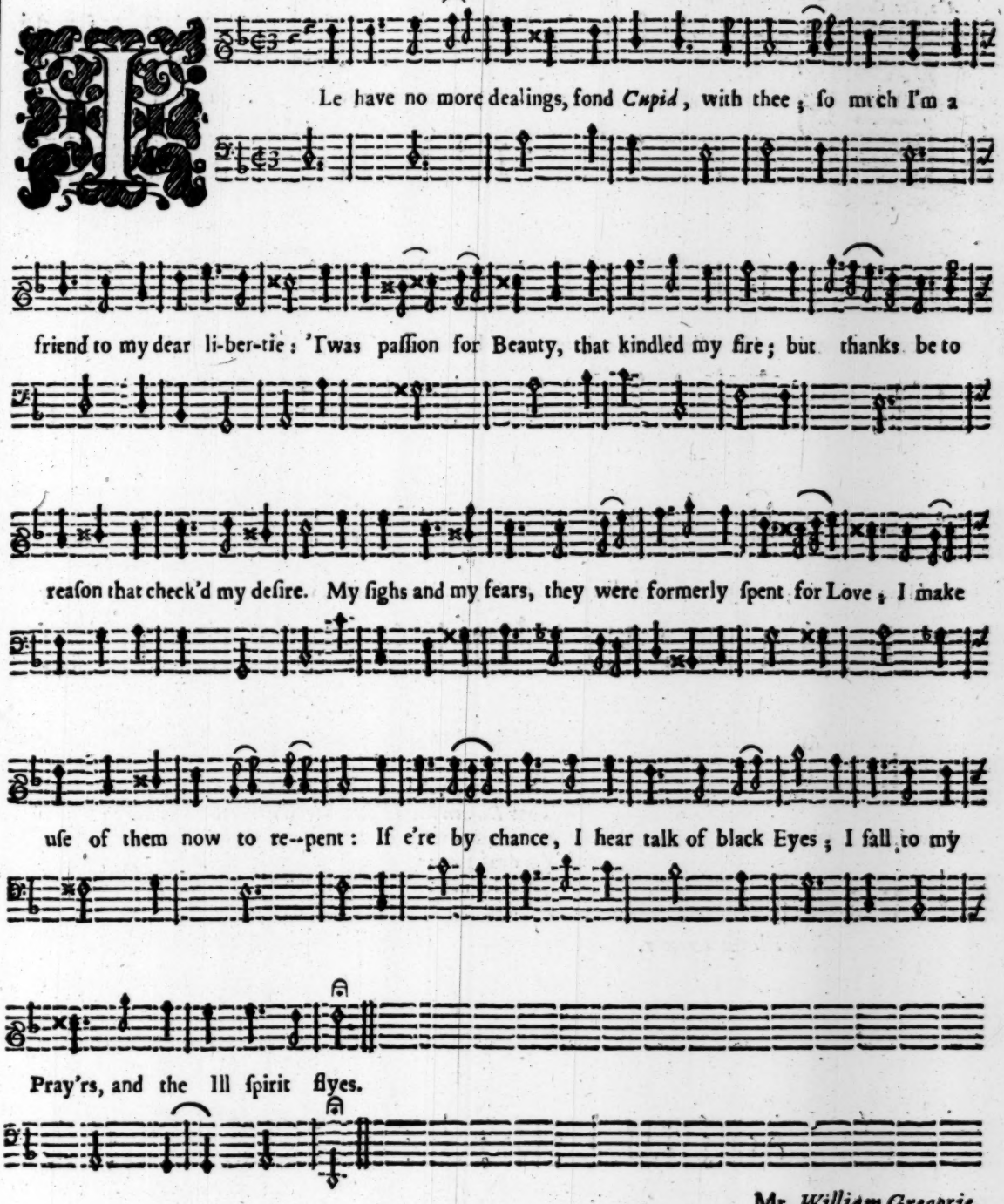
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

Both by our ſelves, and others tormented,
Still in ſuſpence betwixt Heaven and Hell:
Ever deſiring, and never contented;
Either not Loving, or Loving too well.
Parting we ſtill are in each others pow'rs;
Our Lov's a weather of Sun-ſhine, and ſhow'rs:
Its dayes are bitter, though ſweet are its hours.

III.

Why ſhould we Fate any longer importune,
Since to each other unhappy we prove:
Like loſing Gameſters, we tempt our ill Fortune;
Both might be luckier in a new Love.
This were the way our reaſon bear ſway;
But when we ſo pleaſing a Paſſion deſtroy,
We may be more happy, but leſs ſhould enjoy.

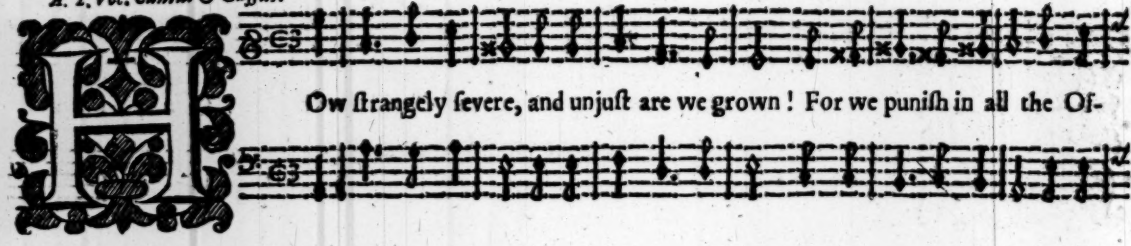


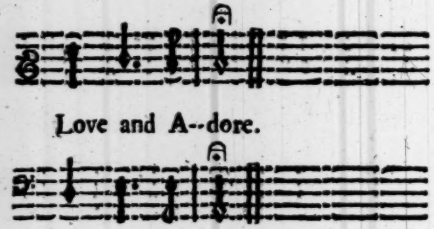
Mr. *William Gregorie.*

II.

There's none in the world madder than he,
That loves his own dangers, and will not be free:
I'le ne're be confin'd to the Devils black Rod,
For ſerving in Love a fantaſtical God.
Experience hath taught me the infallible Art,
Of curbing my Eye-ſight, to preſerve my Heart:
Where e're I encounter a Beautious face,
I bleſs my ſelf! turn aſide, and mend my pace.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.



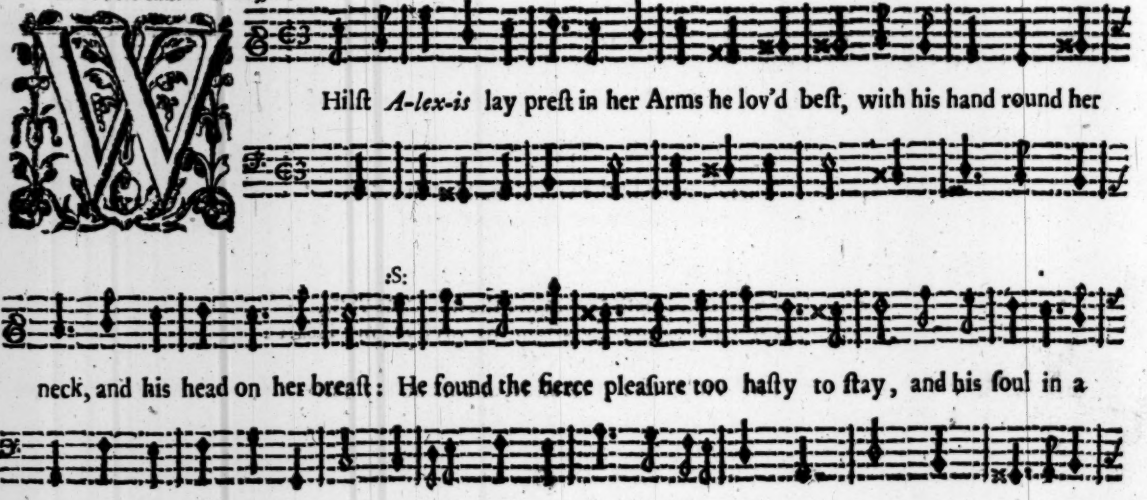


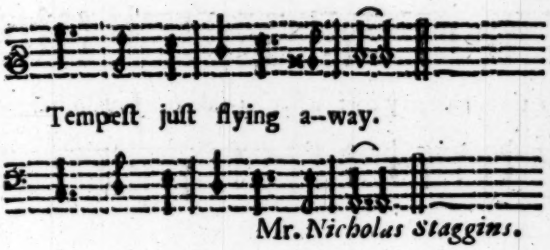
Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

Then how is it Juſt, O ye Powers divine!
That *Damon* ſhould dye, when the error was mine:
Yet pardon me once, and if ever again
I'm deaf to the Voice of a Lover in pain;
Then let me not proſper in what I've begun,
But dye in deſpair, as my *Damon* has done.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.





Mr. *Nicholas Staggins.*

II.

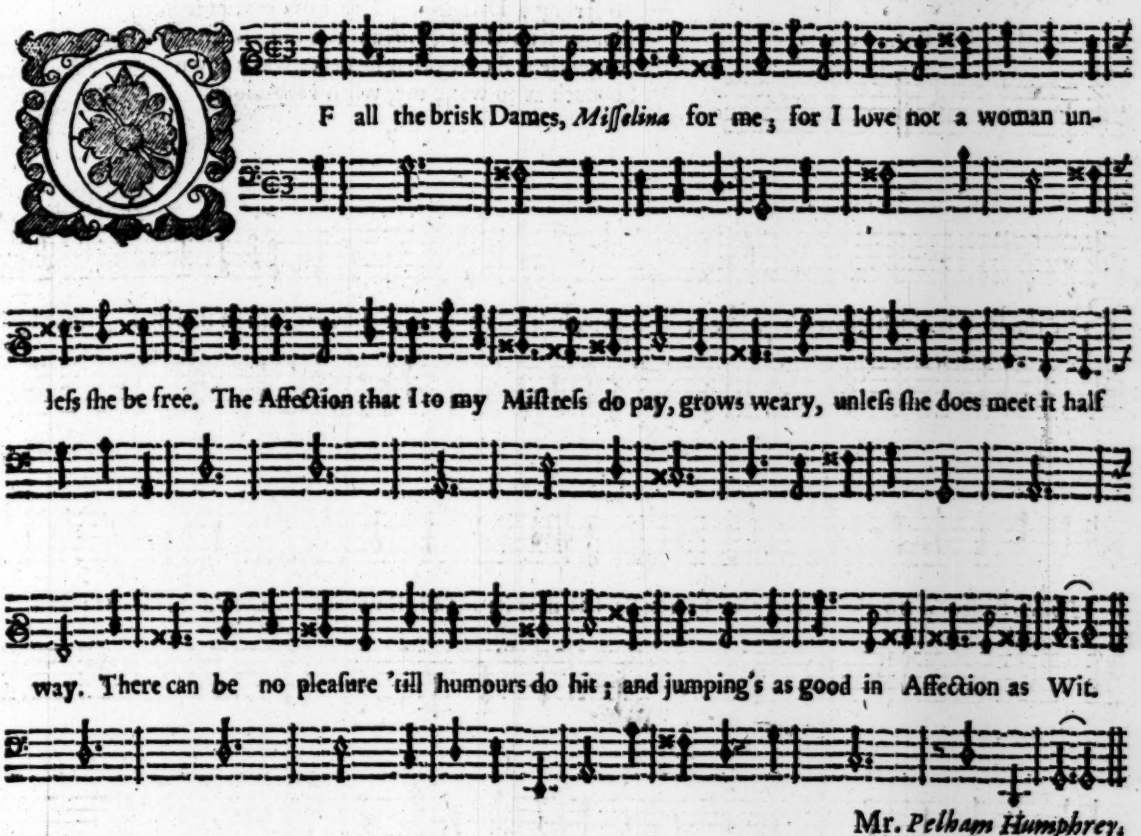
When *Celia* ſaw this, with a Sigh and a Kiſs,
She cry'd, O my Dear! I'm robb'd of my bliſs:
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and dye all alone.

III.

The Youth, though in haſt, and breathing his laſt,
In pity dy'd ſlowly, whil'ſt ſhe dy'd more faſt;
'Till at length ſhe cry'd, now, my Dear, now
Let's go; Now dye, my *Alexis*, and I will dye too.

IV.

Thus intranc'd ſhe did lye, while *Alexis* did try
To recover new breath, that again he might dye:
Then often they dy'd; but the more they did ſo,
The nymph di'd more quick, and the ſhepherd more ſlow



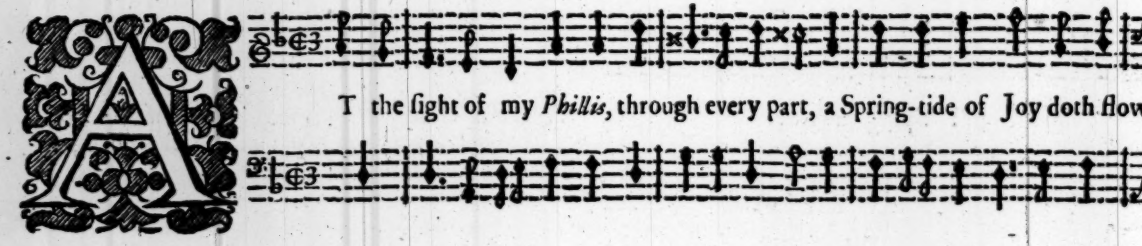
Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

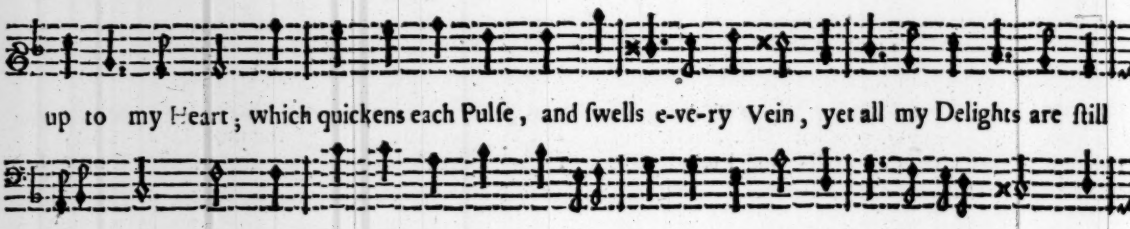
II.

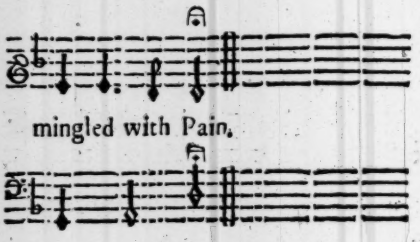
No ſooner I came, but ſhe lik'd me as ſoon;
No ſooner I askt, but ſhe granted my boon:
And without a Preamble, a Portion, or Joynture,
She promis'd to meet me, where e're I'de appoint her.
So we ſtruck up a match, and embraced each other,
Without the conſent of Father or Mother.

III.

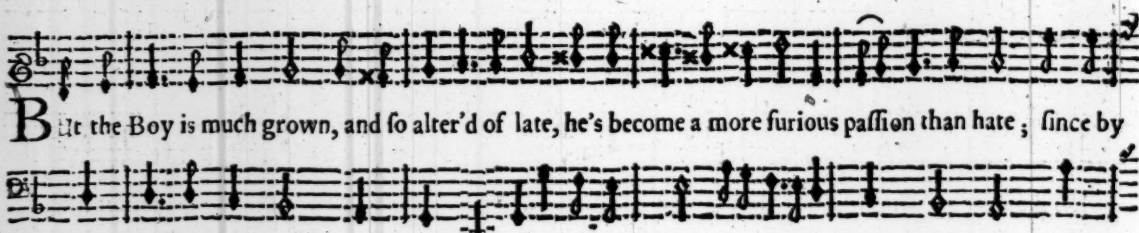
Then away with a Lady that's Modeſt and coy;
Let her ends be the pleaſures that we do enjoy:
Let her tickle her fancy with ſecret delight,
And refuſe all the day, what ſhe longs for at night.
I believe my *Selina*, who ſhews they'r all mad
To feed on dry bones, when fleſh may be had.

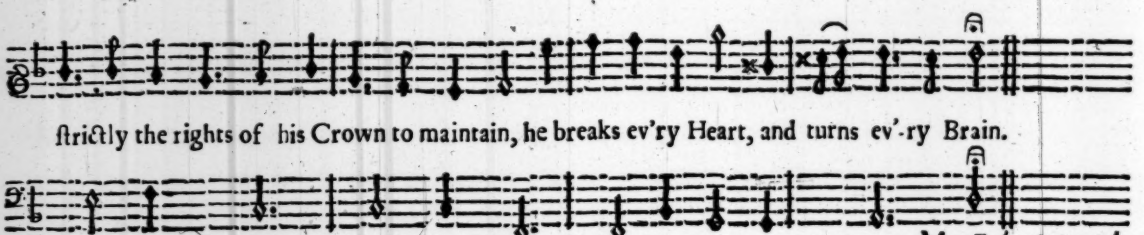






So ſtrong a Diſtemper, ſure Love cannot bring;
To my Knowledge, Love was a quieter thing:
So gentle and tame, that he never was known
So much as to wake me, when I lay alone.

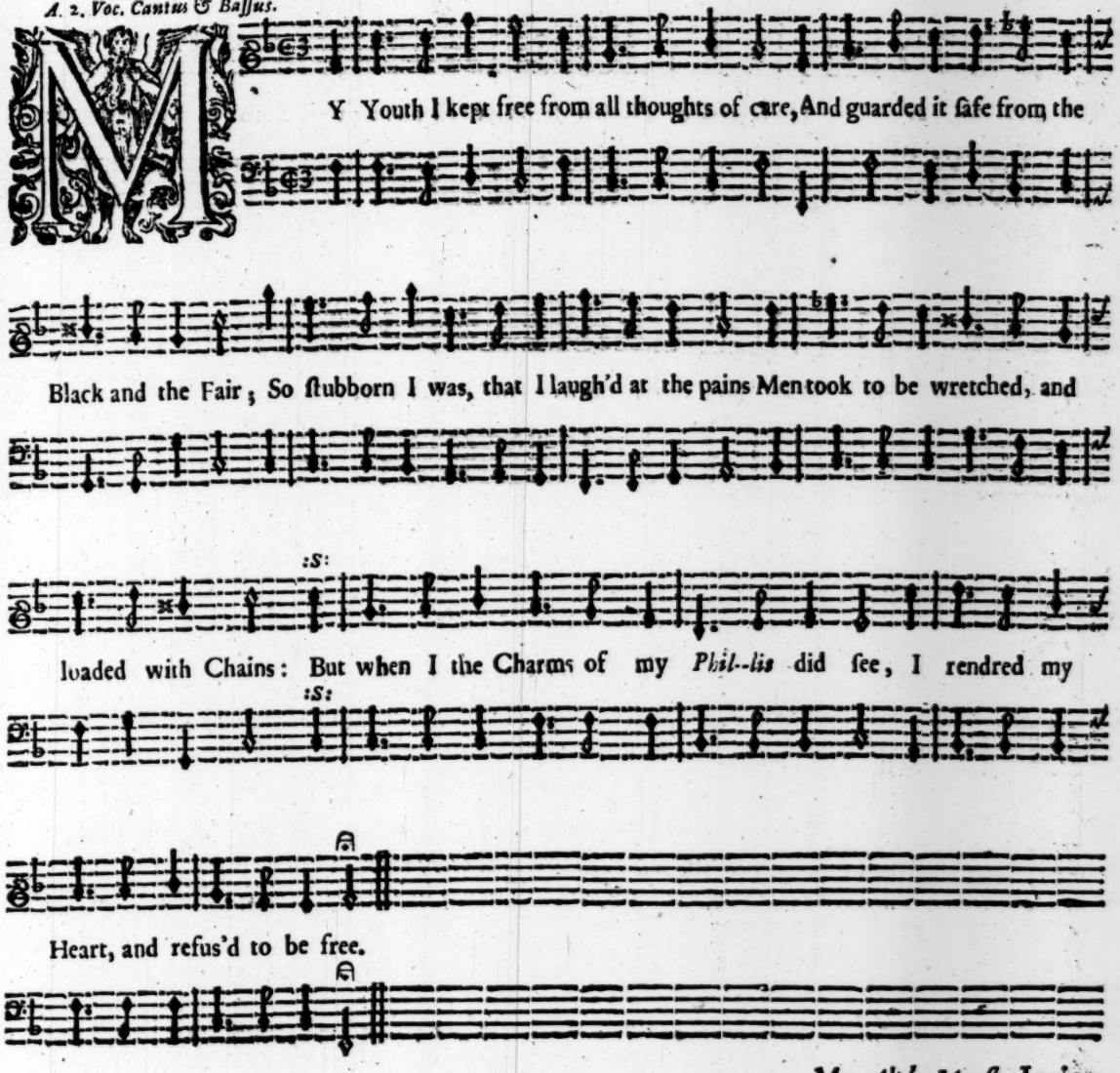




Mr. *Robert Smith.*

My Madneſs, alaſs! I too plainly diſcover;
For he is at leaſt as much Mad-man as Lover,
Who for one cruel Beauty, is ready to quit
All the Nymphs of the Stage, and thoſe of the Pit:
The Joys of *Hide park*, and the *Mall*'s dear delight,
To be Sober all day, and Chaſt all the Night.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.



Mr. *Alph. Marſh*, Junior.

II.

I Lov'd with a Zeal and Paſſion ſo ſtrong,
Forgot ſhe was woman, and could not love long:
I never conſider'd the tricks and the arts
She us'd to entangle and captivate hearts:
At length I diſcover'd, and plainly I knew
My *Phillis* was fickle, and could not be true.

III.

I curſt my hard fate that kindled my flame;
I oft'ner my ſelf than my *Phillis* did blame:
Yet I bore ſuch reſpect unto her, that I thought
Want of merit in me, this humour had wrought.
And then I reſolv'd I never would be
So bold as to Love, but would always be free.

Hat fancies of Pleaſure doth Love all alone propoſe to it ſelf, when the

Object is gone. But, alaſs! how vain is the ſtrength of that Joy, which a word or a frown, has

pow'r to deſtroy.

II.

For though the firſt venture prove calm in her Eyes,
In the ſecond acceſs a ſtorm may ariſe:
Then with ſighs and with grief are thoſe ſpirits diſplay'd,
Who to cheriſh deſpair have given their aid.

III.

Thus, Lovers with doubt, a fond kindneſs purſue,
Whilſt fate from their follies prove falſe and untrue:
They're either poſſeſt with the thoughts of deſpair,
Or elſe lay on Love a continual care.

IV.

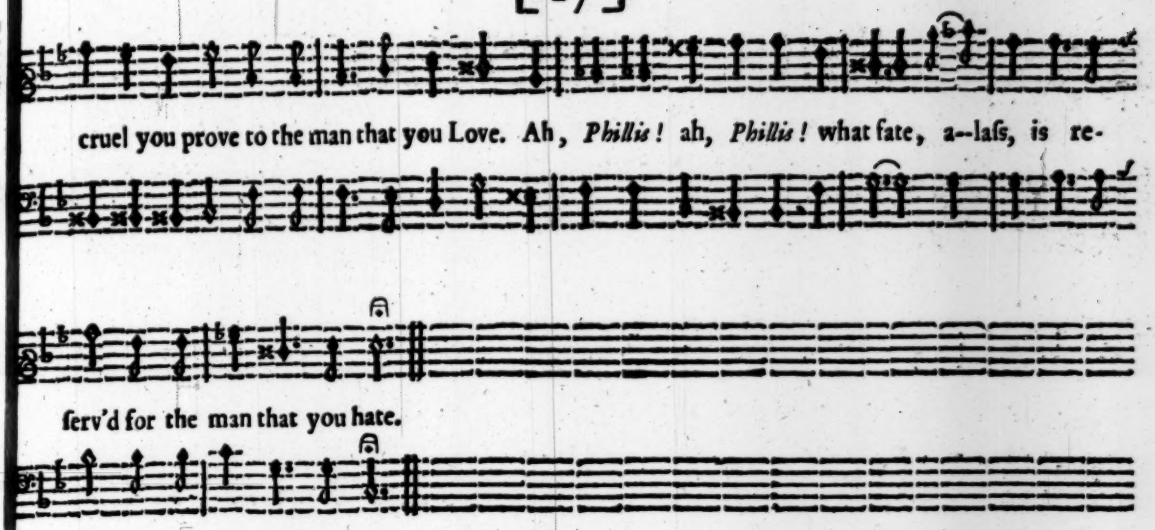
Then ſince we're endu'd with ſo gentle a ſoul,
That every ſmall ſignal our heart may controle;
'Twere a ſigh of Loves pity, our care to reſtrain,
By making us free-men, without ſo much pain.

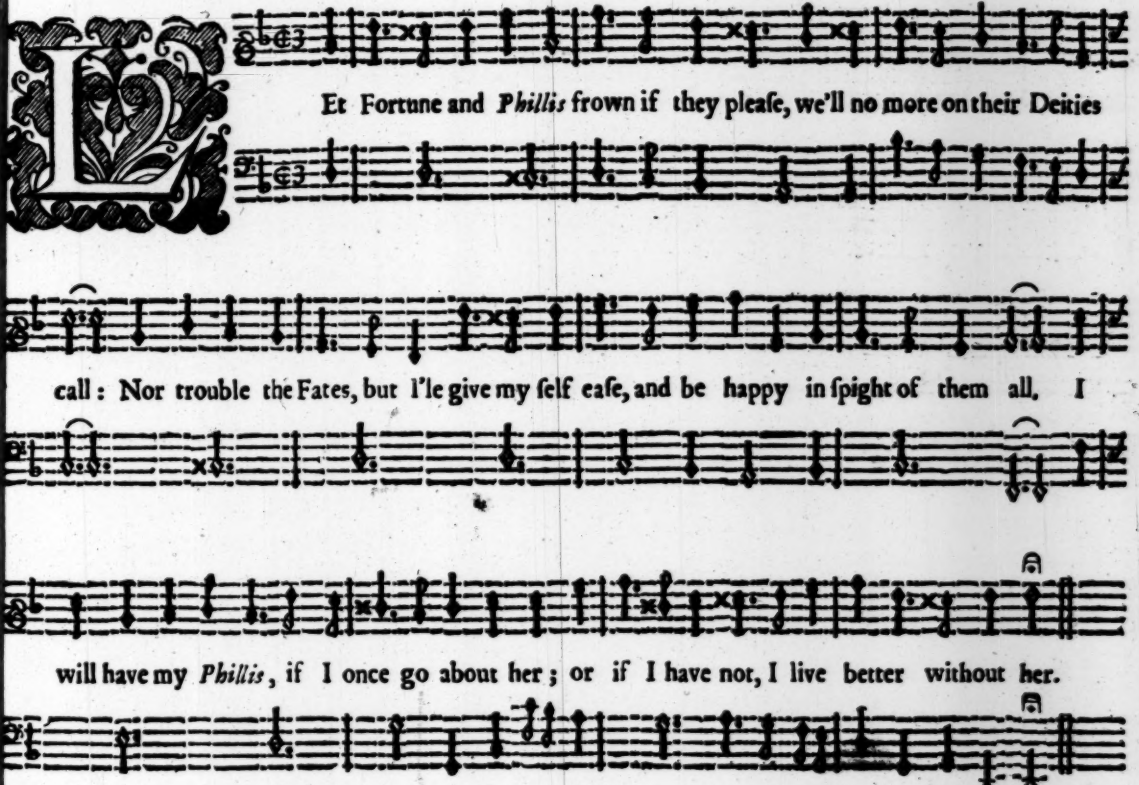
A 2 Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.

Languiſh all night, and ſigh all the day, and much to be pity'd I

am: E're ſince your bright Eyes my Heart did ſurprize, I could not extinguiſh the flame. But

ſince you have known my heart is your own, that before was ſo kind, now ſcornful are grown: If ſo

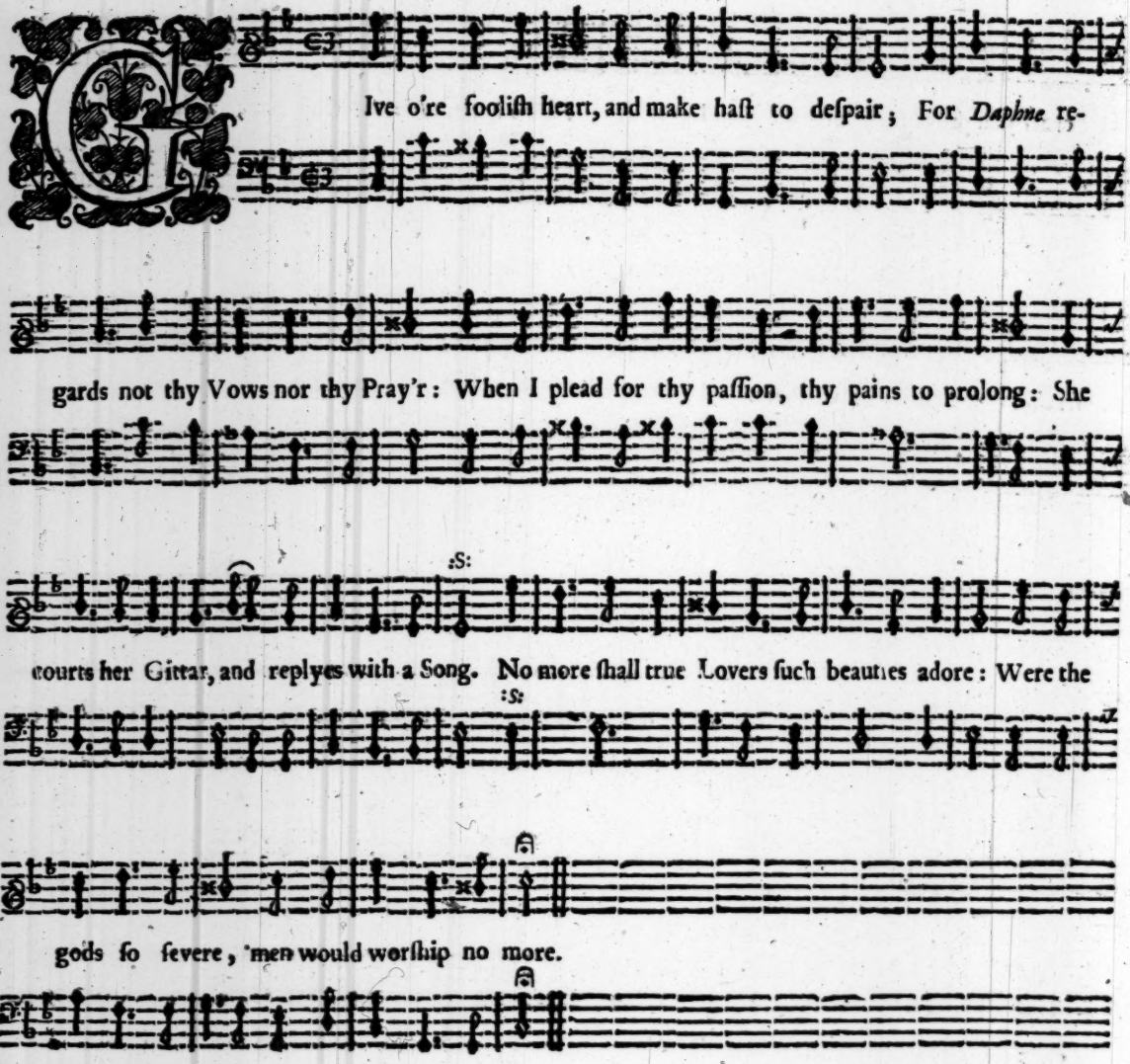




Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

II.

But If ſhe prove Virtuous, Obliging, and Kind,
Perhaps I'le vouchſafe to love her:
But if Pride or Inconſtancy in her, I find,
I'de have her to know I'm above her.
For at length I have learn'd, now my Fetters are gone,
To Love, if I pleaſe, or to let it alone.



Mr. *Alph. Marſh.*

II.

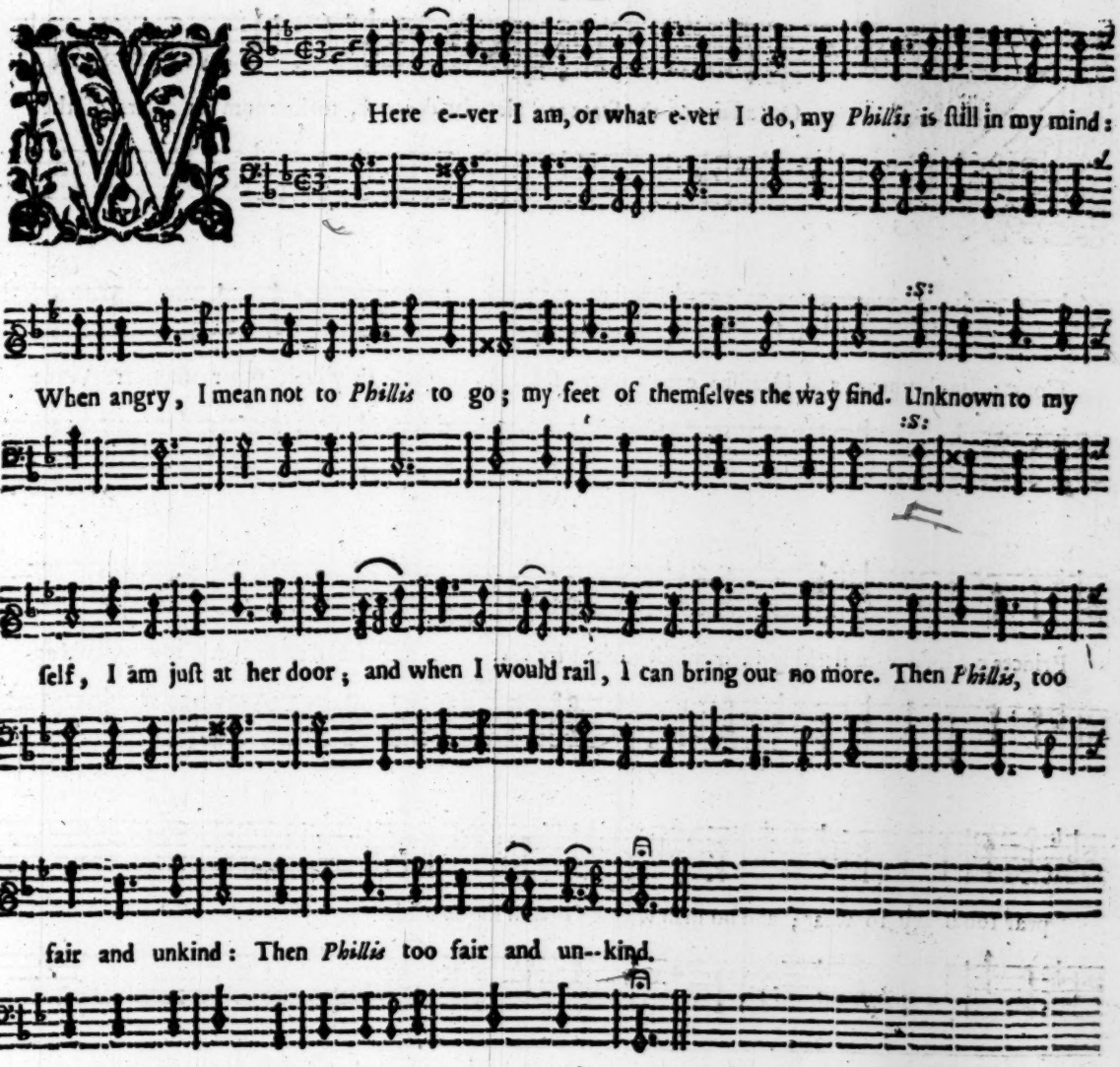
No more will I wait, like a Slave at your Dore,
I'le ſpend the cold Night at your Window no more:
My Lungs in long ſighs, no more I'le exhale,
Since your Pride is to make me grow ſullen and pale.
No more ſhall *Aminas* your pity implore,
Were the gods ſo ingrate, men would worſhip no more.

III.

No more ſhall your frowns, or free humour perſwade
To court the fair Idol my Fancy hath made:
When your ſaint's ſo neglected, your follies give o're,
Your Deity's loſt, and your beauties no more.
No more ſhall true Lovers ſuch Beautie's adore,
Were the gods ſo ſevere, men would worſhip no more.

IV.

How weak are the Vows of a Lover in pain,
When flatter'd with hope, or oppreſt with diſdain:
No ſooner my *Daphne*'s bright eyes I review,
But all is forgot, and I vow all a new.
No more, faireſt Nymph, I will murmur no more;
Did the gods ſeem ſo fair, men would ever adore.



Mr. *Alph. Marſh.*

II.

When *Phillis* I ſee, my heart burns in my breaſt,
And the Love I would ſtifle is ſhow'n:
But aſleep or awake, I am never at reſt,
When from mine eyes *Phillis* is gone.
Sometimes a ſweet dream doth delude my ſad mind;
But alaſs! when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
Then I ſigh to my ſelf all alone!
Then I ſigh to my ſelf all alone!

III.

Should a King be my rival in her I adore,
He ſhould offer his treaſure in vain:
O let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again.
Let *Phillis* be mine, and ever be kind,
I could to a Deſart with her be confin'd;
And envy no Monarch his reign:
And envy no Monarch his reign.

IV.

Alas! I diſcover too much of my Love;
And ſhe too well knows her own pow'r:
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour.
But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
I had rather love *Phillis*, both falſe and unkind,
Then ever be freed from her pow'r:
Then ever be freed from her pow'r.

Ow affairs of the State are already decreed, make room for affairs of the

Cho.

Court: Imployment, and pleaſure, each other ſucceed; becauſe they each other ſupport. Were

Cho.

Were, &c

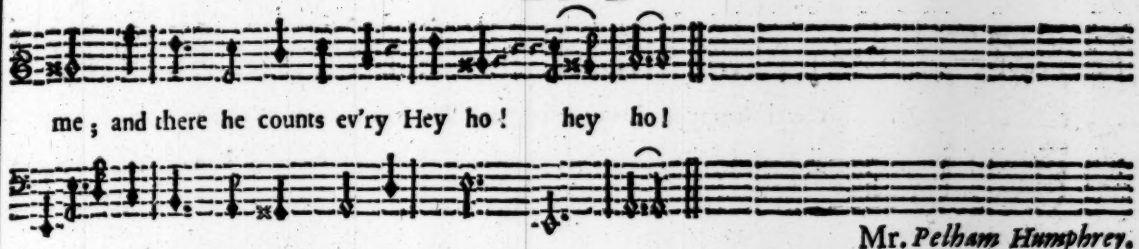
Princes confin'd from ſlacking their mind; when by care it is ruffled and curld: A Crown would ap-

pear too heavy to wear; and no man would Govern the World.

Ow ſevere is forgetful old Age, to confine a poor Lover ſo! that I

almoſt deſpair to ſee even the Air; much more my dear *Damon*, hey ho! Though I whiſper my

ſighs out alone, I am trac'd whereſoever I go; that ſome treacherous Tree hides this old man from



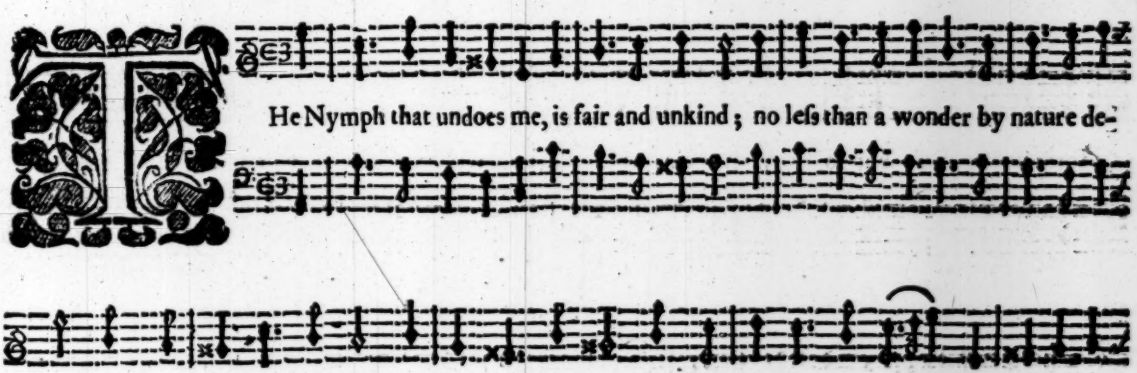
Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

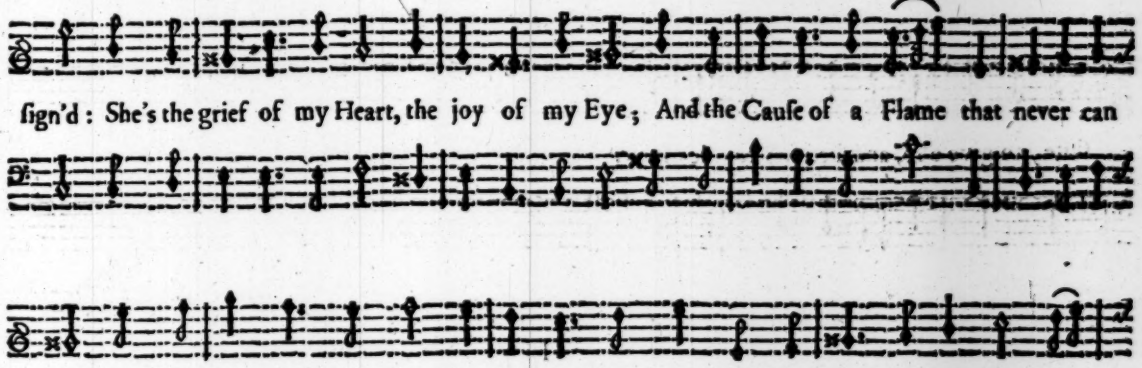
II.

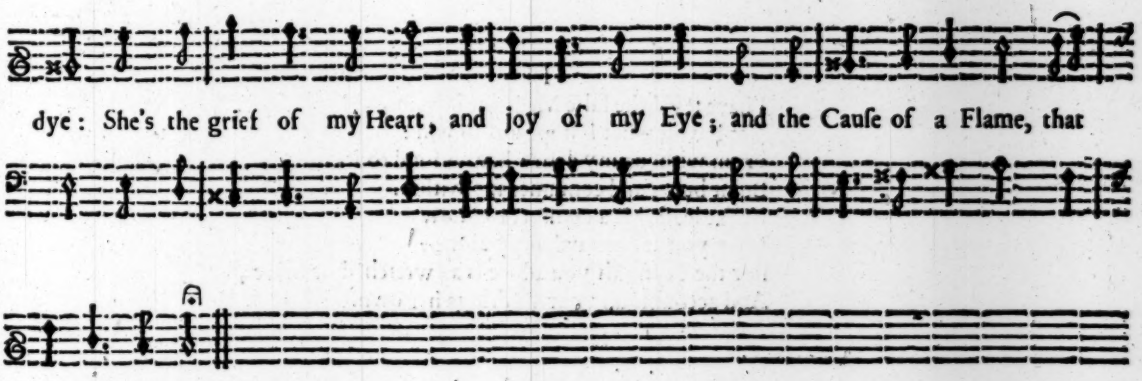
How ſhall I this *Argus* blind?
And ſo put an end to my wo;
For whilſt I beguile
His Frowns with a Smile;
I betray my ſelf with a Hey ho! hey ho!

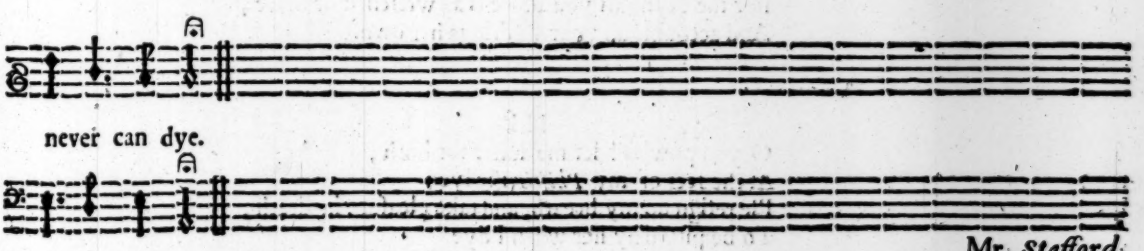
III.

My reſtraint, then alaſs! muſt endure,
So that ſince my ſad doom I know:
I'le pine for my Love
Like the Turtle-Dove;
And breath out my Life in Hey ho! hey ho!









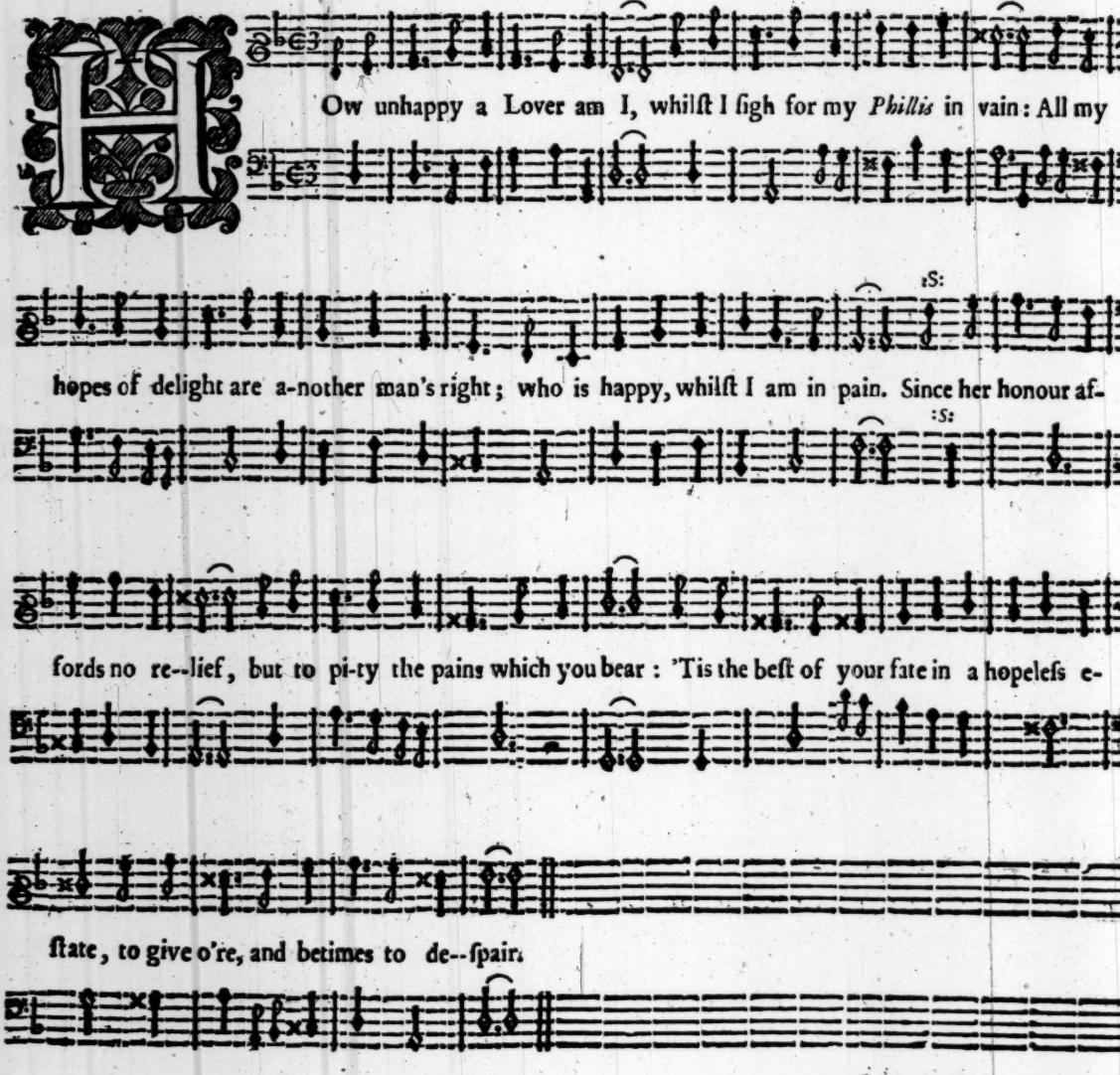
Mr. *Stafford.*

II.

Her Lips, from whence Wit obligingly flows,
Has the colour of Cheries, and ſmell of the Roſe:
Love and Deſtiny both attends on her Will;
She Saves with a Smile, with a Frown ſhe can Kill.

III.

The deſparate Lover can hope no Redreſs,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in exceſs:
In *Celia* they meet, ſo unhappy am I;
Who ſees her muſt Love, who Loves her muſt dye.



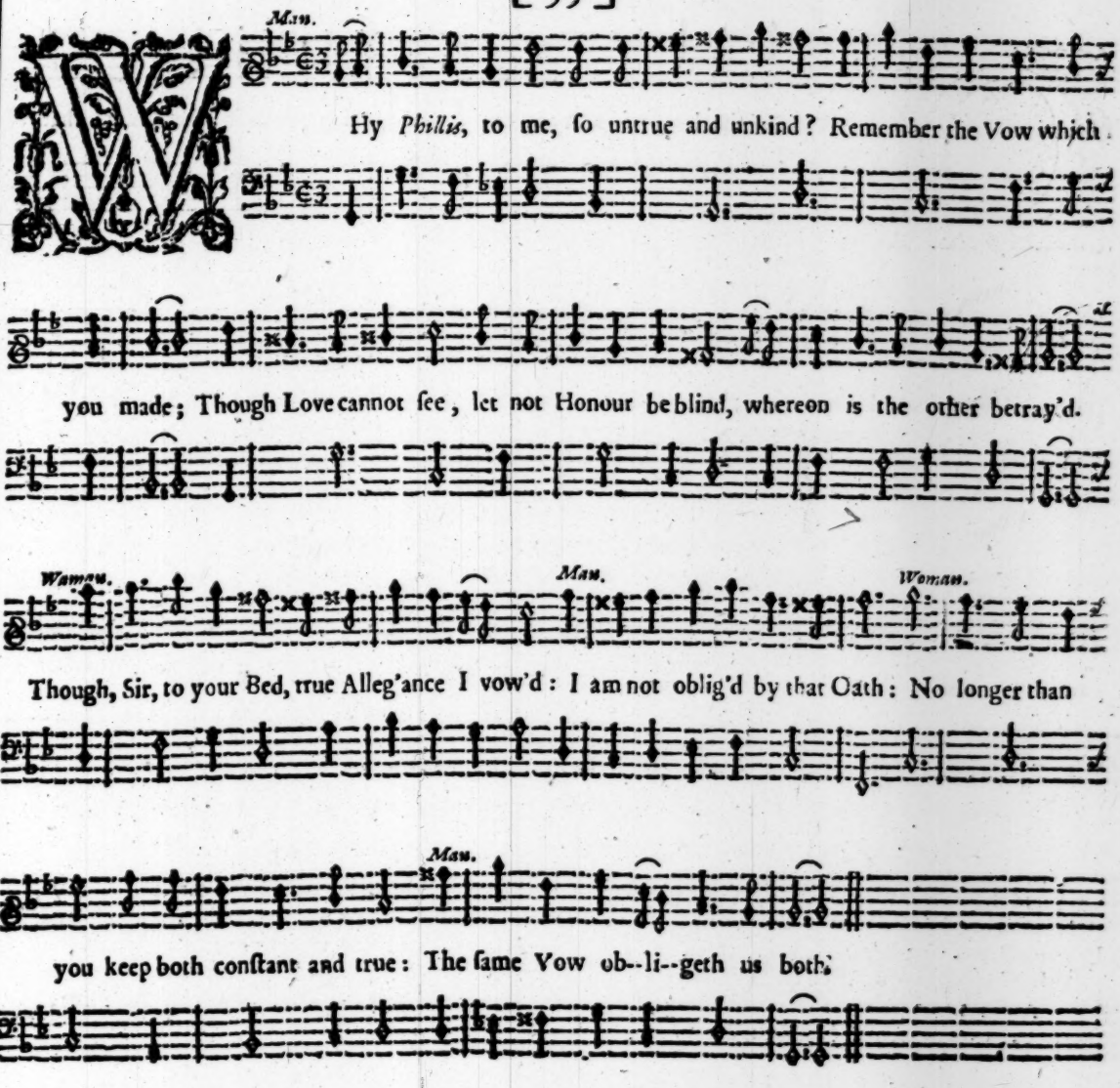
Mr. *Nicholas Staggins*

II.

I have try'd the falſe Medicine in vain;
Yet I wiſh what I hope not to win:
From without my deſire has no food to its fire,
But it burns and conſumes me within.
Yet at leaſt, 'tis a comfort to know
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the Nympth you adore is as wretched or more,
And accounts all your ſuff'rings her own.

III.

O you pow'rs! let me ſuffer for both,
At the feet of my *Phillis* I'le lye:
I'le reſign up my breath, and take pleaſure in death,
To be pity'd by her when I dye.
What her honour deny'd you in life,
In her death ſhe will give to her love:
Such a flame as is true, after fate will renew,
When the ſouls do meet cloſer above.



II.

Man.

Fair Nymph, did you feel
But thoſe Paſſions I bear,
My Love you would never ſuſpect:
An Heart made of ſteel
Sure muſt needs love the fair,
And what we love cannot neglect.

Woman.

Then ſince we love both,
Let us both be agreed;

Man.

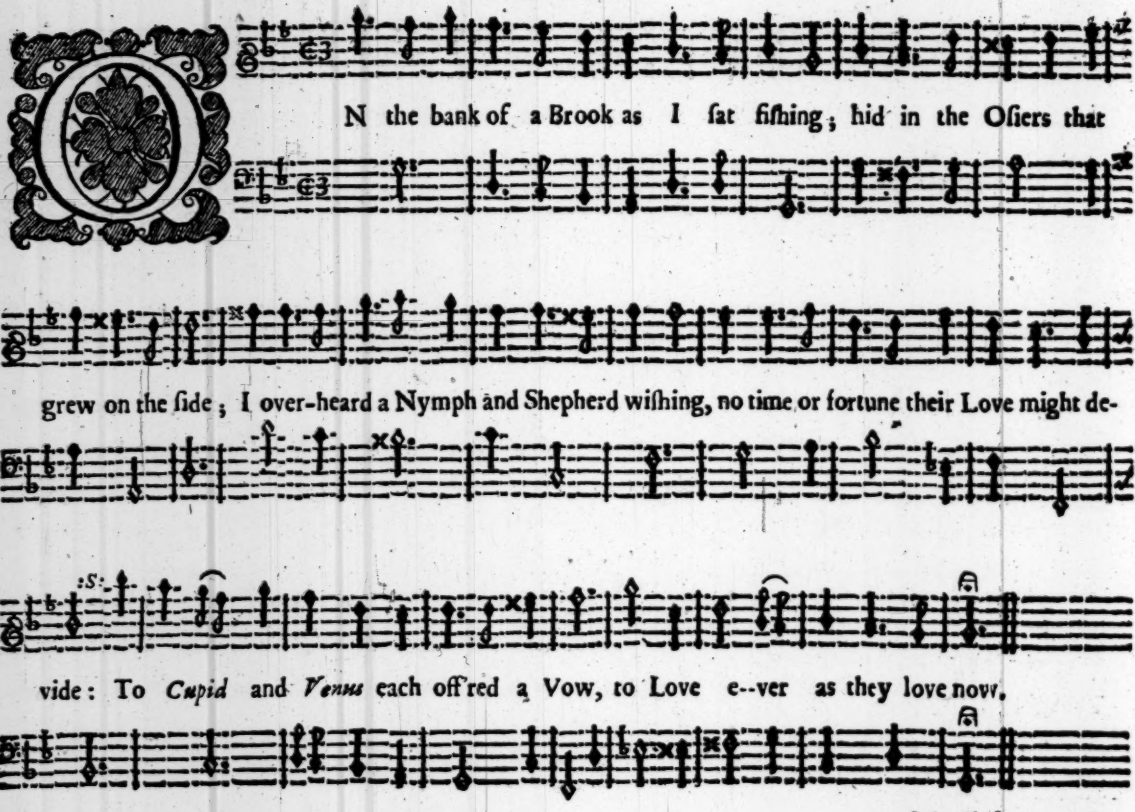
And ſeal both our Loves with a Kiſs:

Woman.

From breaking our Oath
We ſhall both then be freed;

Man.

And Princes will envy our bliſs.



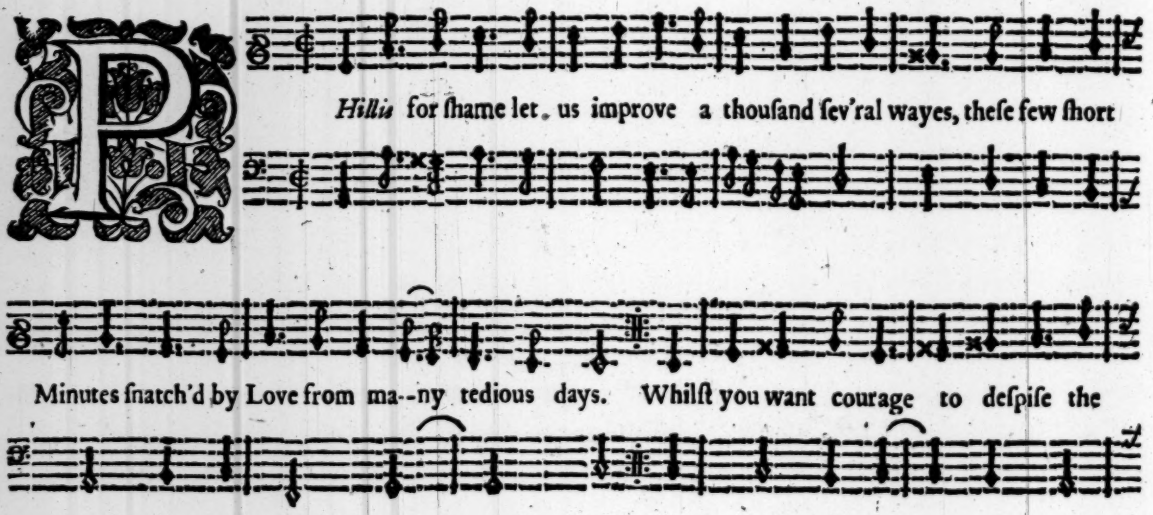
Mr. *John Baniſter.*

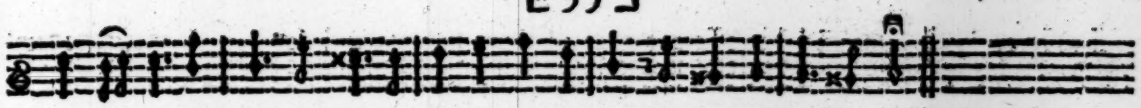
II.

Oh! ſaid the Shepherd, and ſigh'd, what a pleaſure
Is love conceal'd betwixt Lovers alone?
Love muſt be ſecret kept, like Fairy treaſure,
When 'tis diſcover'd, 'twill quickly be gone:
And envy or jealouſie if it could ſtay,
Will too ſoon, alaſs! make it decay.

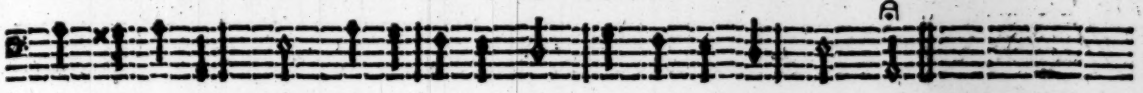
III.

Then let us leave the world and care behind us;
Said the Nymph ſmiling, and gave him her hand;
All alone, all alone, where none ſhall finds us,
In ſome far deſart we'll ſeek a new land:
And there live from envy or jealouſie free,
And a world to each other we'll be.





censures of the Grave; for all the tyrant in your eyes, your heart is but a ſlave.

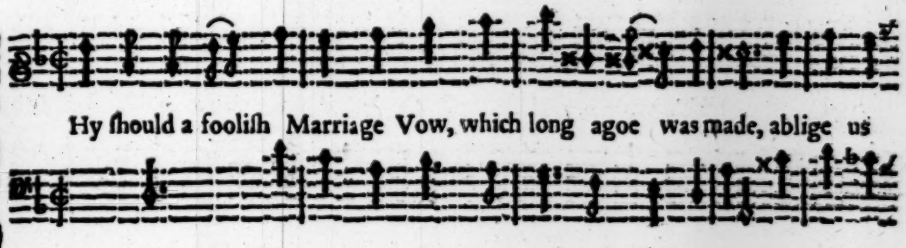


Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

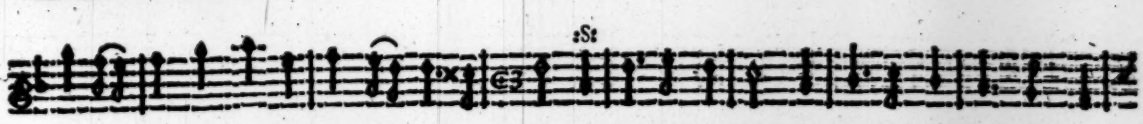
II.
My Love is full of noble pride,
And never ſhall ſubmit,
To let that Fop diſcretion ride
In triumph over wit.

III.
Falſe friends I have as well as you,
Who daily counſel me,
Fame and ambition to purſue,
And leave of loving you.

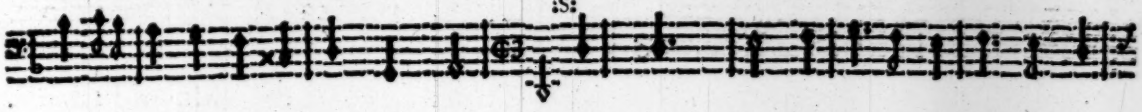
IV.
When I the leaſt belief beſtow
On what ſuch fools adviſe:
May I be dull enough to grow
Moſt miſerably wiſe.



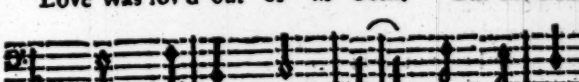
Hy ſhould a fooliſh Marriage Vow, which long agoe was made, ablige us



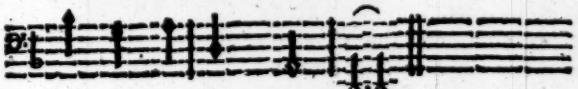
to each other now, when paſſion is de-cay'd? We loved and lov'd, as long as we could, 'till our



Love was lov'd out of us both. But the Marriage is dead, when the pleaſure is fled; 'twas

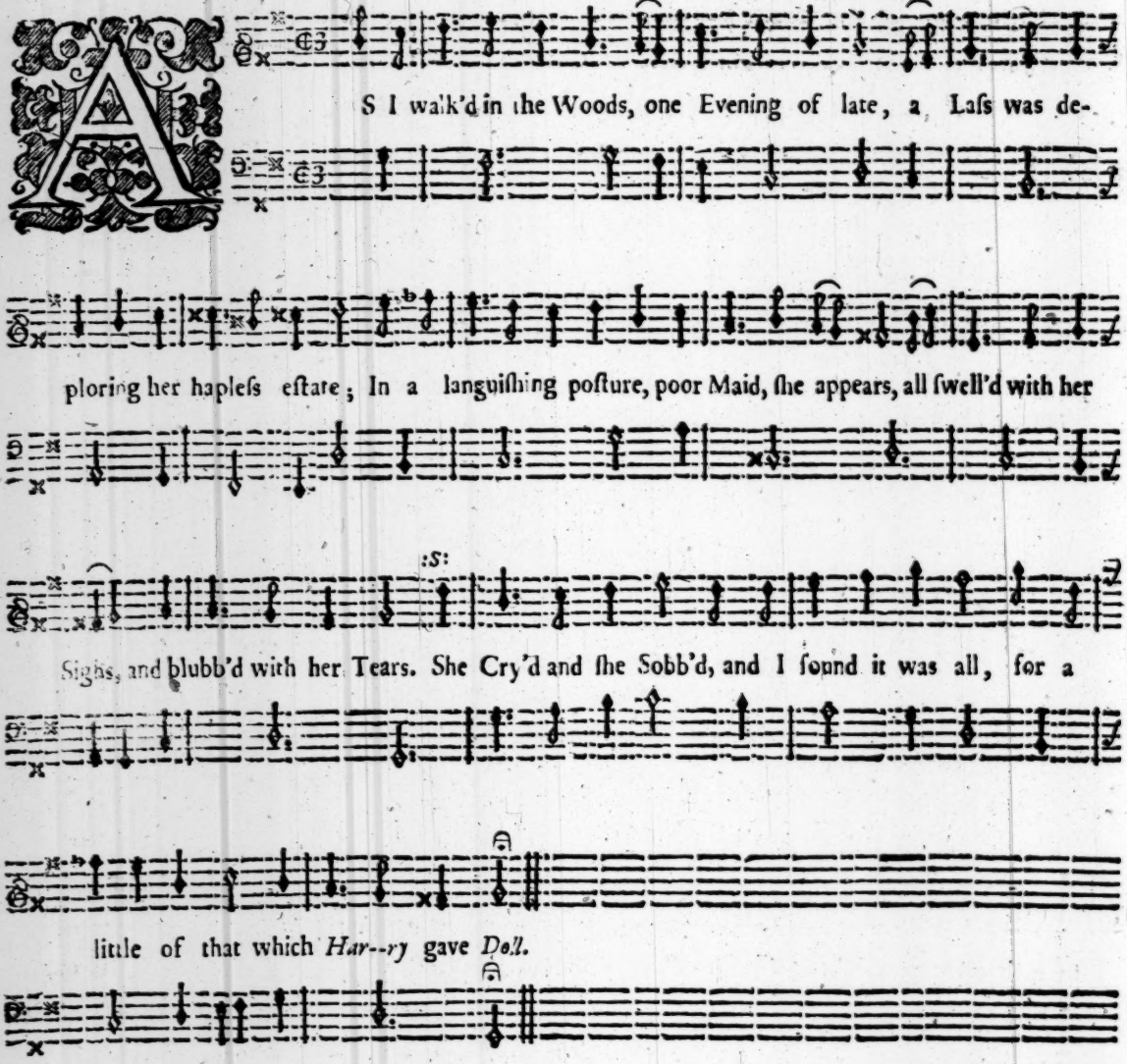


pleaſure firſt made it an Oath.



Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.
If I have pleaſure for a friend,
And further joy in ſtore,
What wrong has he whoſe joys did end,
And who could give no more?
It's a madneſs that he
Should be jealous of me,
Or that I ſhould bar him of another;
When all we can gain
Is to give our ſelves pain,
And neither can hinder the other.



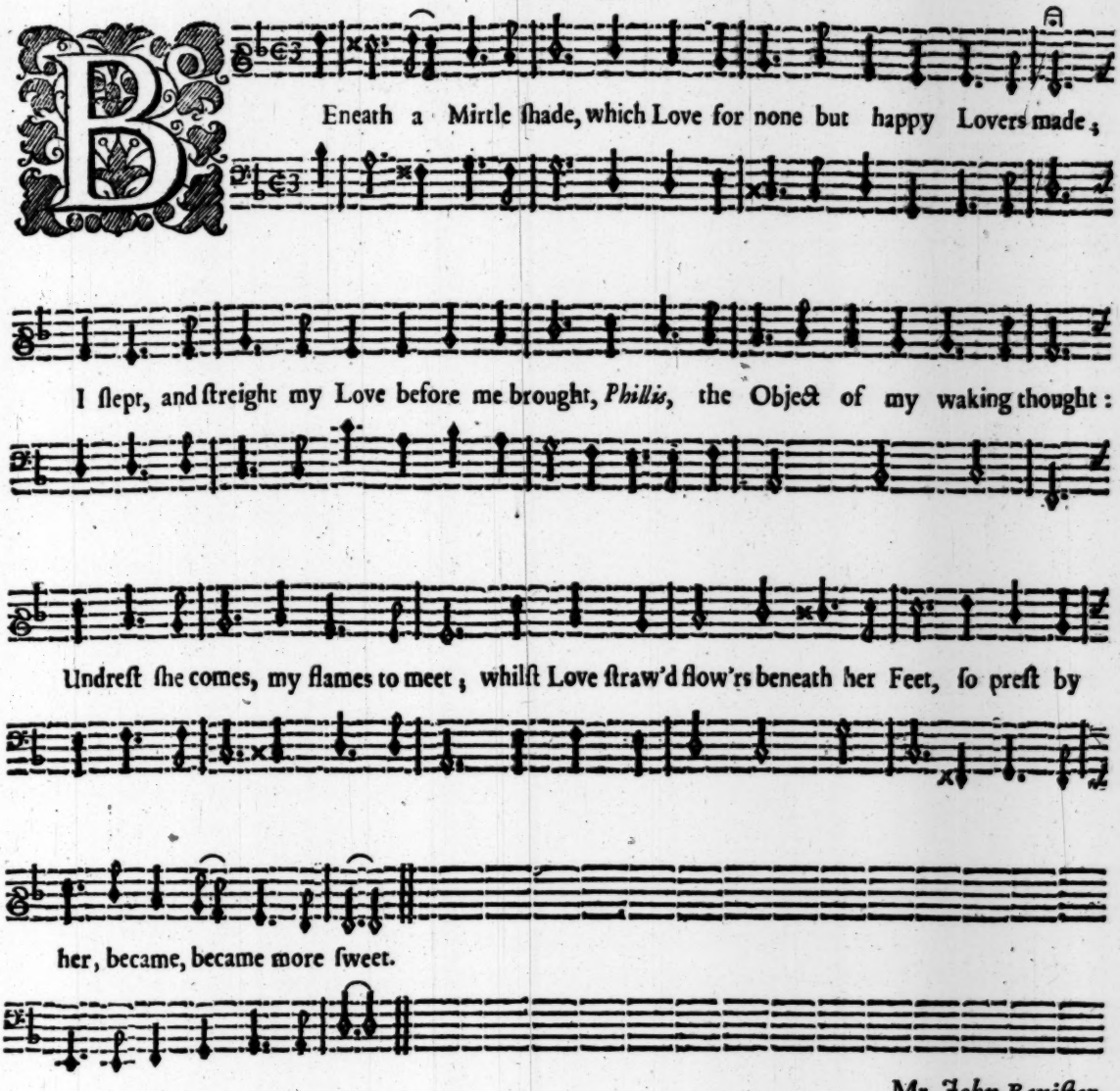
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

At last she broke out, Wretched she said,
Will no Youth come succour a languishing Maid,
With what he with ease and with pleasure may give,
Without which, alass, poor I cannot live!
Shall I never leave sighing, and crying, and call,
For a little of that, *&c.*

III.

At first when I saw a Young man in the place,
My colour would fade, and then flush in my face;
My breath would grow short, and I shiver'd all o're,
My Breast never popp'd up and down so before:
I scarce knew for what, but now I find it was all
For a little of that, *&c.*



Mr. *John Baniſter.*

II

From the bright Viſions head,
A careleſs vail of Lawn was looſly ſpread;
From her white Temples fell her ſhaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-ſhine, not too brown or fair:
Her Hands, her Lips, did Love inſpire,
Her ev'ry Grace my Heart did fire;
But moſt her Eyes, that languiſh'd with deſire.

III.

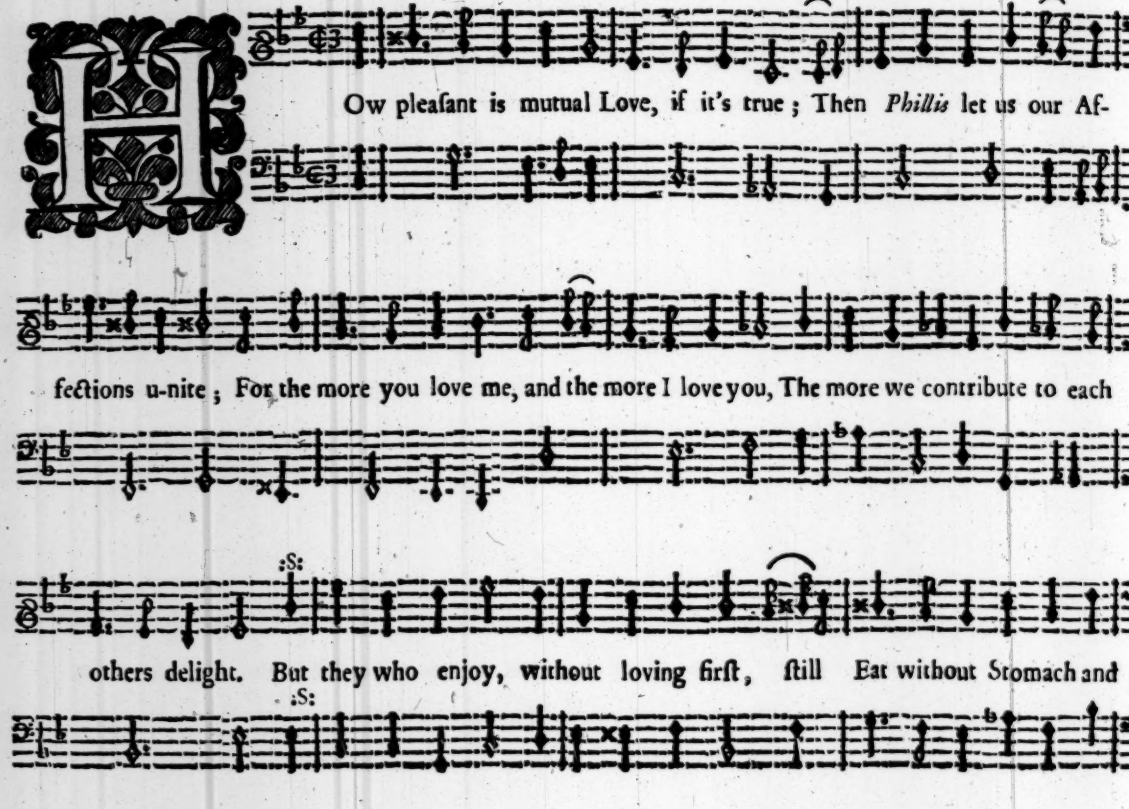
Ah, charming Fair, ſaid I,
How long can you my bliſs and yours deny:
By Nature and by Love this lovely ſhade
Was for revenge of ſuff'ring Lovers made.
Silence and ſhades with Love agree,
Both ſhelter you, and favour me;
You cannot Bluſh, becauſe I cannot ſee.

IV.

No, let me dye, ſhe ſaid,
Rather than loſe the ſpotleſs name of Maid:
Faintly ſhe ſpoke, me-thought, for all the while
She bid me not believe her with a ſmile.
Then dye, ſaid I, ſhe ſtill deny'd;
And is it thus? thus, thus, ſhe cry'd,
You us a harmleſs maid? and ſo ſhe dy'd.

V.

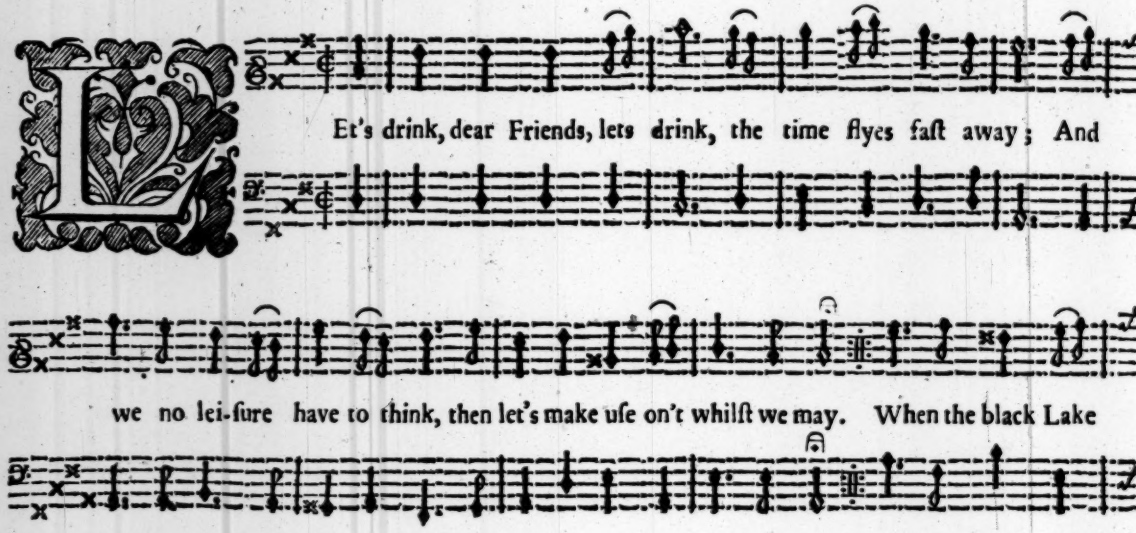
I wak't, and ſtraight I knew
I Lov'd ſo well, it made my Dream prove true:
Fancy the kinder Miſtreſs of the two,
Fancy had done what *Phillis* would not do.
Ah, cruel Nymph, ceaſe your diſdain,
While I can dream you ſcorn in vain,
Aſleep, or waking, you muſt eaſe my pain.

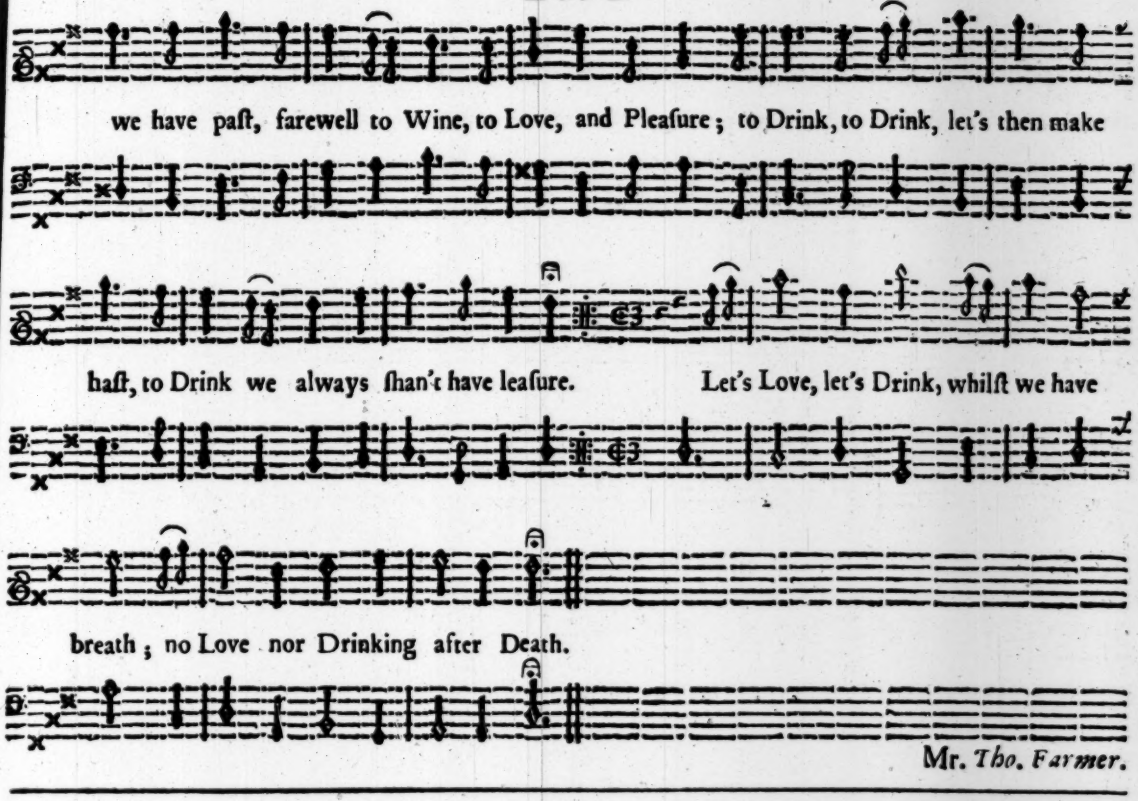


Mr. *Nicholas Staggins.*

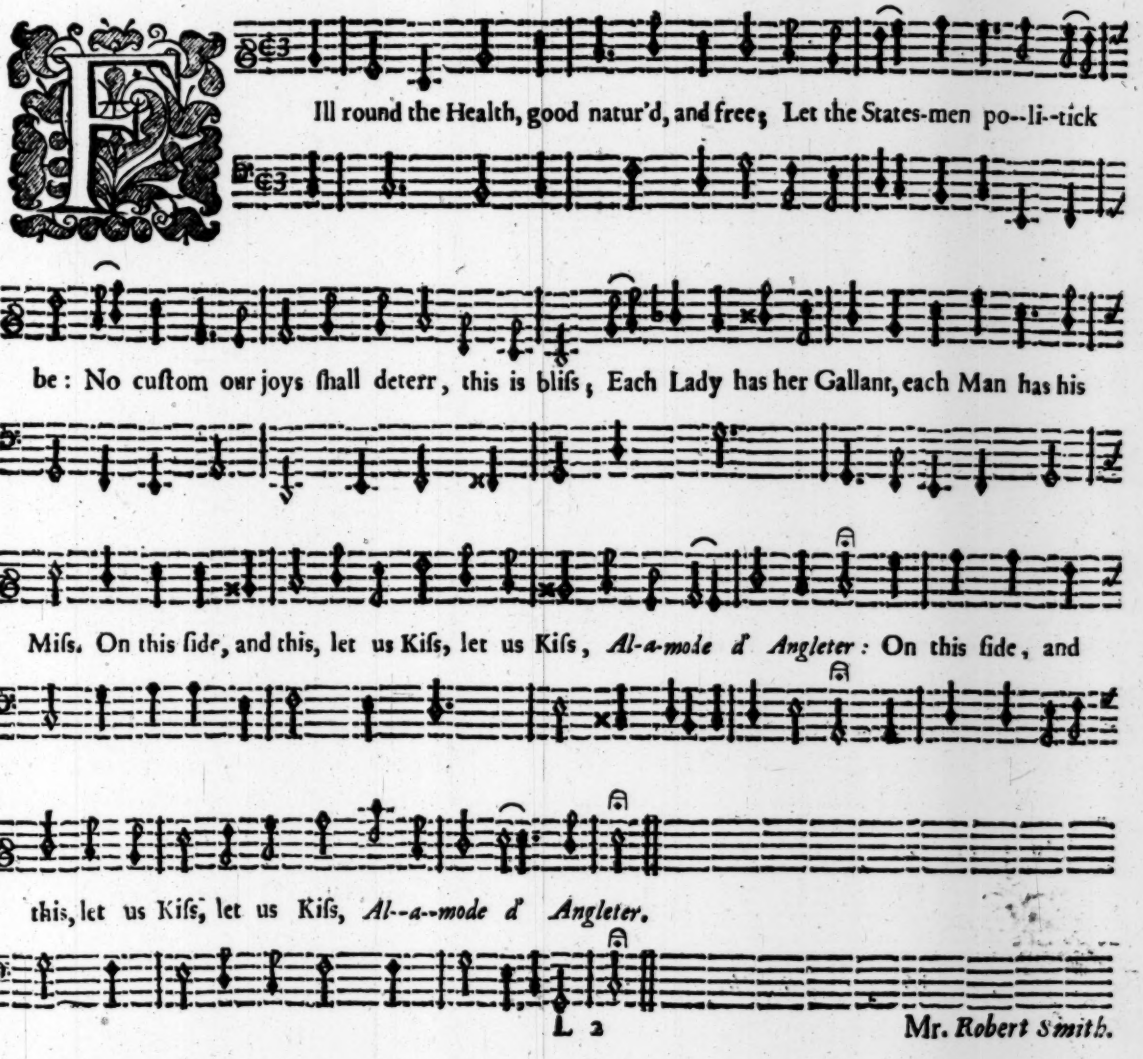
II.

Such is the poor Fool, who loves upon duty,
Becauſe a Canonick a Coxcomb hath made him:
He ne're taſts the ſweets of Love and of Beauty;
But drudges, becauſe a dull Prieſt hath betray'd him.
But who in enjoyment from love take their meaſure,
Are wrapt with delights, and ſtill raviſh'd with pleaſure.





Mr. *Tho. Farmer.*



Mr. *Robert Smith.*

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.

Ome lay by your Cares, and hang up your Sorrow, drink on he's a

Sot, that e're thinks of to Morrow: Great ſtore of good Clarret ſupplys ev'ry thing; and the

man that is Drunk is as great as a King.

II.

Let none at Misfortunes or Loſſes repine,
But take a full doſe of the Juice of the Vine:
Diſeaſes and troubles are ne're to be found,
But in the damn'd place where the glaſs goes not round.

Mr. *Robert Smith.*

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.

E Jolly my Friends, for the Money we ſpend, on Women and Wine, to our

ſelves we do lend: The Ladies Embraces, and our Carbuncl'd Faces, will gain us more credit than the

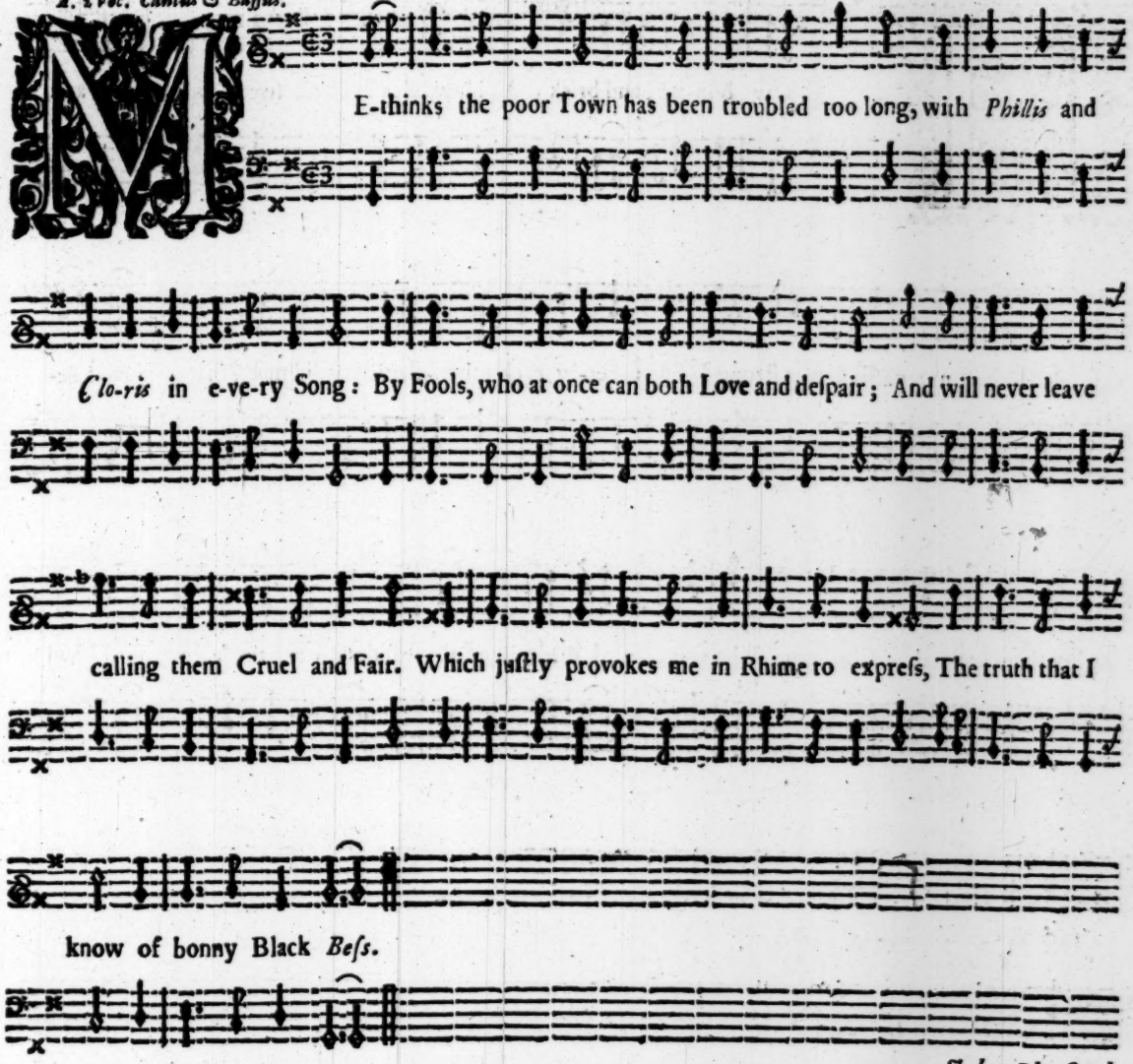
Muſes or Graces.

II.

Then Sirrah be quicker, and bring us more Liquor,
We'll have nothing to do with Phyſician or Vicar:
We'll round with our Bowls, 'till our Paſſing-bell Touls,
And truſt no ſuch Quacks with our Bodies or Souls.

Mr. *Robert Smith.*

A. 2 Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.



John Playford.

II.

This *Beſs* of my Heart, this *Beſs* of my Soul,
Has a Skin white as milk, but Hair black as a coal;
She's plump, yet with eaſe you may ſpan round her Waſt,
But her round ſwelling Thighs can ſcarce be embrac'd:
Her Belly is ſoft, not a word of the reſt;
But I know what I mean, when I drink to the beſt.

III.

The Plow-man and Squire, the erranter Clown,
At home ſhe ſubdu'd in her Paragon gown;
But now ſhe adorns the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudeſt Town Gallants are forc'd to ſubmit:
All Hearts fall a leaping where-ever ſhe comes,
And beat day and night, like my Lord ——'s Drums.

IV.

But to thoſe who have had my dear *Beſs* in their Arms,
She's gentle, and knows how to ſoften her Charms;
And to every Beauty can add a new grace,
Having learn'd how to liſpe, and trip in her pace:
And with head on one ſide, and a languiſhing Eye,
To Kill us with looking as if ſhe would dye.

Ow bon-ny and brisk; Ah! how pleaſant and ſweet were *Jenny* and

I, Whilſt my paſſion was ſtrong? So eager-ly each others flame we did meet, that a minutes de-

lay then appear'd to be long. The vows that I made her, ſhe ſeal'd with a Kiſs, 'till my Soul I had

loſt in a rapture of Bliſs.

Mr. *Robert Smith.*

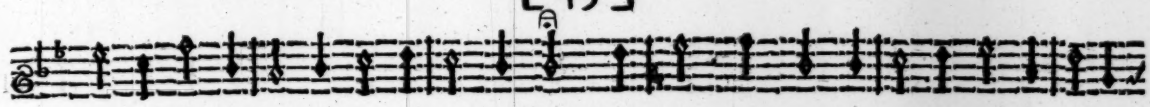
II.

I Vow'd, and I thought I could ever have Lov'd,
Where Beauty and Kindneſs together I found;
So ſweetly ſhe lookt, and ſo ſweetly ſhe mov'd,
That I fancy'd my ſtrength with my joyes to abound:
For the pleaſure I gave, ſhe did doubly requite,
By finding out ever new ways to delight.

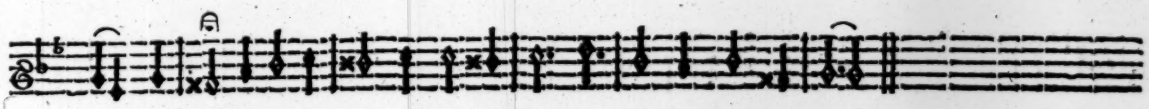
III.

At laſt, when enjoyment had put out my Fire,
My Strength was decay'd, and my Paſſion was done;
So pall'd was my Fancy, ſo tame my Deſire,
That I from the Nymph, very fain would have gone:
Ah *Jenny*! ſaid I, we adore thee in vain;
For Beauty enjoy'd does but burn to diſdain.

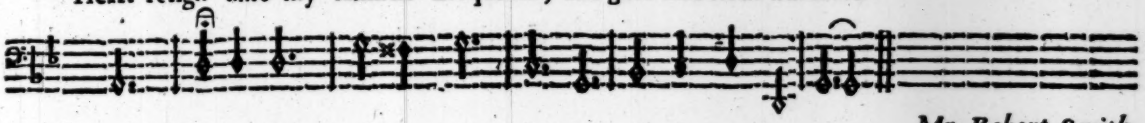
H, falſe *A-min-tas*, can that hour ſo ſoon forgotten be, when firſt I



yielded up my pow'r, to be betray'd by thee: Heav'n knows with how much Innocence', I did my



Heart reſign unto thy faithleſs Eloquence, and gave thee what was mine.

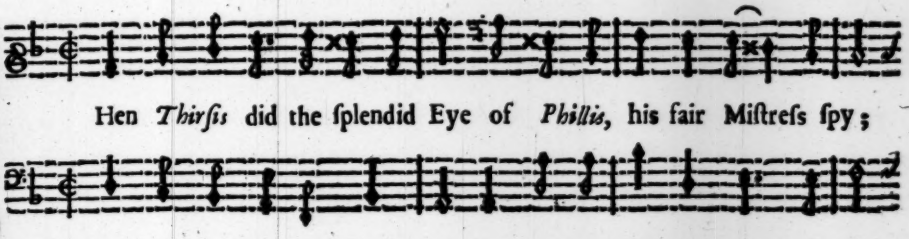


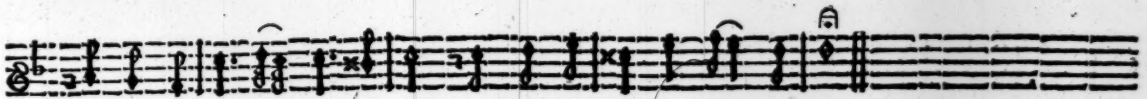
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

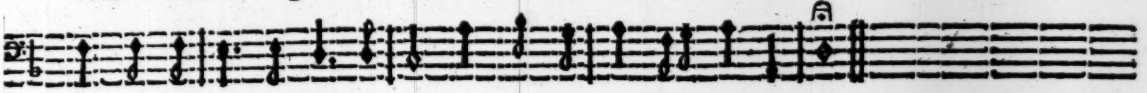
I had not one Reſerve in ſtore,
But at thy feet I lay'd
Thoſe Arms that conquer'd heretofore,
Though now thy Trophies made:
Thy Eyes in ſilence told their Tale
Of Love in ſuch a way,
That 'twas as eaſie to prevail,
As after to betray.

Hen *Thirſis* did the ſplendid Eye of *Phillis*, his fair Miſtreſs ſpy;





Was ever ſuch a glorious Queen, ſaid he, unleſs in Heaven ſeen?



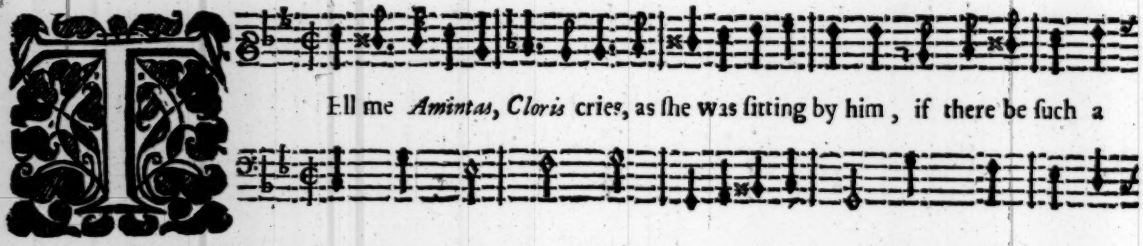
Mr. *Purſell.*

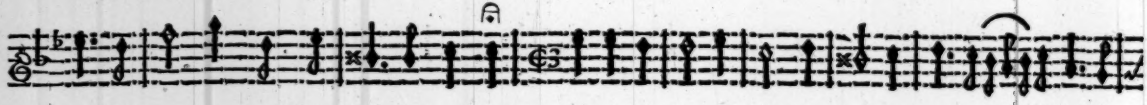
II.

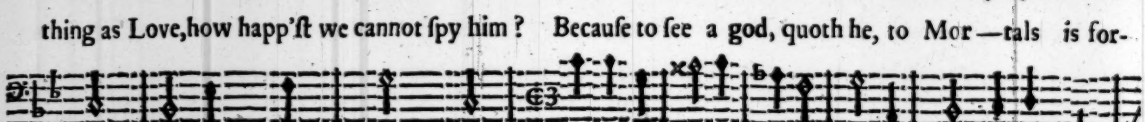
Fair *Phillis*, with a bluſhing Air,
Hearing theſe words, became more Fair:
Away, ſaid he, you need not take
Freſh Beauty, you more fair to make.

III.

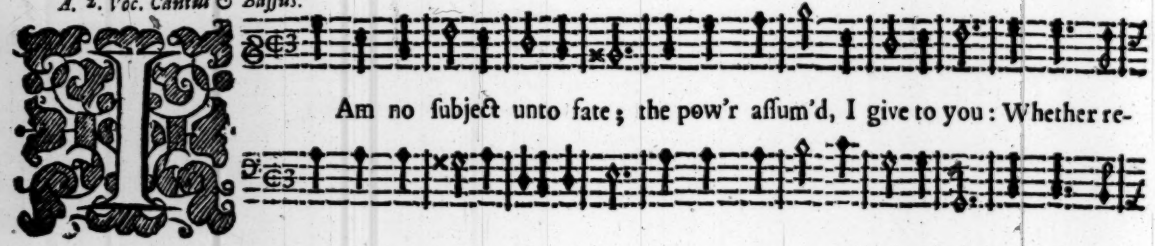
Then with a winning ſmile and look
His candid flatteries ſhe took:
O ſtay, ſaid he, 'tis done I vow,
Thirſis is Captivated now.

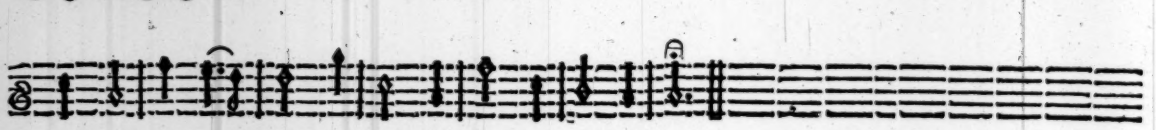






A. 2. *Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.*





Mr. *Roger Hill.*

II.
It is my Will which chuſeth you;
Though Tyrant, yet, if I'le obey,
Obedience is truly due
To whom I give my ſelf away.

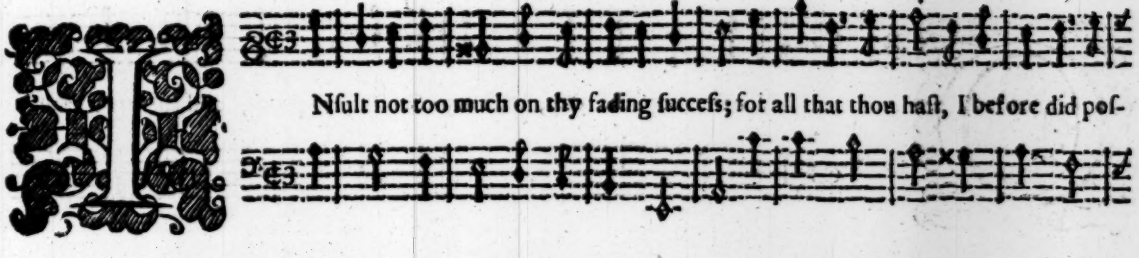
III.
I may be born under a Throne,
A ſlave, or free, without my Voice:
But Loving, and Religion,
Solely depends on my own choice.

IV.
The Worlds dimenſions are wide;
My mind not Heaven can confine:
That outward worſhip is bely'd,
Who inward bows to other Shrine.

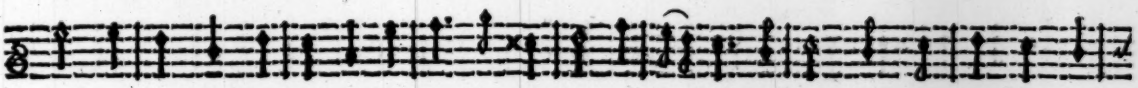
V.
Force may be called Victory;
Yet only thoſe are overcome,
Who yield unto an Enemy,
That is their certain fate and doom.

VI.
Thus fettered, I freely Love;
My choice doth make the conqueſt ſhine:
And 'twill thy power beſt improve,
That to thy Subject thou incline.

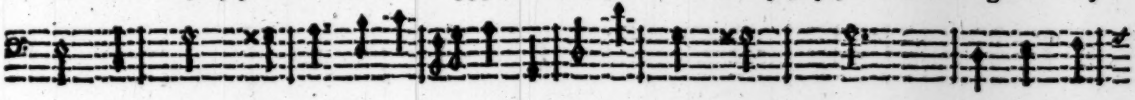
VII.
Who wiſely Rules, deſerves Command;
Then keep thee Loyal next thy Heart:
Elective Monarchs cannot ſtand,
Nor Loves without an equal dart.



INſult not too much on thy fading ſucceſs; for all that thou haſt, I before did poſ-



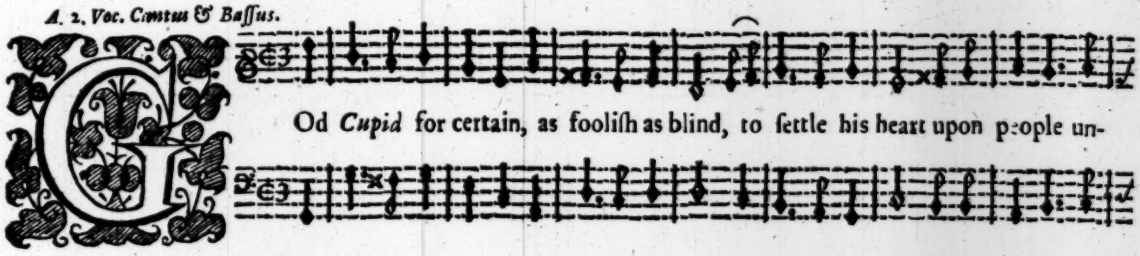
ſeſs: I know, my proud rival, how happy thou art; I know all thy Joys, and each thought of thy



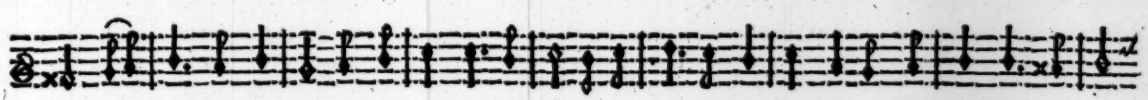
Heart: To tempt thee, thoſe pleaſures were taken from me, to gain a new Beauty, he'll take them from thee.

Mr. *Alph. Marſh*, Junior.

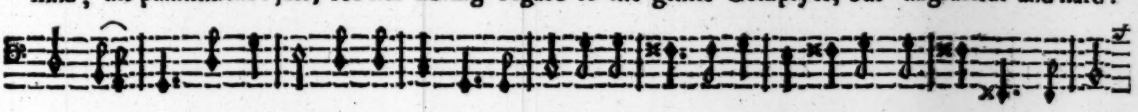
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.



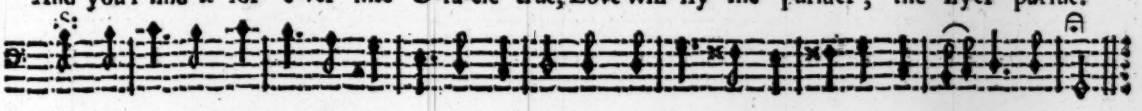
GOd *Cupid* for certain, as fooliſh as blind, to ſettle his heart upon people un-



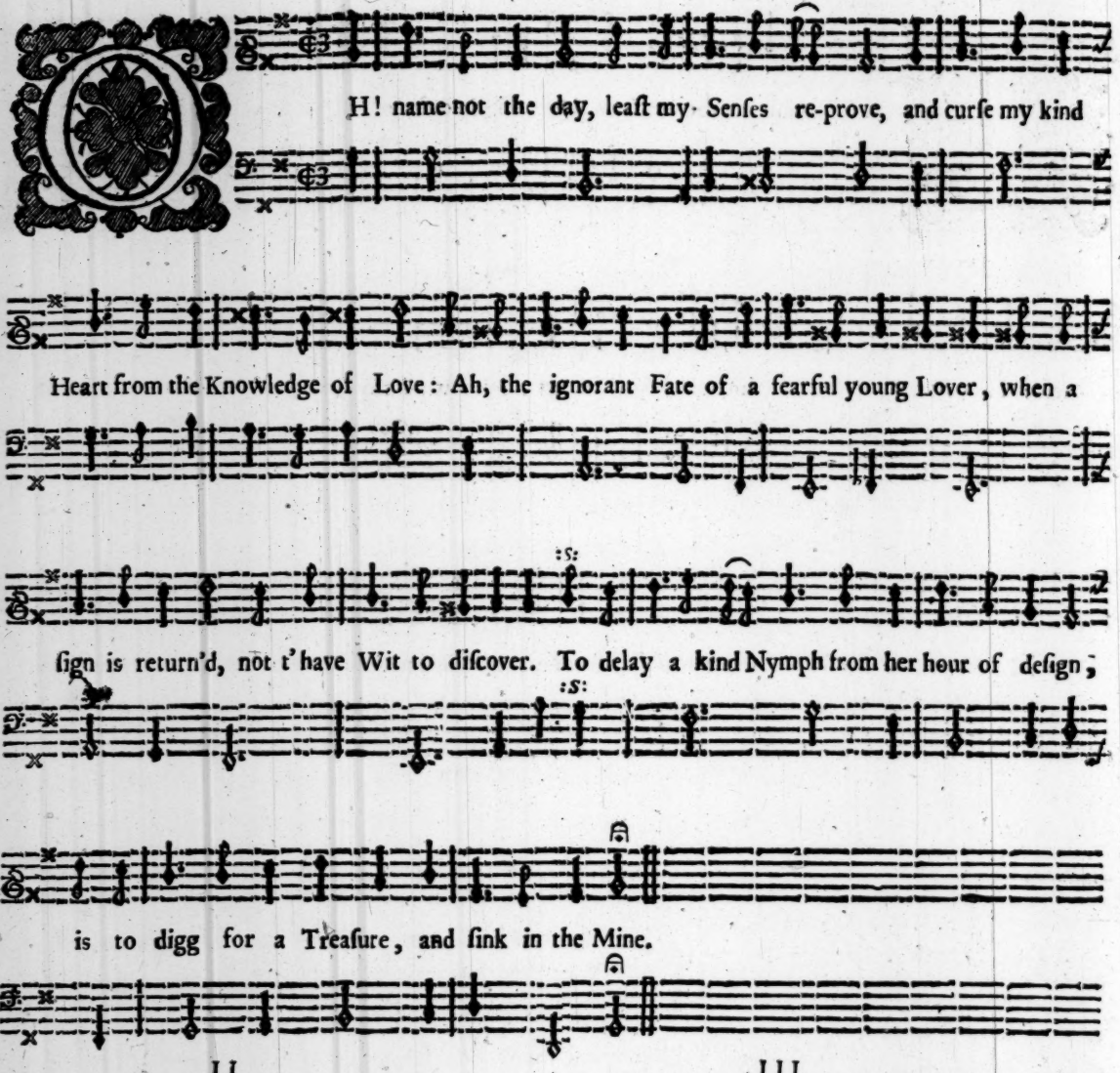
kind; his puniſhment's juſt, for not having regard to the gentle Complyer, but ungrateful and hard:



And you'l find it for e-ver like O-ra-cle true, Love will fly the purſuer, the flyer purſue.



John Playford.

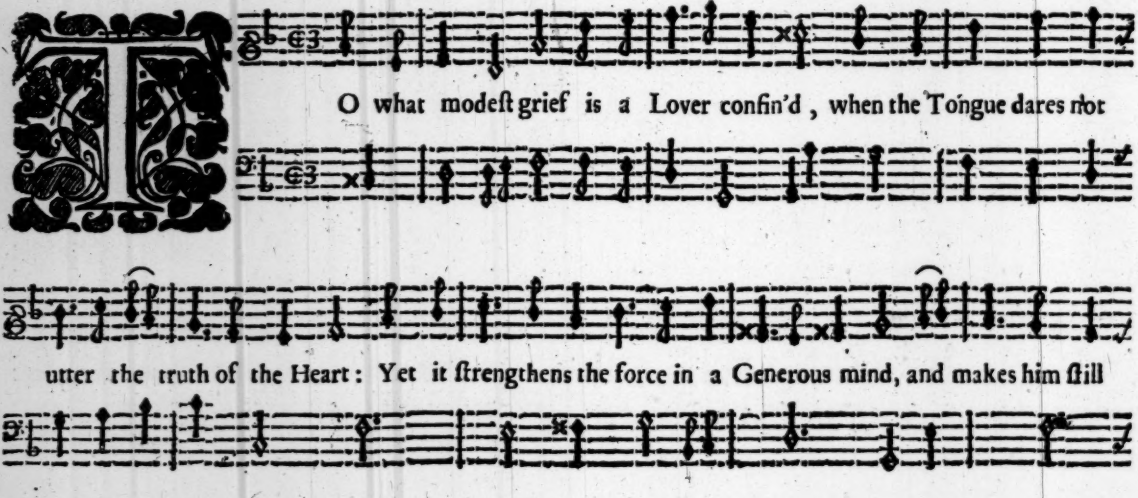


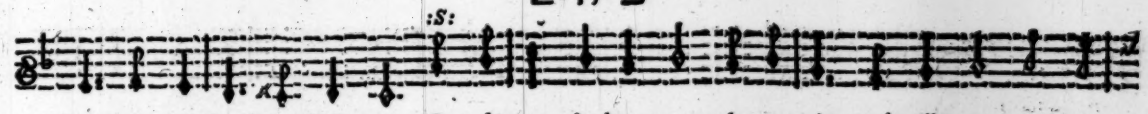
II.

The effect of a ſmile in a vein of diſcourſe,
'Twixt fear and good will, ought to make a Divorſe:
Such Items deſerves to be well underſtood,
Like a Vizardeſs, that peeps under her Hood.
Had I known but the minute her joys were upon her,
She had bid me good-night, and adieu to her honour.

III.

I knew not, alaſs! the Intrigue of her Art;
I thought ſhe deſign'd to make ſport with my Heart:
It panted with fear, and leapt ſo with joy,
Yet I thought to attempt all my hopes would deſtroy:
But ſince, I'm reſolv'd, e're I prove ſuch a ſot,
The Nymph I'le enjoy, though I dye on the ſpot.





think what his Love would impart: For the more he loves on, the more happy 'twill prove, when he

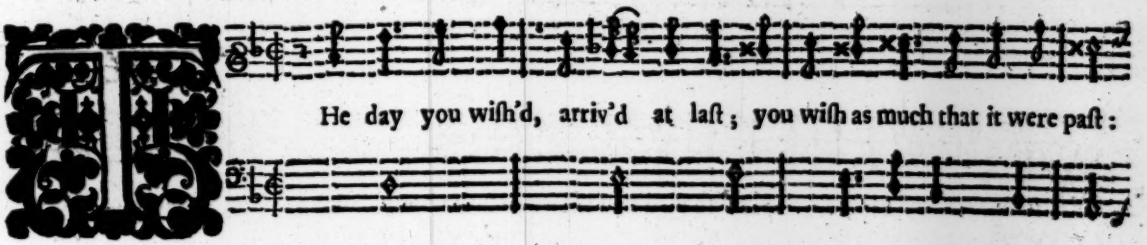
comes to appearance, to plead for his Love.

II.

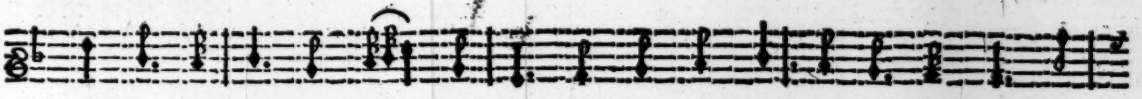
When our Hearts are new kindled to jump at a Beauty,
But like a *French* On-set, comes off with a Blaſt:
We ought to wait leiſure, 'tis civil and Duty,
Let's Love by degrees, and the longer 'twill laſt.
He that jumbles his Love and Enjoyment together,
Makes 2 Months of Summer, and 10 of cold Weather.

III.

Kind Love, like a tender and delicate Flower,
Wants only Improvement to make it endure:
But ſo oft 'tis tranſplanted, which makes it each hour
So droop and decay, that 'tis almoſt paſt cure:
Unleſs ſome fair Nymph, whoſe enchantments can bring
To make it refreſh, a perpetual ſpring.



The day you wiſh'd, arriv'd at laſt; you wiſh as much that it were paſt:



One Minute more, and night will hide the Bridegroom, and the bluſhing Bride. The

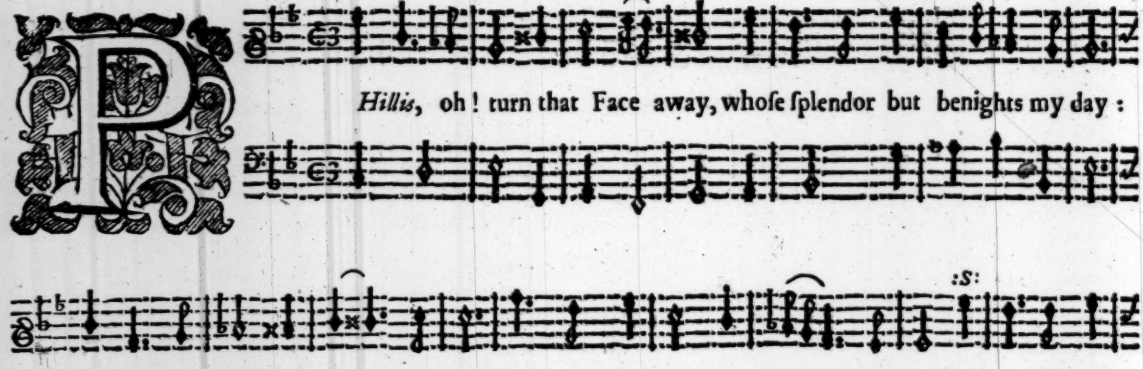
Virgin now to Bed does go; take care, oh Youth! ſhe riſe not ſo: She pants and trembles at her

doom, and ſighs and wiſhes thou wouldſt come.

Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

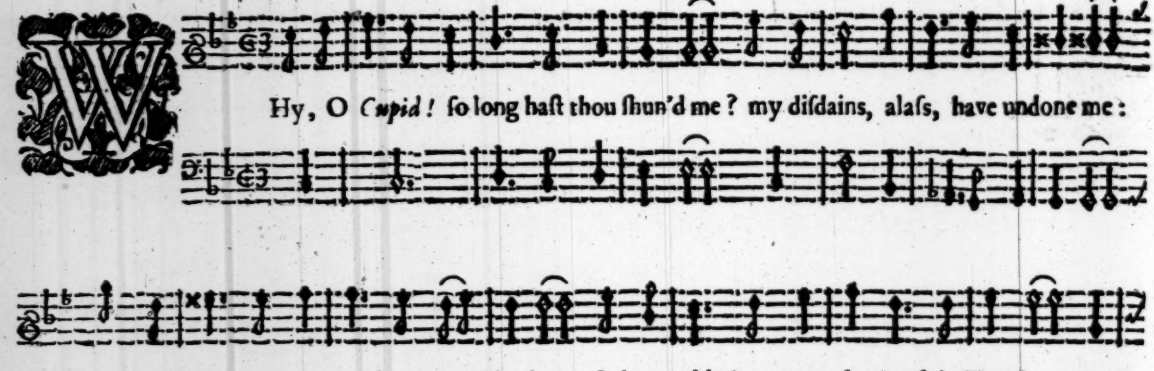
The Bridegroom comes, he comes apace,
With Love and Fury in his Face;
She ſhrinks away, he cloſe purſues,
And Prayers and Threats at once does uſe:
She ſoftly ſighing, begs delay,
And with her hand puts his away:
Now out aloud for help ſhe cryes,
And now deſpairing ſhuts her Eyes.

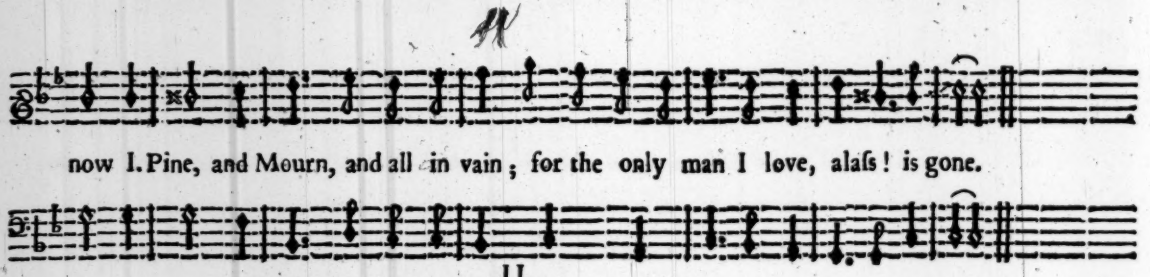


II.

Go ſhine on happy things, to me
That Bleſſing is a Miſerie;
Whom thy fierce Sun not warms, but burns;
Like that the ſooty *Indian* turns:
I'le ſerve your night, and there confin'd,
Wiſh thee, leſs fair, or elſe, more kind.

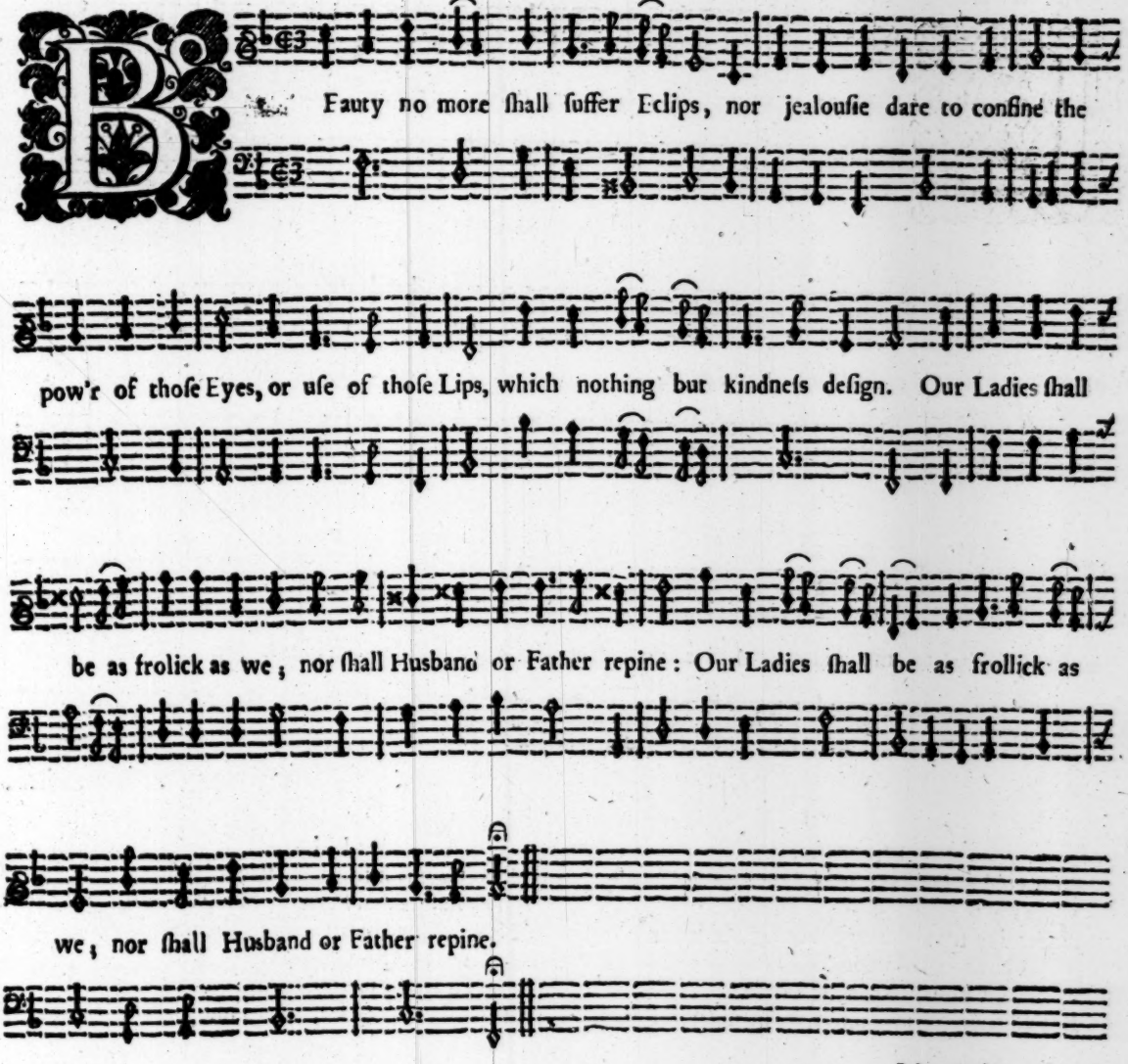
Mr. *Jo. Jackſon.*





II.

Since you've wounded my heart thus in vain;
Let my Sighs recal you again:
I lament my unfortunate hour;
I blame, and at once bleſs thy pow'r.
If by ſighs and tears, I may but once reſtore
Him into my Arms, or let me love no more.



Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

We'll baniſh the ſtratagems us'd by the State,
To keep the poor Lover in awe;
Henceforth they themſelves ſhall rule their own fate,
And deſire ſhall be to them Law:
Thus they being free from Padlock and Key,
May with their Reformers withdraw.

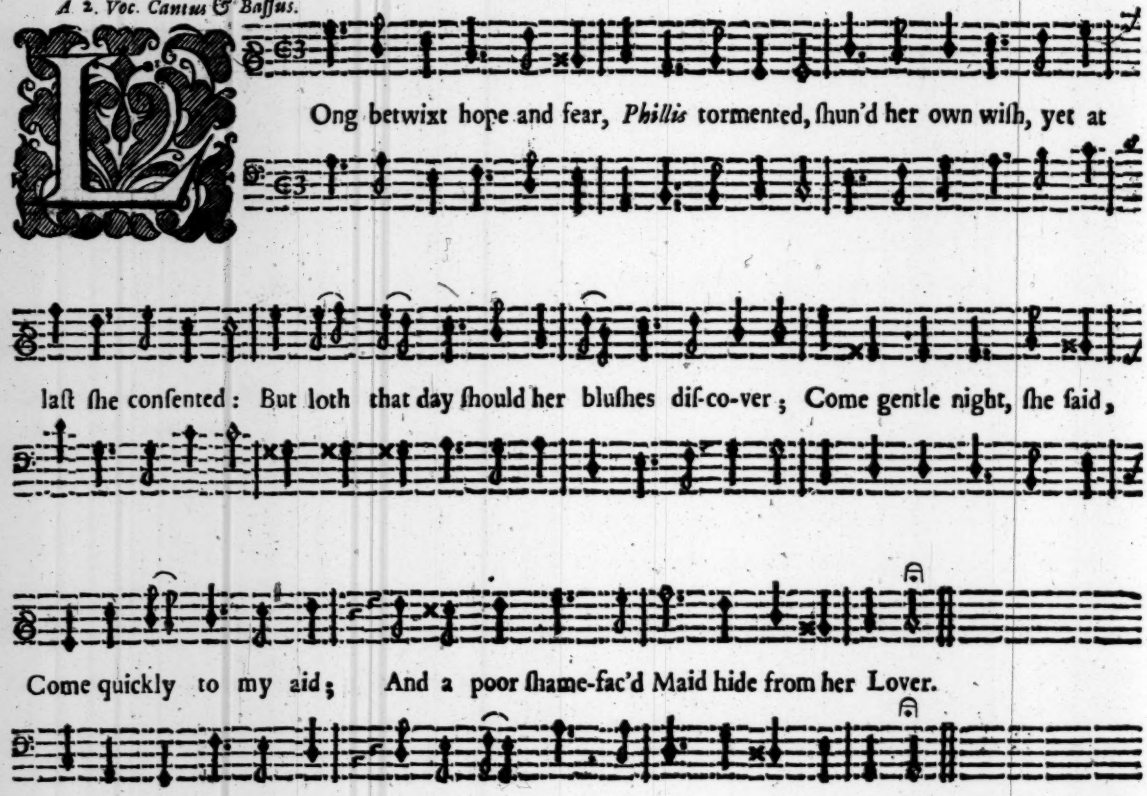
III.

Where in private we'll teach them the Myſteries of love
And practice that Lecture over;
'Till we the fond ſcruple of honour remove,
And the end of our paſſion diſcover.
No Maid ſhall complain, or Wife ſigh in vain,
For each may be eas'd by her Lover.

IV.

Away with all things that ſound like to Laws,
In this our New Reformation;
Let the Formaliſt prate the Good old Cauſe,
'Tis a general Tolleration:
From this time we're free from Vile Hereſie,
And a vizard Excommunication.

A 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.



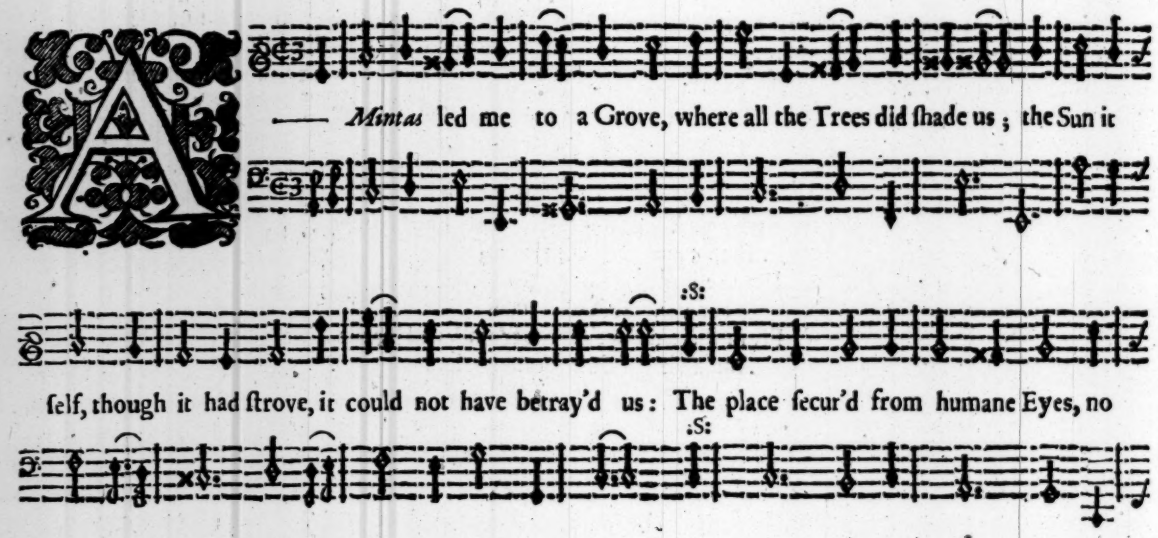
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

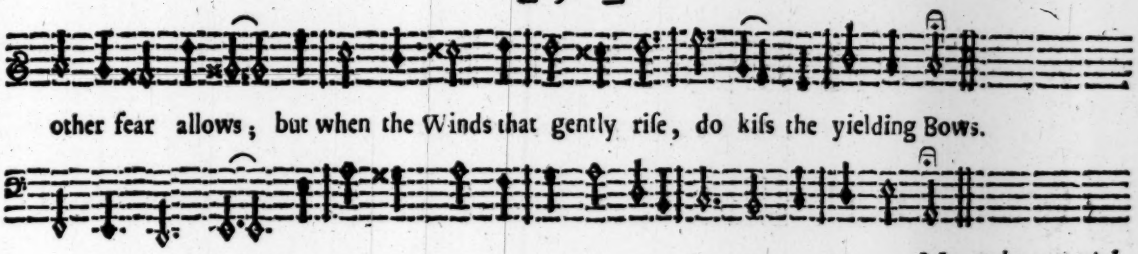
II.

Now cold as Ice I am, now hot as Fire;
I dare not tell my ſelf my own deſire:
But let day fly away, and bid night haſt her;
Grant ye kind pow'rs above
Slow hours to parting Love:
But when to bliſs we move, let them fly faſter.

III.

How ſweet is it to Love, when I diſcover
Thoſe flames that burn my Soul, warming my Lover:
'Tis pity Love ſo true, ſhould be miſtaken;
If that this night he be
Falſe, or unkind to me:
Let me dye, e're I ſee, That I'm forſaken.





other fear allows; but when the Winds that gently riſe, do kiſs the yielding Bows.

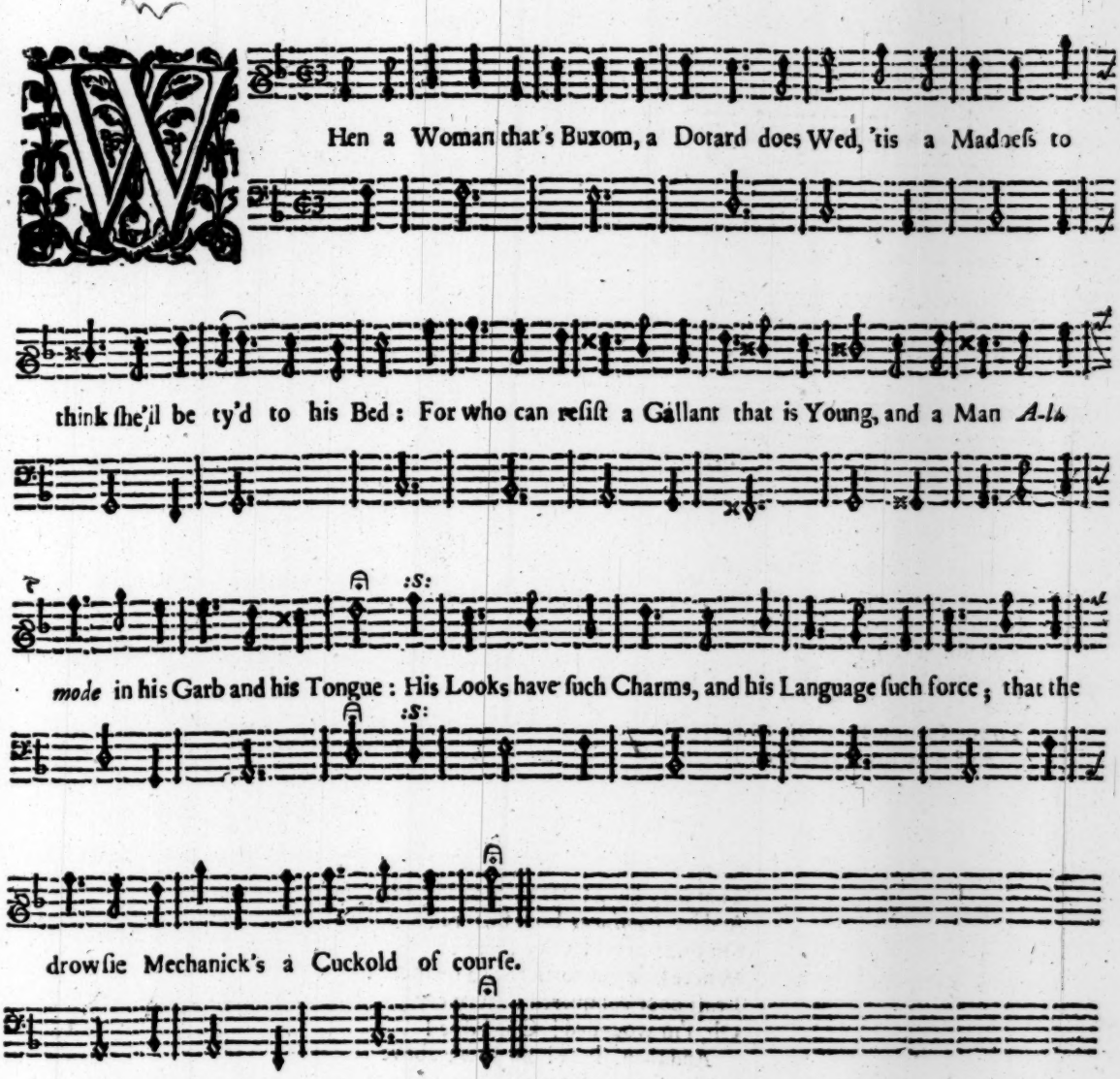
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

Down there we ſat upon the Moſs,
And did begin to play
A thouſand wanton Tricks, to paſs
The heat of all the day:
A-many Kiſſes he did give,
And I return'd the ſame;
Which made me willing to receive
That which I dare not name.

III.

His charming Eyes no aid requir'd
To tell his amorous Tale,
On her that was already fir'd,
'Twas eaſie to prevail:
He did but Kiſs, and claſp me round,
Whilſt thoſe his thoughts expreſt;
And laid me ſoftly on the ground:
Oh, who can gueſs the reſt!



When a Woman that's Buxom, a Dotard does Wed, 'tis a Madneſs to think ſhe'll be ty'd to his Bed: For who can reſiſt a Gallant that is Young, and a Man *A-la mode* in his Garb and his Tongue: His Looks have ſuch Charms, and his Language ſuch force; that the drowſie Mechanick's a Cuckold of courſe.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.

O behind a Scene of Seas, under a Canopy of Trees; The fair new golden world was laid ſleeping, like a harmleſs Maid; 'till alaſs, ſhe was betray'd: In ſuch ſhades *Vrania* lay, 'till Love diſcover'd out a way. And now ſhe cryes, ſome pow'r above, ſave me from this Tyrant Love.

Mr. *John Baniſter.*

II.

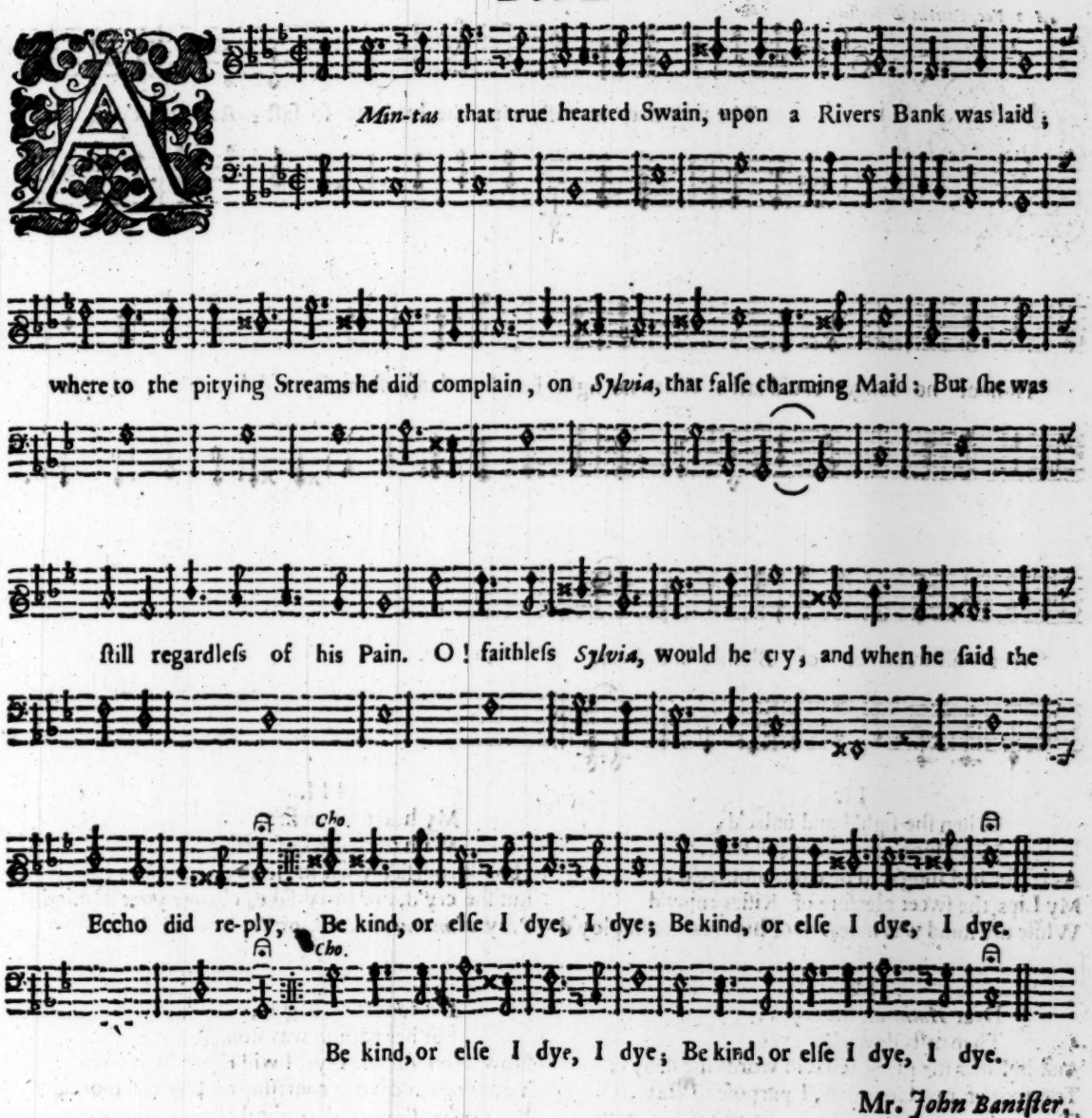
Her poor Heart had no defence,
But its Maiden innocence;
In each ſweet retyring eye,
You might eaſily decry
Troops of yielding beauties fly,
Leaving rare ungarded treaſure
To the Conquerors will and pleaſure.
And now ſhe cryes, *&c.*

III.

Now and then, a ſtraggling frown,
(Through the ſhade ſlips up and down)
Shooting ſuch a piercing dart,
As would make the Tyrant ſmart,
And preſerve her Lips and Heart:
But, alaſs, her Empires gone,
Throne, and Temples, all undone.
And now ſhe cryes, *&c.*

IV.

Charm aloft, thoſe ſtormy winds,
That may keep theſe Golden Mines;
And let *Spaniards* Love be tore
On ſome cruel Rocky ſhore,
Where he'll put forth to Sea no more:
Leaſt poor conquered Beauty cry,
Oh, I'm wounded! Oh, I dye!
And then, there is no pow'r above
Can ſave me from this Tyrant Love.



Mr. *John Baniſter.*

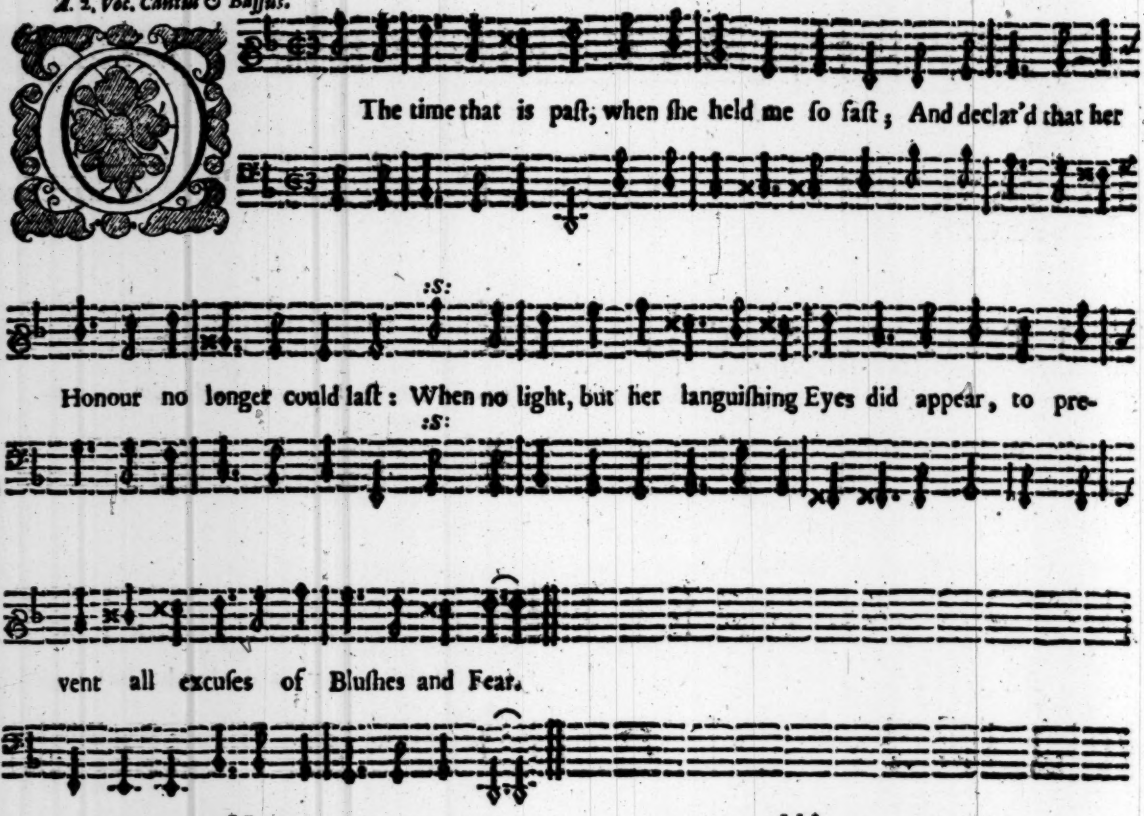
II.

A ſhow'r of Tears his Eyes let fall,
  Which in the River made impreſs;
Then Sigh'd, and *Sylvia* falſe would call,
  O cruel, faithleſs Shepherdeſs!
Is Love, with you, become a Criminal?
  Ah! lay aſide this needleſs ſcorn,
  Allow your poor Admirer ſome return:
  Conſider how I burn, I burn: Conſider, *&c.*

III.

Thoſe Smiles and Kiſſes which you give,
  Remember, *Sylvia*, are my due;
And all the Joys my Rival does receive,
  He raviſhes from me, not you:
Ah! *Sylvia*, can I live, and this believe,
  Inſenſible are taught to ſee
  My Languiſhments, and ſeems to pity me;
  Which I demand of thee, of thee: Which I demand, *&c.*

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.



II.

When ſhe ſigh'd and unlac'd,
With ſuch trembling and haſt,
As if ſhe had long'd to be cloſer imbrac'd:
My Lips the ſweet pleaſure of Kiſſes enjoy'd
While my mind was in ſearch of hid treaſure imploy'd

III.

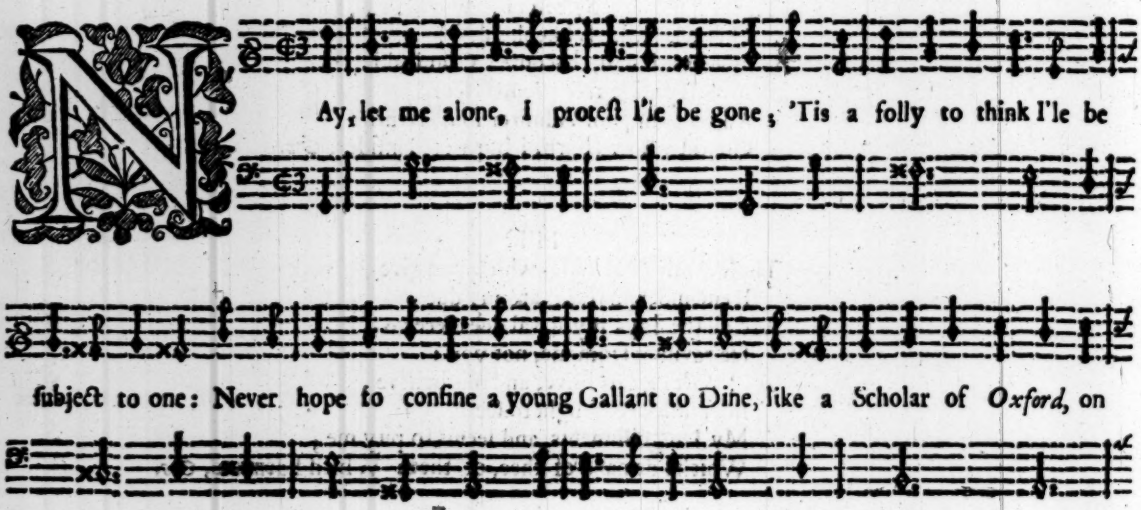
My heart ſet on fire
With the flames of deſire,
I boldly purſu'd what ſhe ſeem'd to enquire:
But ſhe cry'd, For pi-ty-ſake, change your ill mind;
Pray *Aminta*, be civil, or I'le be unkind.

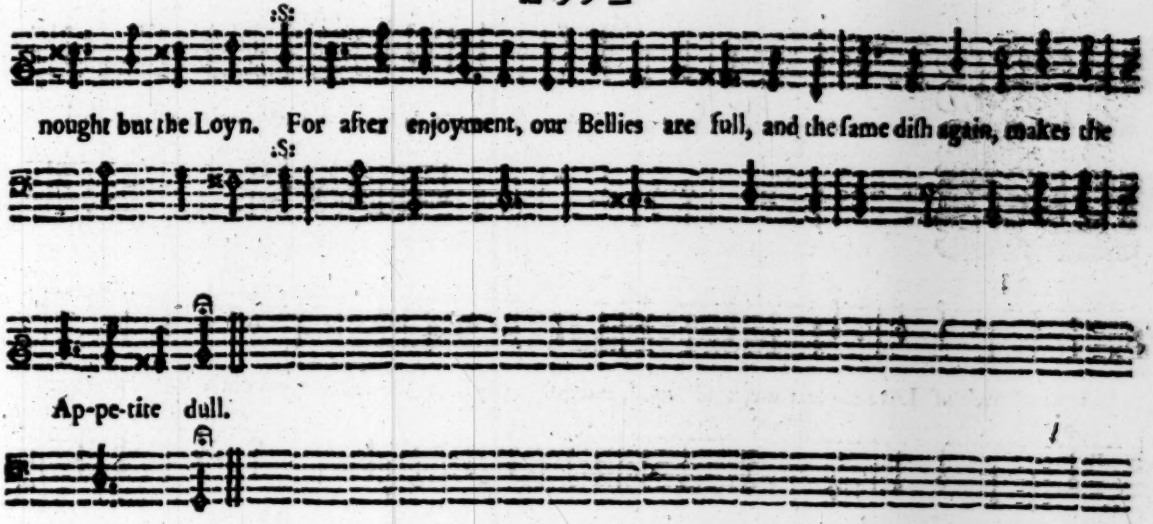
IV.

Dear *Aminta*, ſhe cryes,
Then caſts down her eyes;
And in Kiſſes ſhe gives, what in words ſhe denys:
Too ſure of my Conqueſt, I purpoſe to ſtay,
'Till her freer conſent had more ſweetned the pray.

V.

But too late I begun,
For her paſſion was done;
Now *Aminta*, ſhe crys, I will never be won:
Your tears and your courtſhip no pity can move,
For you've ſlighted the critical minute of Love.





Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

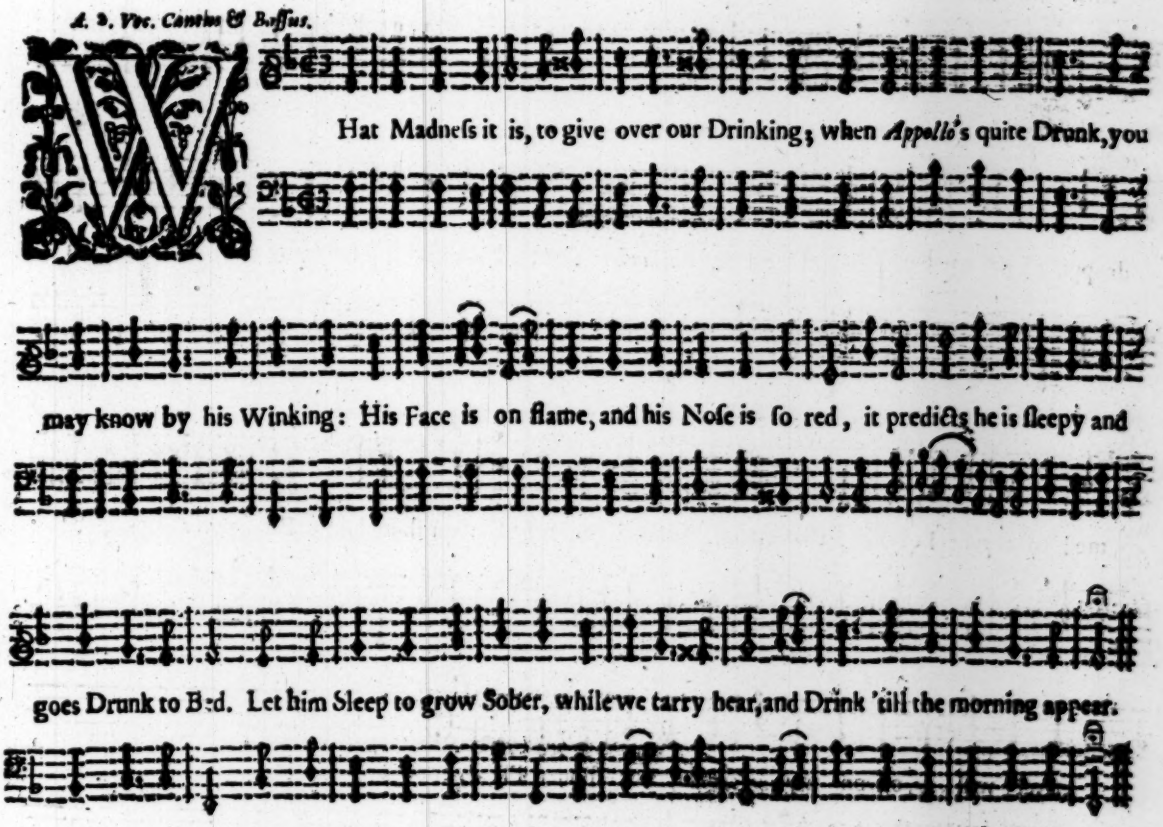
II.

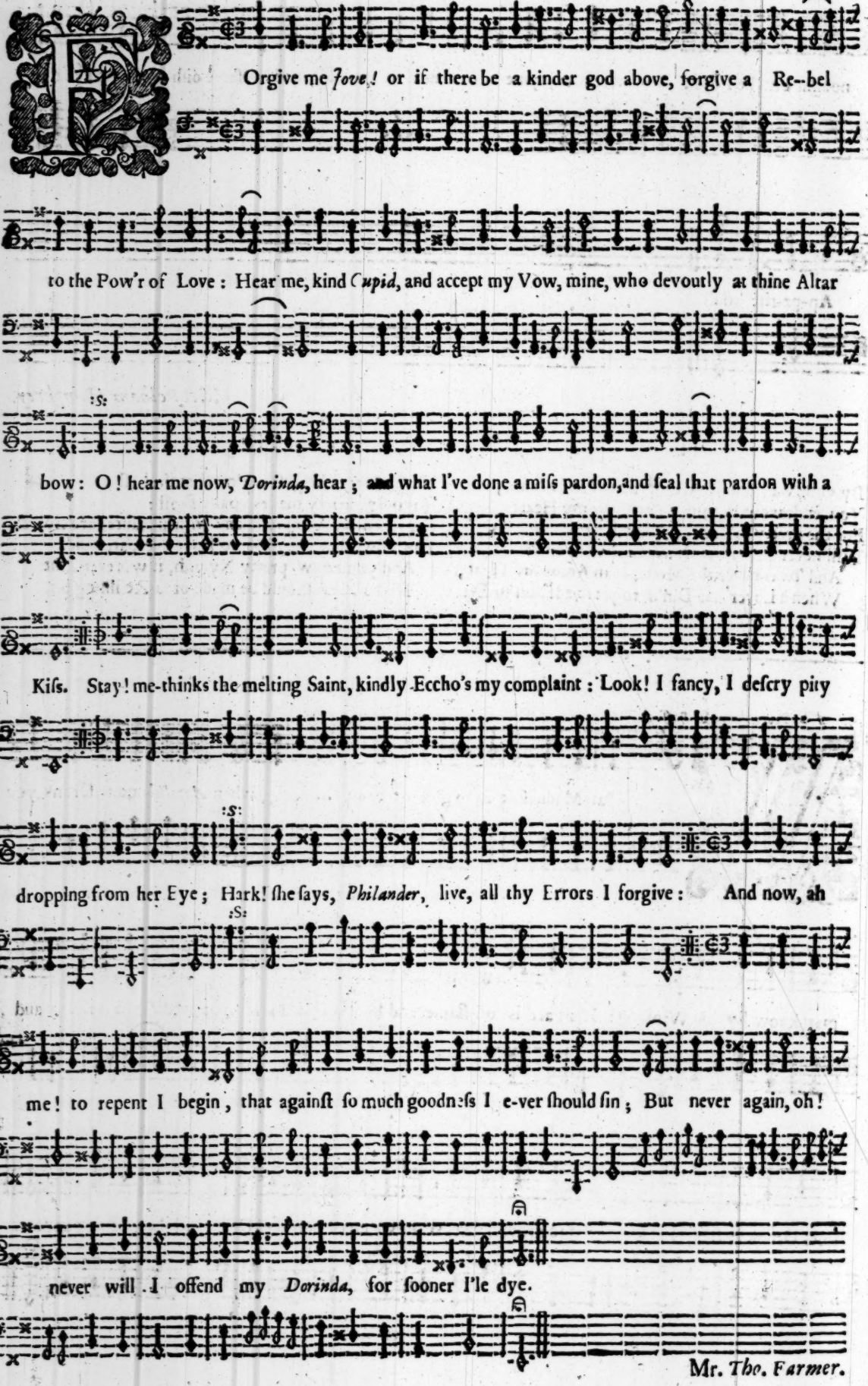
By your wantoning Art, of a Sigh and a Start,
You endeavour in vain, to inveagle my Heart;
For the pretty diſguiſe of your languiſhing Eyes,
Will never prevail with my Sinews to riſe:
And 'twas never the Mode, in an Amorous Treat,
When a Lover has Din'd, to perſwade him to Eat.

III.

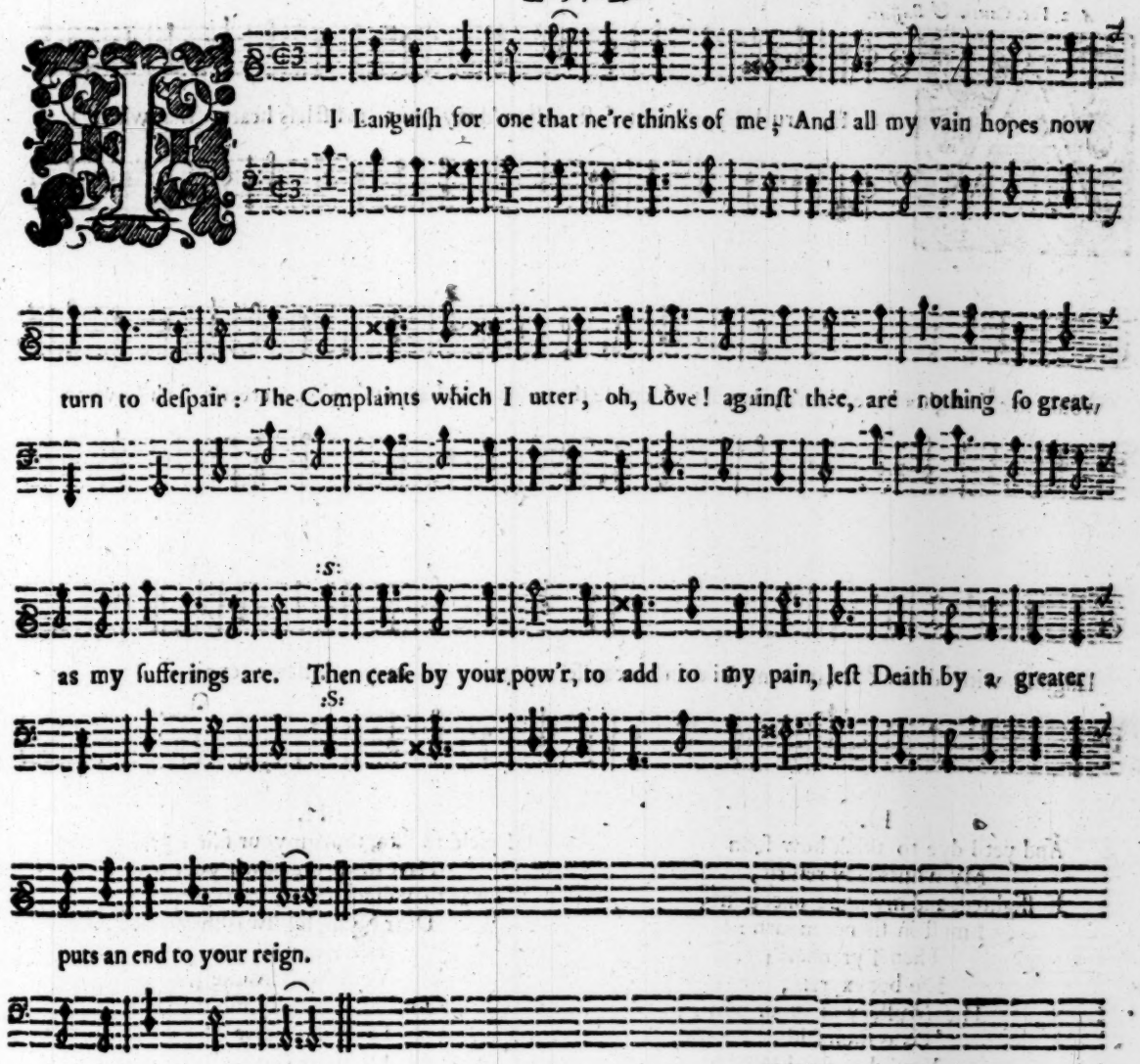
Then, *Betty*, the Jeſt is almoſt at the beſt,
'Tis only variety makes up the Feaſt:
For when we've enjoy'd, and with pleaſures are cloy'd,
The Vows that we made, to Love ever, are void.
And you know pretty Nymph, it was ever unfit
That a Meal ſhould be made of a Reliſhing bit.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.





Mr. Tho. Farmer.



Mr. *John Baniſter.*

II.

My Sighs and my Tears ſo privately I
Do give to a Paſſion, I ne're will impart;
That though I am vanquiſh'd, and conquer'd dye,
No one can e're ſay, that I firſt loſt my Heart;
Since the torments I feel, I will not diſcover,
It ne're ſhall be ſaid, There dyes a poor Lover.

III.

How ſtrangely ſevere is fate, ſince I find
That with all my reſiſtance, I cannot get free
From a ſlavery, by which I ſee I'm deſign'd,
My deareſt *Philander*, thy Martyr to be;
O fate! ſo unkind, to make me eſteem
My death to be welcome, cauſe given by thee.

A. 2, Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.

H, cruel Eyes! that firſt enflam'd my poor reſiſtleſs heart; that when I would my thoughts have blam'd, they ſtill increaſe the ſmart: What pow'r above creates ſuch Love to languiſh with deſire? May ſome diſdain encreaſe my pain, or may the flame expire.

II.

And yet I dye to think how ſoon
My wiſhes may return,
If ſlighted, and my hope once gone,
I muſt in ſilence mourn:
Then Tyranneſs,
Do but expreſs,
The Myſtery of your pow'r;
'Tis as ſoon ſaid,
You'l Love and Wed,
As ſtudying for't an hour.

III.

I yield to fate, though your fair Eyes
Have made the pow'r your own;
'Twas they did firſt, my heart ſurprize,
Dear Nymph! 'twas they alone:
For Honours ſake,
Your heart awake;
And let your pity move:
Leaſt in deſpair
Of one ſo fair,
I bid adieu to Love.

Way with the ſilly blind god, and his Darts, who makes ſuch a buſtle, and noiſe in the Town, with Wounding, Surprizing, and Breaking of Hearts; from the proud

Gallant at Court, to the Clown: Some Rebel 'gainſt reaſon, at firſt did beſtow, t' excuſe his own

Madneſs, his Folly, and Paſſion; forg'd Power on *Venus*, on *Cupid* a Bow; when all's but *Pri-*

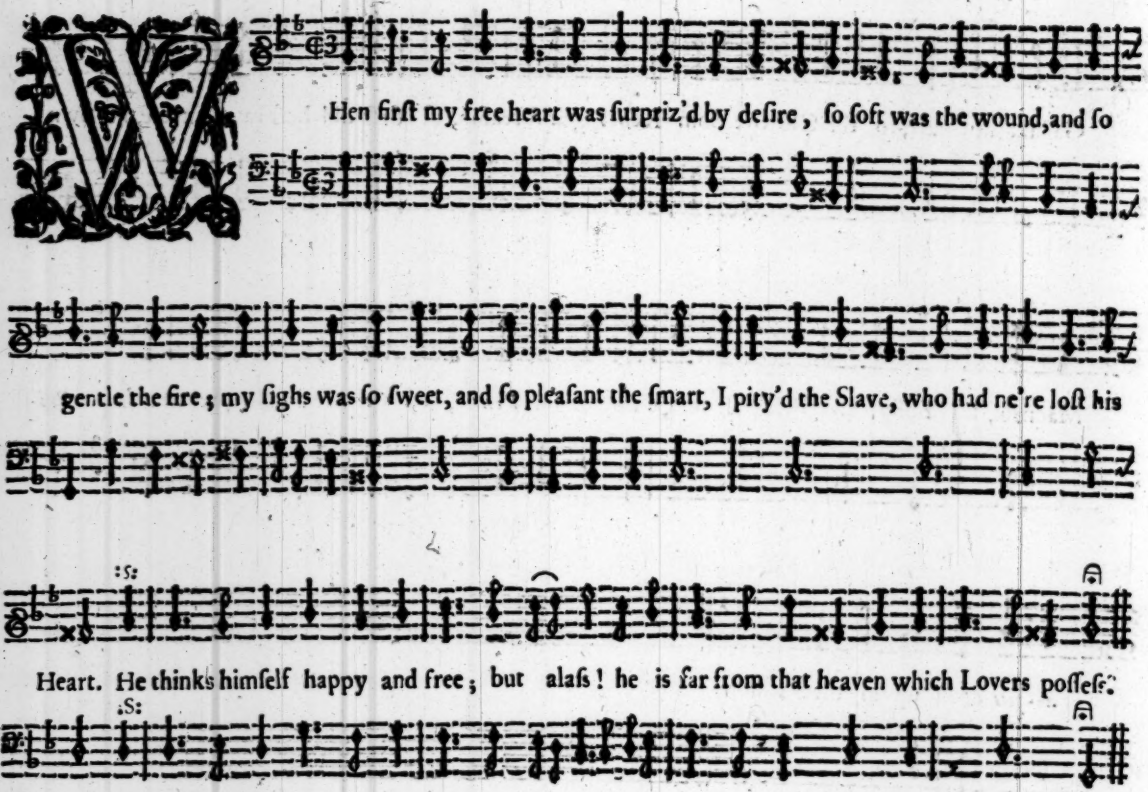
a--pus dreſt up in the Faſhion.

A 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.

How oft have I bid defiance in vain to the little Boy *Cupid*, to Beauty and

Love? How oft have I Laught, when I heard men complain, that their Miſtreſs unkind, and unconſtant did

prove? Yet do what we can, or ſay what we liſt, Love is a paſſion, which none can reſiſt.



Mr. *Alph. Marsh*, Junior.

II.

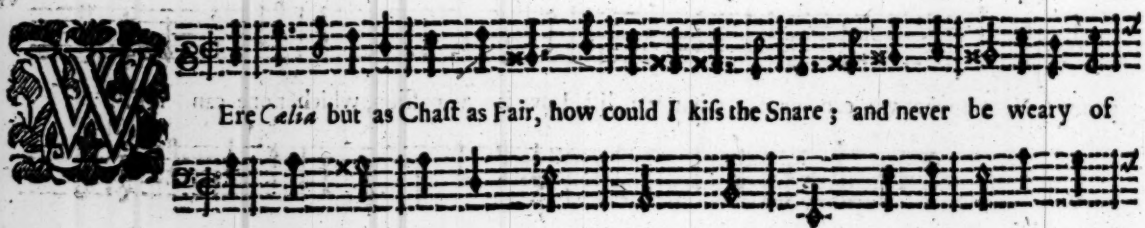
In Nature was nothing I found to compare
With the Beauty of *Phillis*, I thought her so fair:
A Wit so divine all her sayings did fill;
A Goddess she seem'd, and I thought on her still:
With a zeal more inflam'd, and a passion more true
Than a Martyr in flames for Religion, can shew.

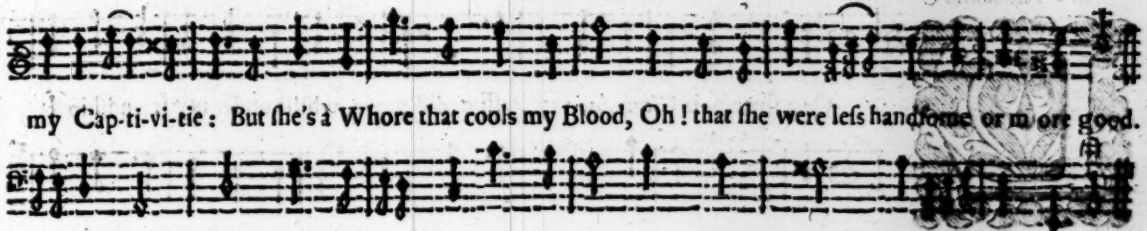
III.

More Virtues and Graces I find in her Mind,
Then the Schools can invent, or gods e're design:
She seem'd to be mine, by each glance of her Eye,
If Mortals may aim at a blessing so high.
Each day, with new favours, new hopes she did give:
But, alas! what we wish, we too soon do believe.

IV.

With awful respect while I lov'd and admir'd,
But fear'd to attempt what I so much desir'd,
In a moment the life of my hopes was destroy'd,
For a Shepherd, more daring, fell on, and enjoy'd.
But in spite of my fate, and the pains I endure,
I will try her again in a second Amour.





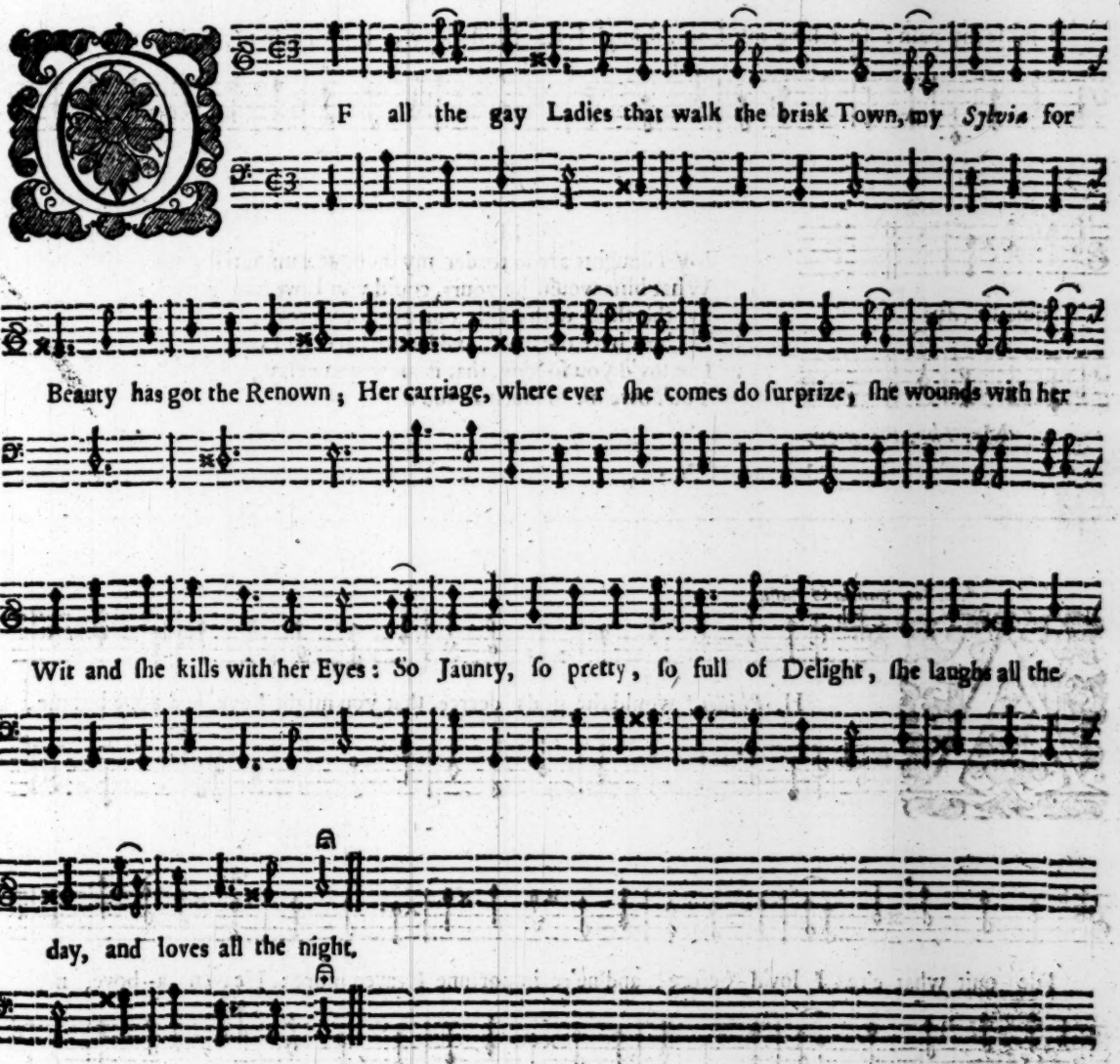
Mr. *Iſaac Blackwell.*

II.

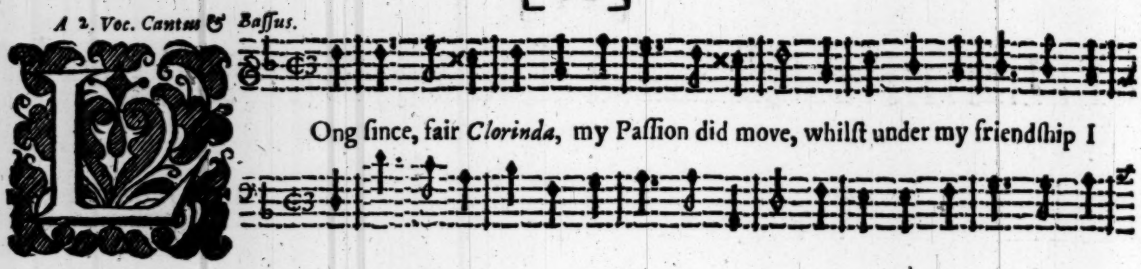
Would you believe that there can reſt
Deceit within that Breaſt;
Or that thoſe Eyes,
Which look like Friends, are only ſpies:
But ſhe's a Whore; yet ſure I lye;
May there not be, degrees of Chaſtity?

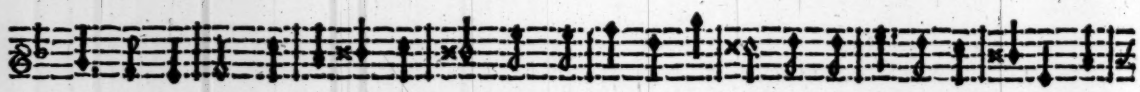
III.

No, no, what means that wanton Smile,
But only to beguile;
Thus did the firſt
Of Women, make all Men accurſt:
I, for their ſakes, give Women o're;
The firſt was falſe, the faireſt was a Whore.

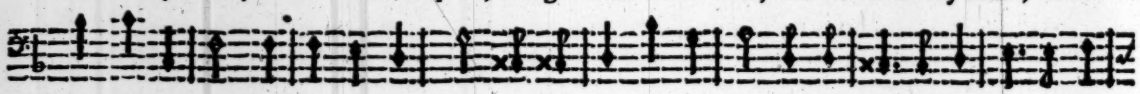


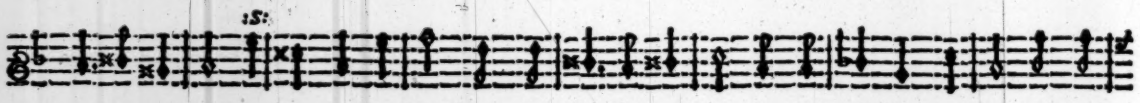
A 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.

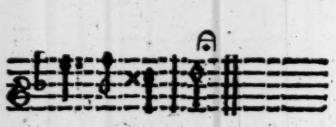




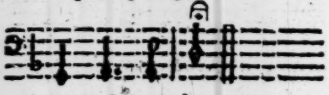
cover'd my Love; but now I muſt ſpeak, though I fear 'tis in vain; 'tis to late in my death, to de-







quietly dye.

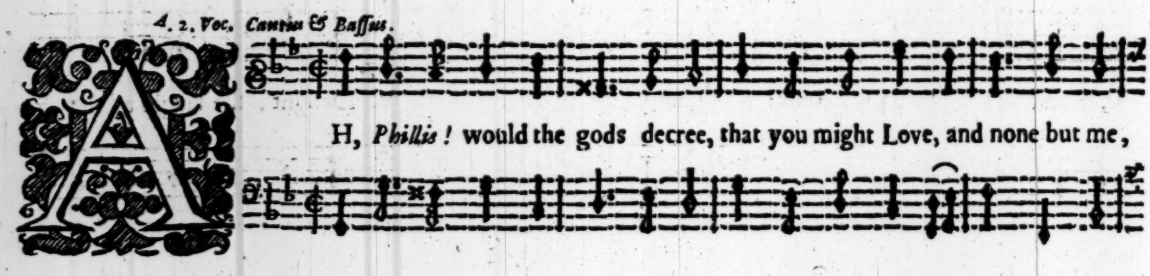


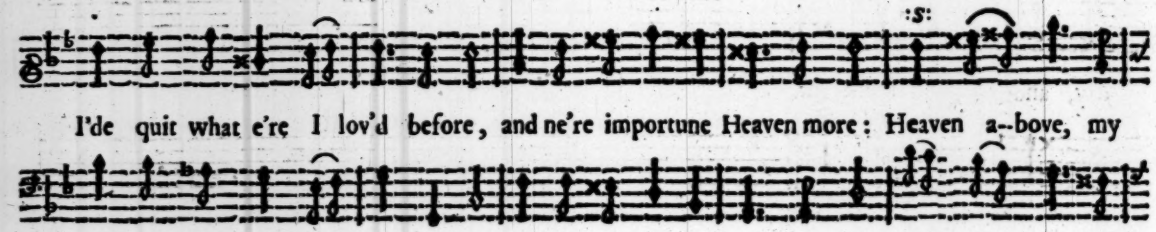
Mr. *Tho. Farmer.*

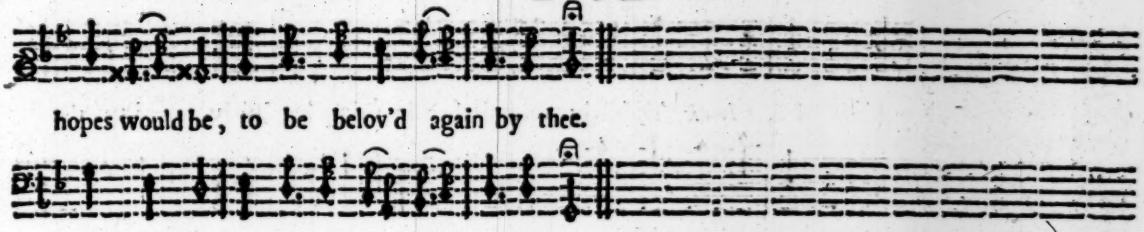
II.

My Thoughts are ſo tender, my Tongue cannot tell
What bliſs would be yours, could you Love half ſo well:
Let the thing with a title our property prove,
Let him have the ſhow, and let me have the Love.
I've lov'd you ſo long, that if now you delay,
You'l owe me ſo much as you never can pay.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.





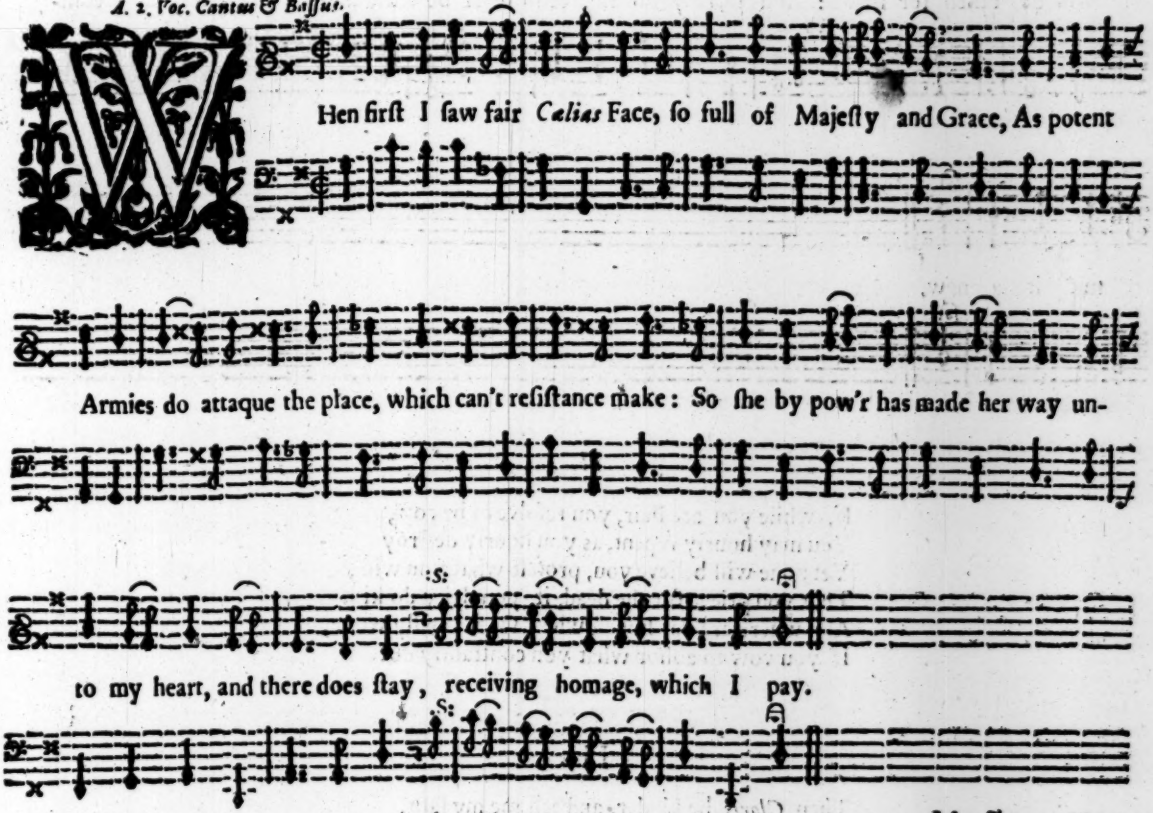


Mr. *Twiſt.*

II

Ah! ſhould my *Phillis* cruel prove,
And with diſdain receive my Love;
Though all my hopes were then in vain,
I'de look on you, and hope again;
And Martyr-like, charm'd with your cauſe,
Glory to ſuffer by your laws.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.



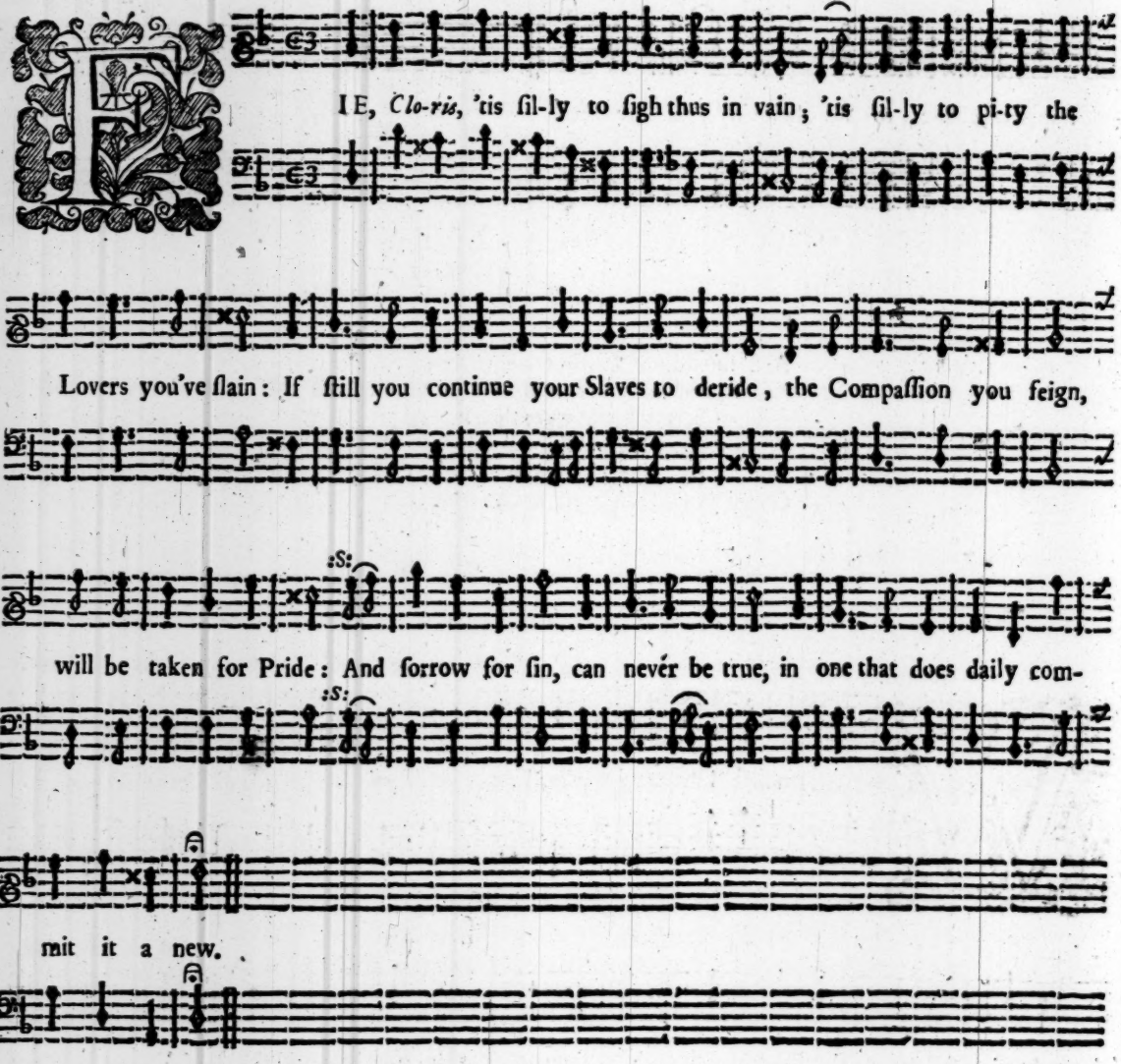
Mr. *James Hart.*

II.

The force of Love, who can withſtand;
It is in vain to countermand,
What envious, *Cupid*, has decreed;
Then my poor heart muſt ever bleed,
'Till you, fair Nymph, by pity mov'd,
My Paſſion having once approv'd,
Can Love, as now you are belov'd.

III.

It would be gallantry in Love,
If *Celia* would the act approve,
Where ſhe ſo long has caus'd a ſmart,
There to beſtow, at length, her heart.
In doing this, fair Saint, you may,
From your bleſt name, derive a day,
When Lovers unto you ſhall pray.

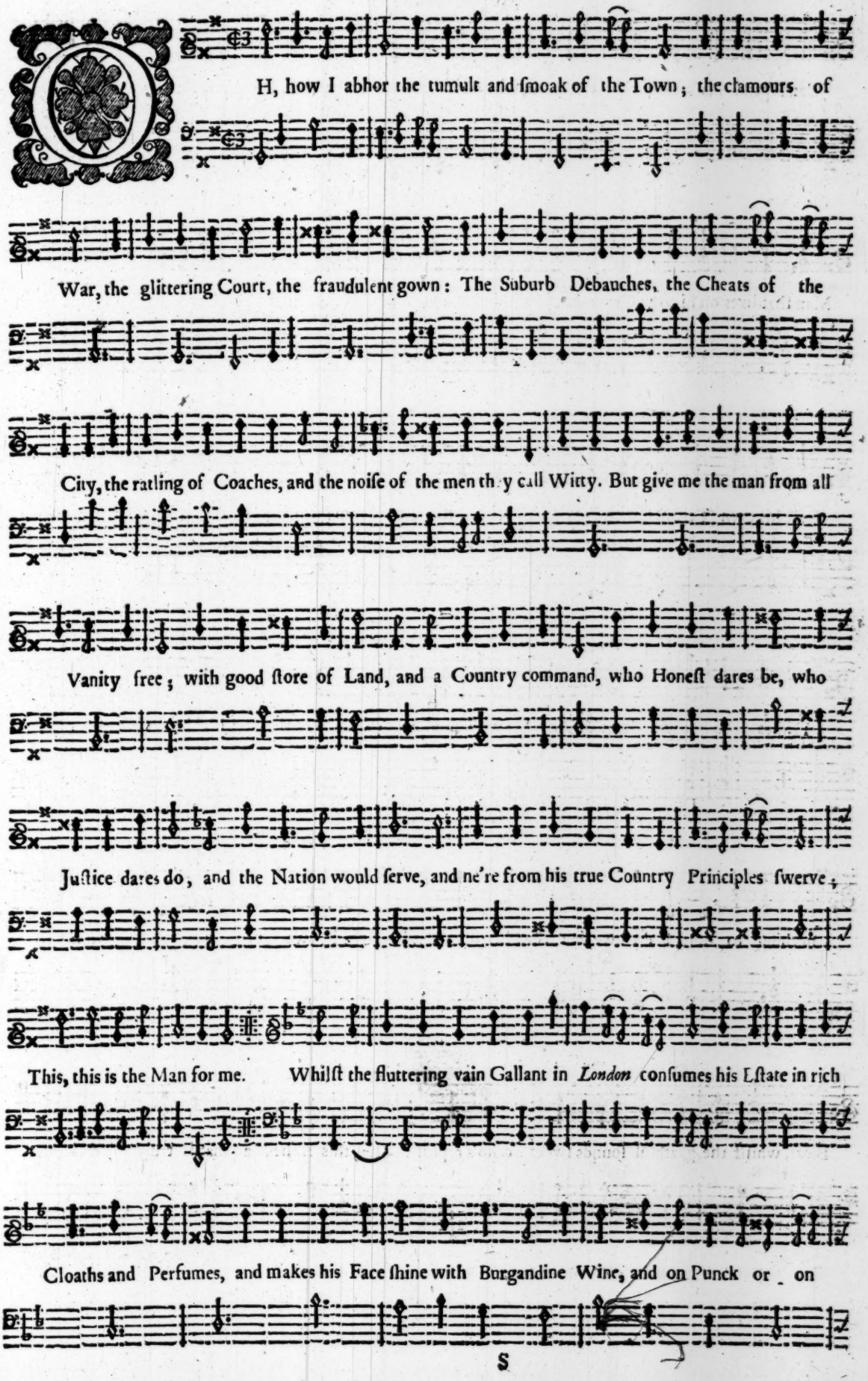


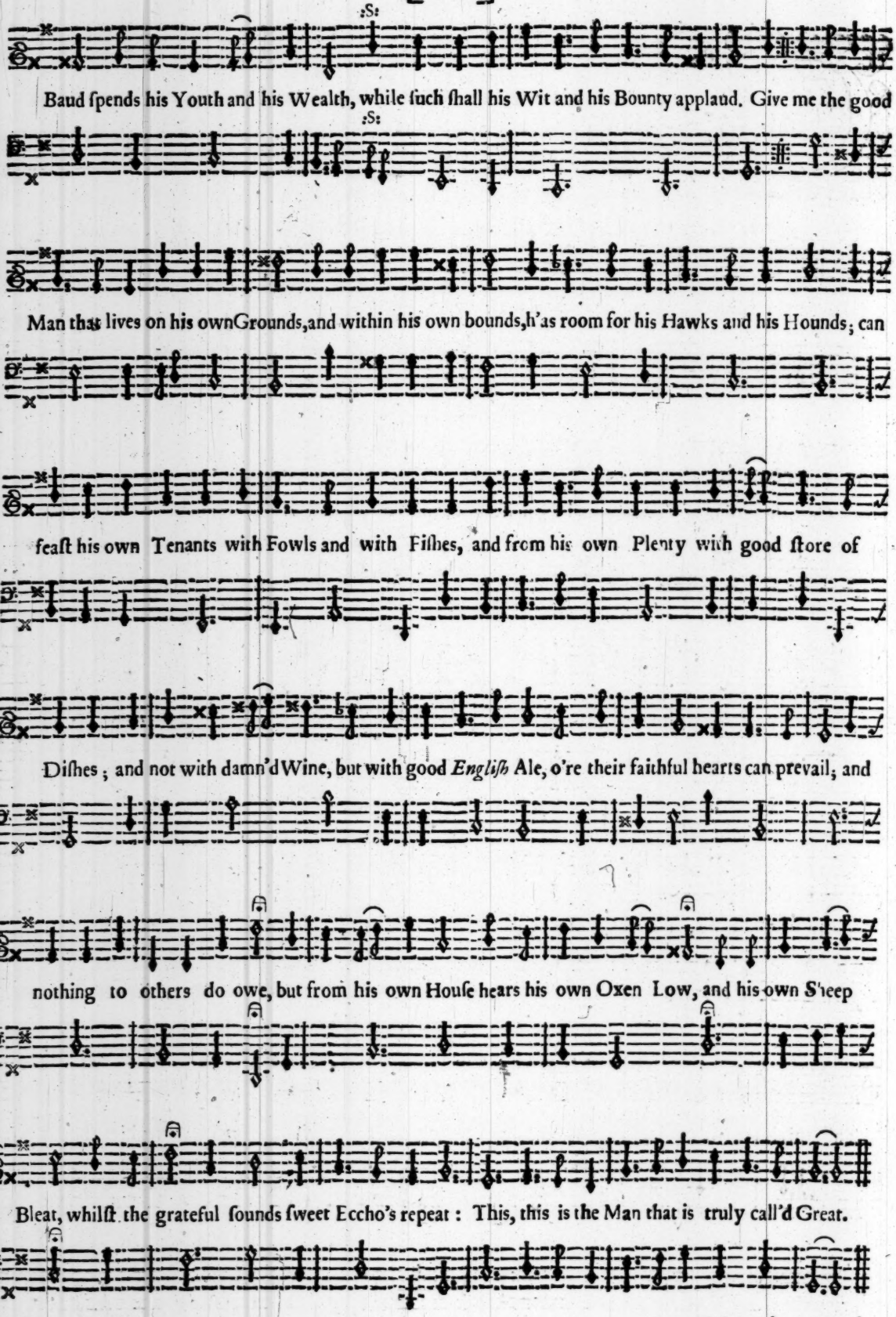
II.

If, while you are Fair, you reſolve to be coy,
You may hourly repent, as you hourly deſtroy;
Yet none will believe you, proteſt what you will,
That you grieve for the dead, if you daily do kill.
And where are our hopes, when we zealouſly wooe,
If you vow to abhor what you conſtantly doe.

III.

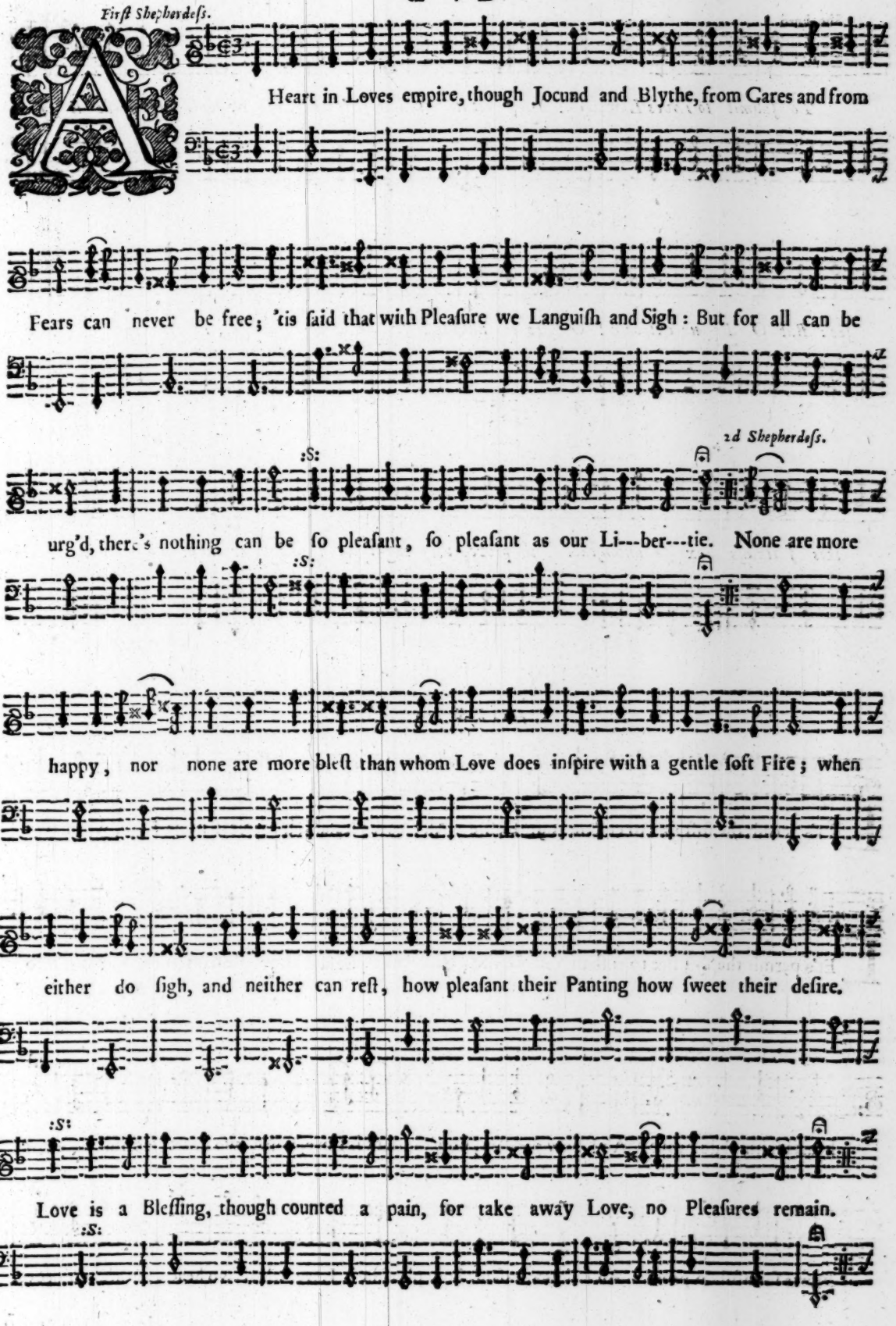
Then, *Cloris*, be kinder, and tell me my fate,
For the worſt I can ſuffer's to dy by your hate:
If this you deſign, never fancy in vain
By your Sighs and your tears, to recal me again:
Nor weep at my Grave, for, I ſwear, if you do,
As you now laugh at me, I will then laugh at you.


OH, how I abhor the tumult and ſmoak of the Town; the clamours of
War, the glittering Court, the fraudulent gown: The Suburb Debauches, the Cheats of the
City, the ratling of Coaches, and the noiſe of the men th y call Witty. But give me the man from all
Vanity free; with good ſtore of Land, and a Country command, who Honeſt dares be, who
Juſtice dares do, and the Nation would ſerve, and ne're from his true Country Principles ſwerve,
This, this is the Man for me. Whilſt the fluttering vain Gallant in *London* conſumes his Eſtate in rich
Cloaths and Perfumes, and makes his Face ſhine with Burgandine Wine, and on Punck or on

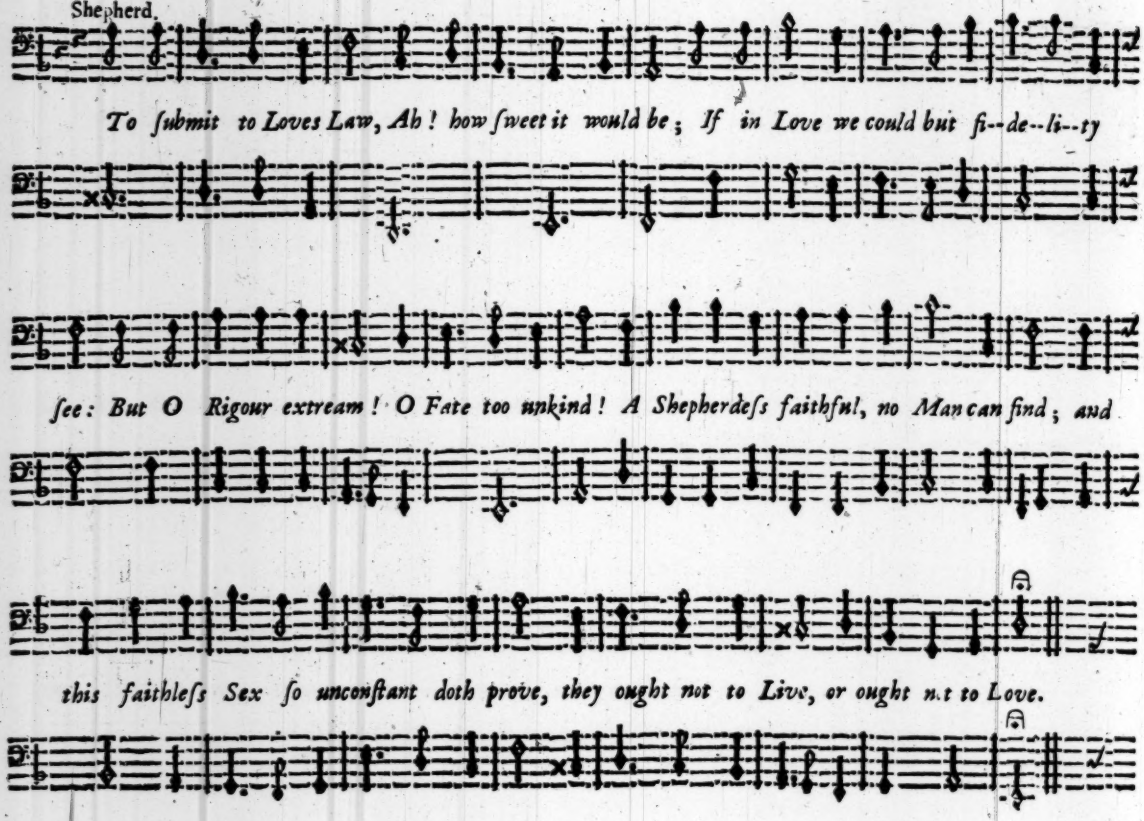


Mr. *Robert Smith.*

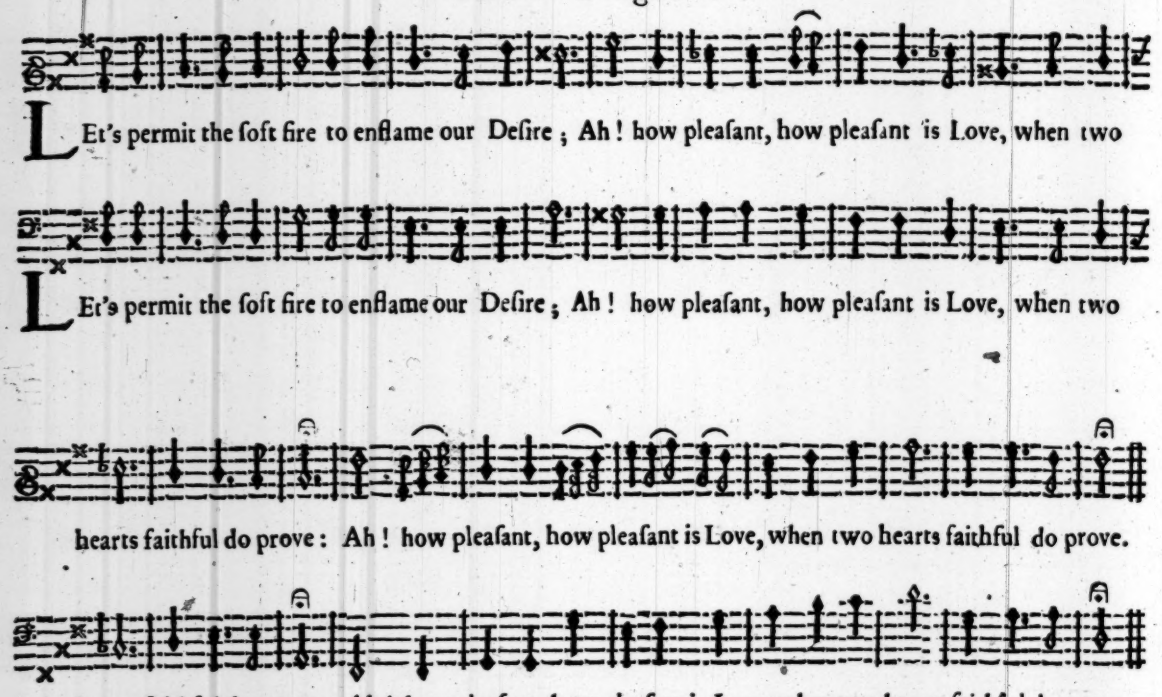
First Shepherdess.



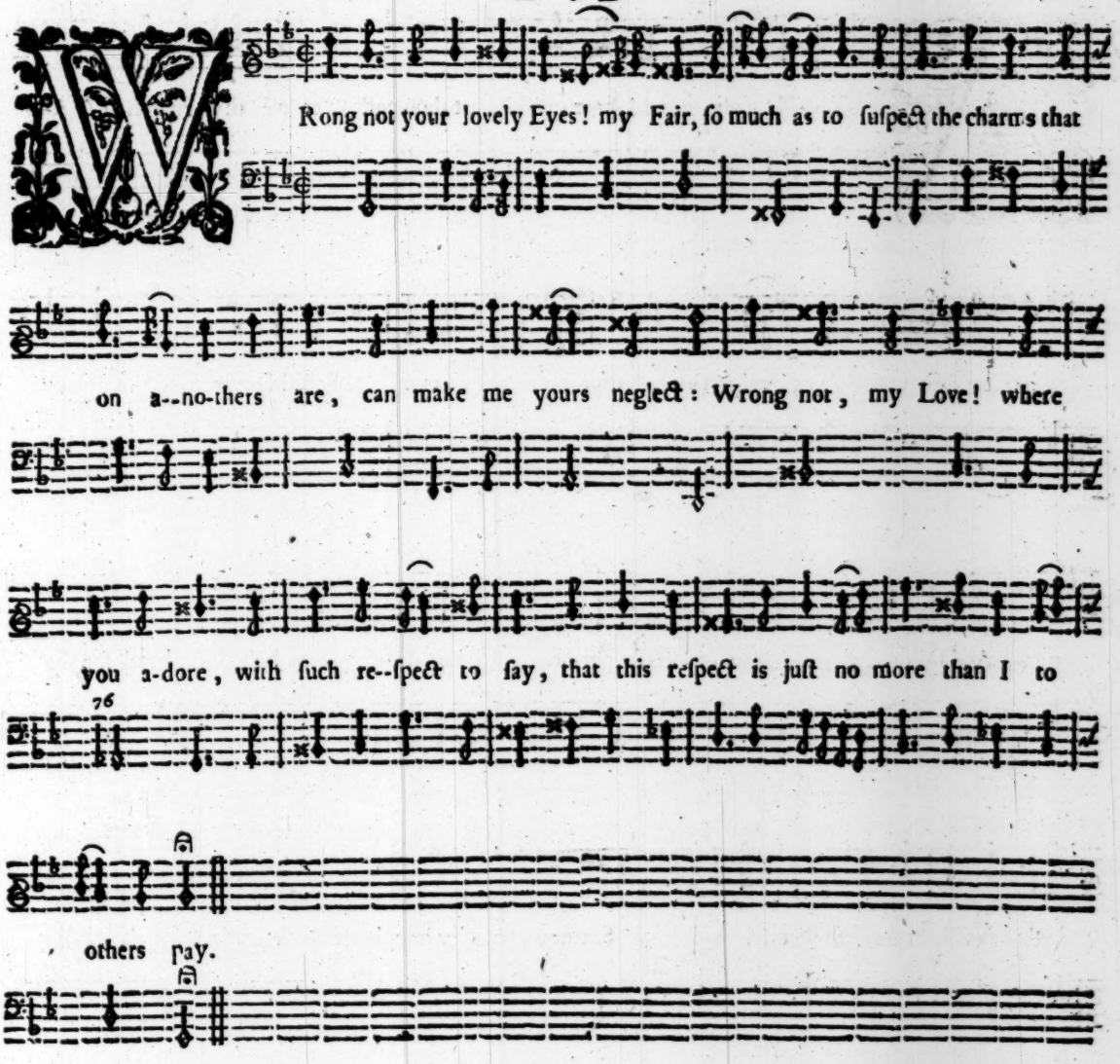
Shepherd.



CHORUS together.



Mr. *Robert Smith.*



Mr. *Matthew Locke.*

II.

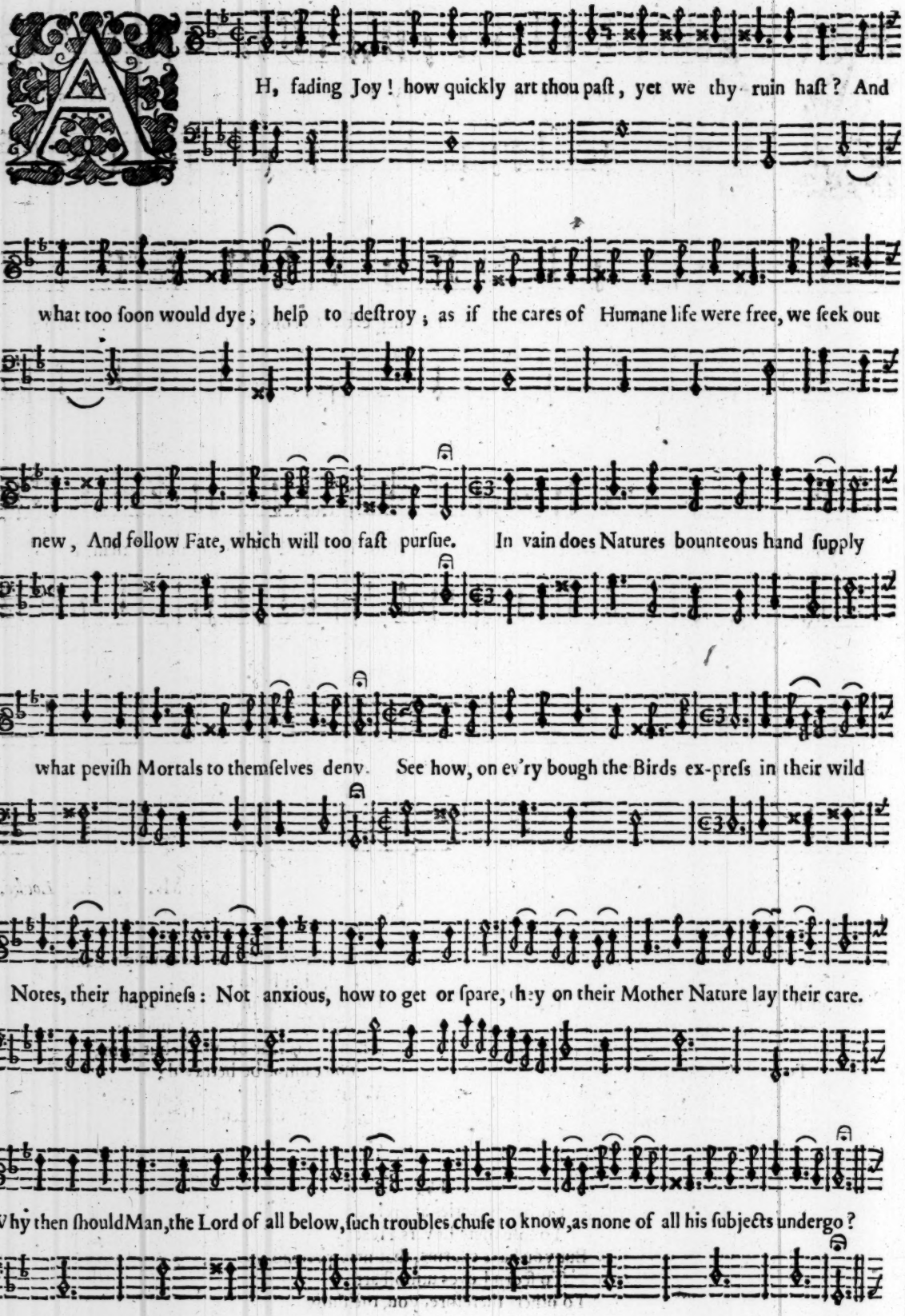
A general desire to please,
  Dwells in all Humane kind;
Such, I am sure, would you confess,
  In your own Heart you find:
And if the light of others Eyes,
  To follow, I appear,
'Tis that to yours a Sacrifice
  More worthy I may bear.

III.

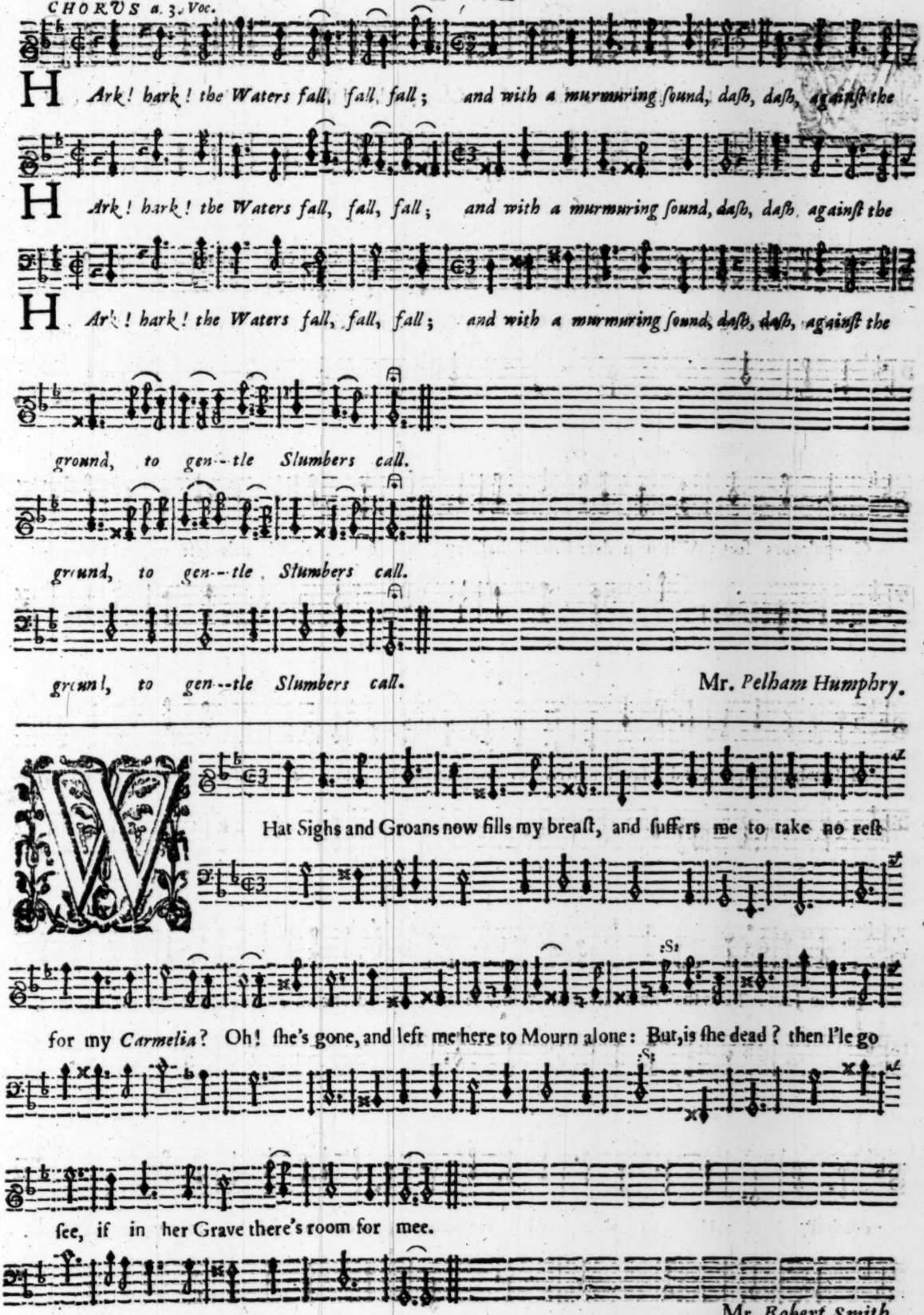
Your Beauty thus, more triumph gains,
  I nothing from it take;
But only of your glorious Chains,
  My self more worthy make:
Then is this fear of yours but vain,
  You cannot be betray'd;
Whatever Trophies I can gain,
  Must at your feet be laid.

IV.

Let other Beauties apprehend
  To lose their Lovers Heart;
But you have charms, that may pretend
  To scorn Loves utmost art:
To others therefore, you, the show
  Of Love may well endure;
Since only yours my heart, you know,
  In your own Eyes secure.


AH, fading Joy! how quickly art thou paſt, yet we thy ruin haſt? And
what too ſoon would dye; help to deſtroy; as if the cares of Humane life were free, we ſeek out
new, And follow Fate, which will too faſt purſue. In vain does Natures bounteous hand ſupply
what peviſh Mortals to themſelves deny. See how, on ev'ry bough the Birds ex-preſs in their wild
Notes, their happineſs: Not anxious, how to get or ſpare, they on their Mother Nature lay their care.
Why then ſhould Man, the Lord of all below, ſuch troubles chuſe to know, as none of all his ſubjects undergo?

CHORUS a. 3. Voc.

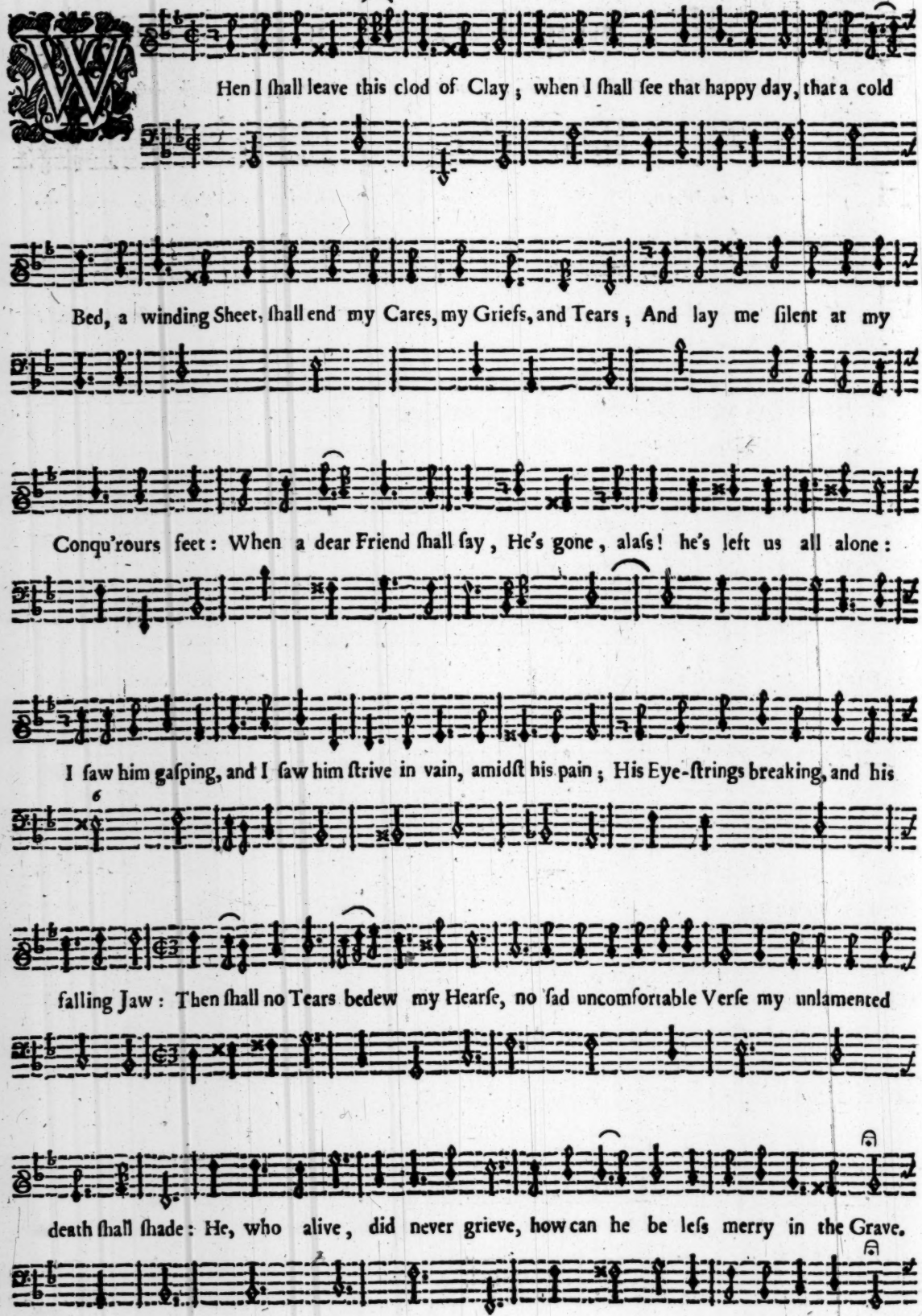


Mr. *Pelham Humphry.*

Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II. O cruel Fate! that ſo deſign'd
To take her, but leave me be behind:
And you, O Death! whoſe quick Alarms
Hath ſnatch'd her rudely from my Arms,
Could you not find a way for mee
To my *Carmelia's* Breaſt to flee.

III. Dye, then *Anſelmo*! why ſhould'ſt ſtay,
Since 'tis *Carmelia* ſhow'd the way?
O Dye, more faſter, do not live
That deareſt Nymph for to ſurvive!
O now, dear ſoul, I come, I flye,
Always to live with you, I dye.


When I ſhall leave this clod of Clay; when I ſhall ſee that happy day, that a cold
Bed, a winding Sheet, ſhall end my Cares, my Griefs, and Tears; And lay me ſilent at my
Conqu'rours feet: When a dear Friend ſhall ſay, He's gone, alaſs! he's left us all alone:
I ſaw him gaſping, and I ſaw him ſtrive in vain, amidſt his pain; His Eye-ſtrings breaking, and his
falling Jaw: Then ſhall no Tears bedew my Hearſe, no ſad uncomfortable Verſe my unlamented
death ſhall ſhade: He, who alive, did never grieve, how can he be leſs merry in the Grave.

Then Friends, for a while, be Merry without me; And as faſt as you Dye, come flocking about me: In

Gardens and Groves, our day Revels we'll keep, and at night my Theorbo ſhall Rock you aſleep: So

happy we'll prove, that Mortals a-bove, ſhall envy our Muſick, ſhall en--vy our Love.

Ince, *Phillis*, we find we grow ſo inclin'd, that we dare not bid Love quite de-fiance; Yet

let us be wiſe, and with freedom adviſe ſo to make up a triple alliance: For why ſhould we loſe, what

moſt Creatures uſe, the freedom of Natures great Charter; Let us uſe Love as Chance, not as god of Ro-

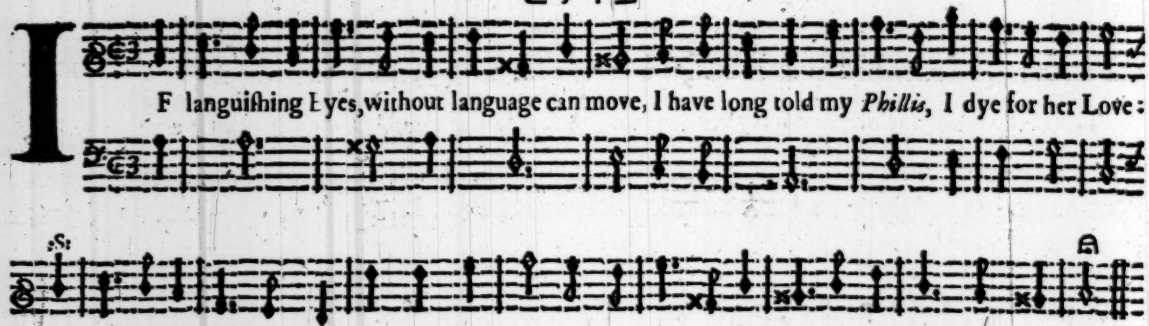
mance, and dye like the Fool, or the Martyr.

II.

We'll uſe Love no more,
Than our humour or ſtore
Will prove able to pay, or allow;
He'll then ſcorn all dodging,
And fear no Goal made by a vow:
Nor ſhall we be hurl'd,
Like the reſt of the *World*,
Into Madneſs, by being ſo jealous.

III.

Let us laugh at all rumour,
And ne're ſpoil good humour,
Like Phanaticks, by ſeeming too zealous.
Love mean does appear,
When by vow or by fear
It ſeems fetter'd by Juſtice or Duty:
'Tis more glory for you
To keep Love ſtill true,
By force of your *Wit*, and your Beauty.



Mr. *Isaac Blackwell.*

II.

I plead not desert, for the Beauty I serve;
But 'tis nobler to give what none can deserve:
In the croud of my Rivals, who sigh and adore,
None merit you less, or can value you more.

III.

To purchase a Smile, or a glance from your Eyes,
Both my Fortune and Life were too little a prize:
But if to desert you can only be kind,
Like Heaven, you must to your self be confin'd.

IV.

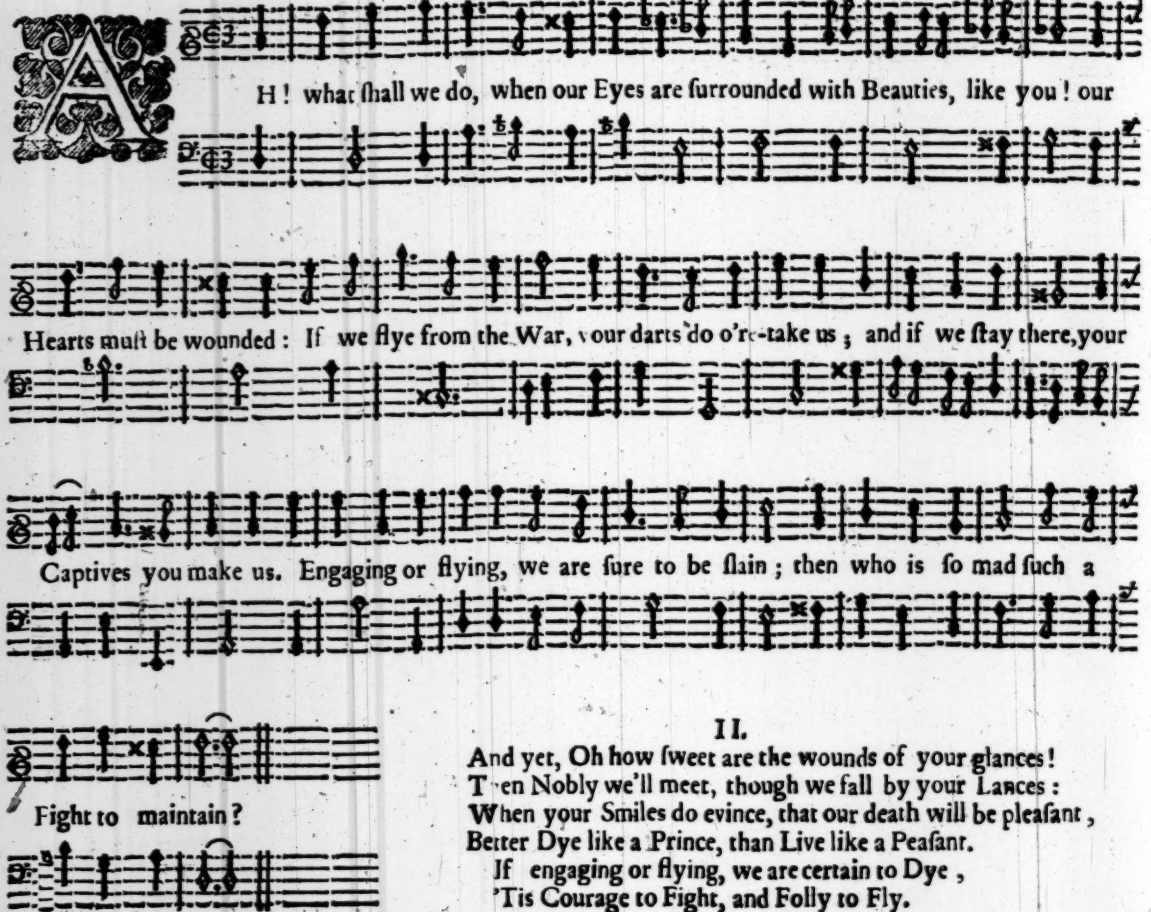
All joys are so order'd by Natures great doom,
That what e're we possess from another must come:
Then, *Phillis*, what pleasure with me may you prove,
What's wanting in worth, is supply'd by my Love.

V

Our life is uneasie, and sullen our state,
Ev'ry Minute is angry, and full of debate:
But kind was the power, who, our quiet to keep,
Sent Love to relieve us, and lay us asleep.

VI.

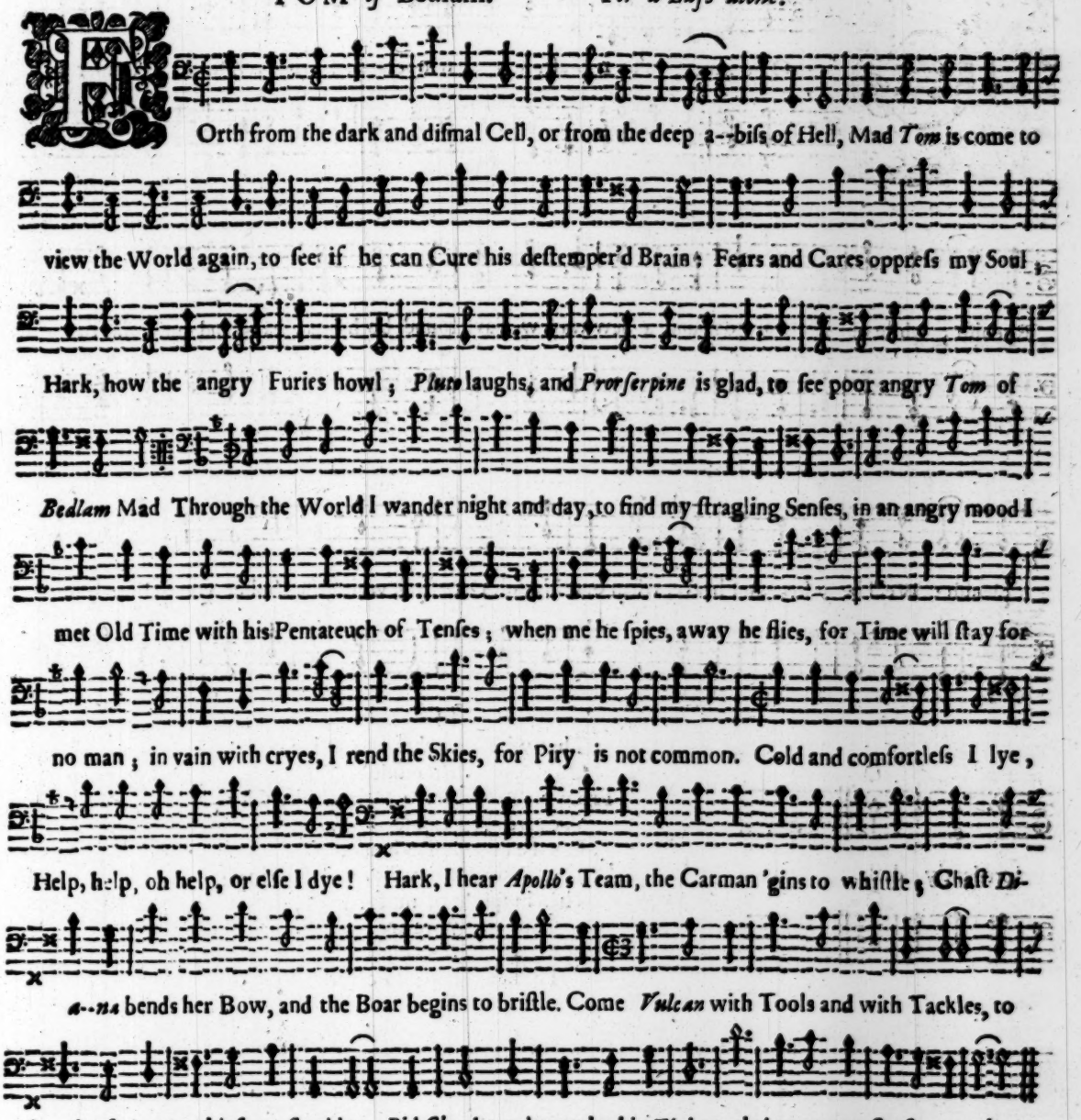
In Oceans of Care, though against Tide we Sail,
Yet our Love from behind us supplies a fresh gale:
The passage is pleasant, but, ah! 'tis too short;
Let us live while we may, we must part at the port.



II.

And yet, Oh how sweet are the wounds of your glances!
Then Nobly we'll meet, though we fall by your Lances:
When your Smiles do evince, that our death will be pleasant,
Better Dye like a Prince, than Live like a Peasant.
If engaging or flying, we are certain to Dye,
'Tis Courage to Fight, and Folly to Fly.

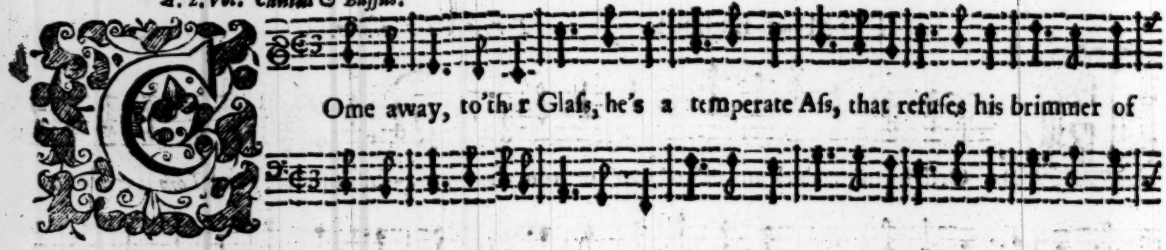
TOM *of* Bedlam. *For a Baſs alone.*

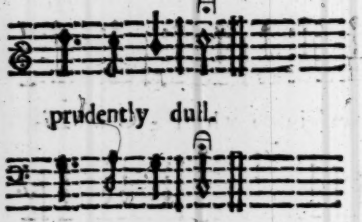


II.

Laſt Night I heard the Dog-ſtar bark,
Mars met *Venus* in the Dark;
Lymping *Vulcan* heat an Iron Bar,
And furiouſly made at the great God of War.
Mars with his Weapon laid about,
Lymping *Vulcan* had got the Gout;
His broad Horns did hang ſo in his light,
That he could not ſee to aim his blows aright,
Mercury the nimble Poſt of Heaven
Stood ſtill to ſee the Quarrel;
Gorrel-belly'd *Bacchus*, Gyant-like,
Beſtrid a Strong-beer Barrel:
To me he Drank, I did him thank,
But I could drink no Sider;
He drank whole Butts, 'till he burſt his Guts,
But mine was ne're the wider.
Poor *Tom* is very Dry;
A little Drink, for Charity:
Hark! I hear *Acteon*'s Hounds,
The Hunts-man Hoops and Hollows;
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
All the Chace doth follow.
The Man in the Moon drinks Clarret,
Eats Powder'd-Beef, Turnep, and Carret:
But a Cup of Malligo Sack
Will fire the Buſh at his Back.

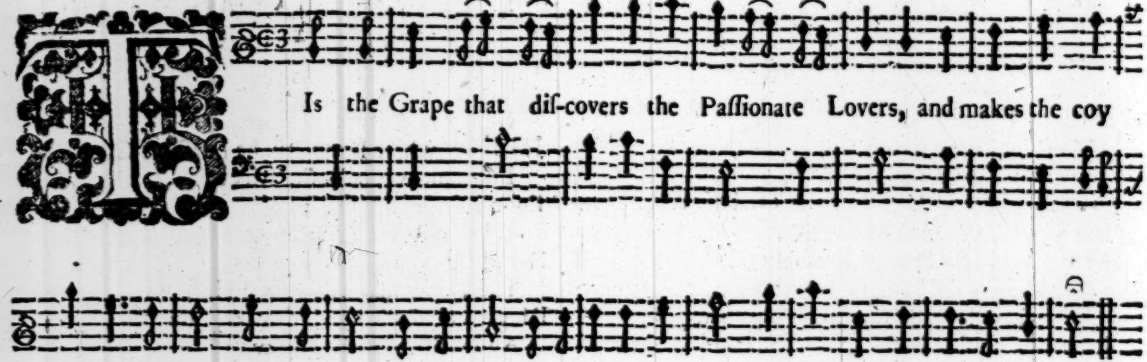
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Baſſus.





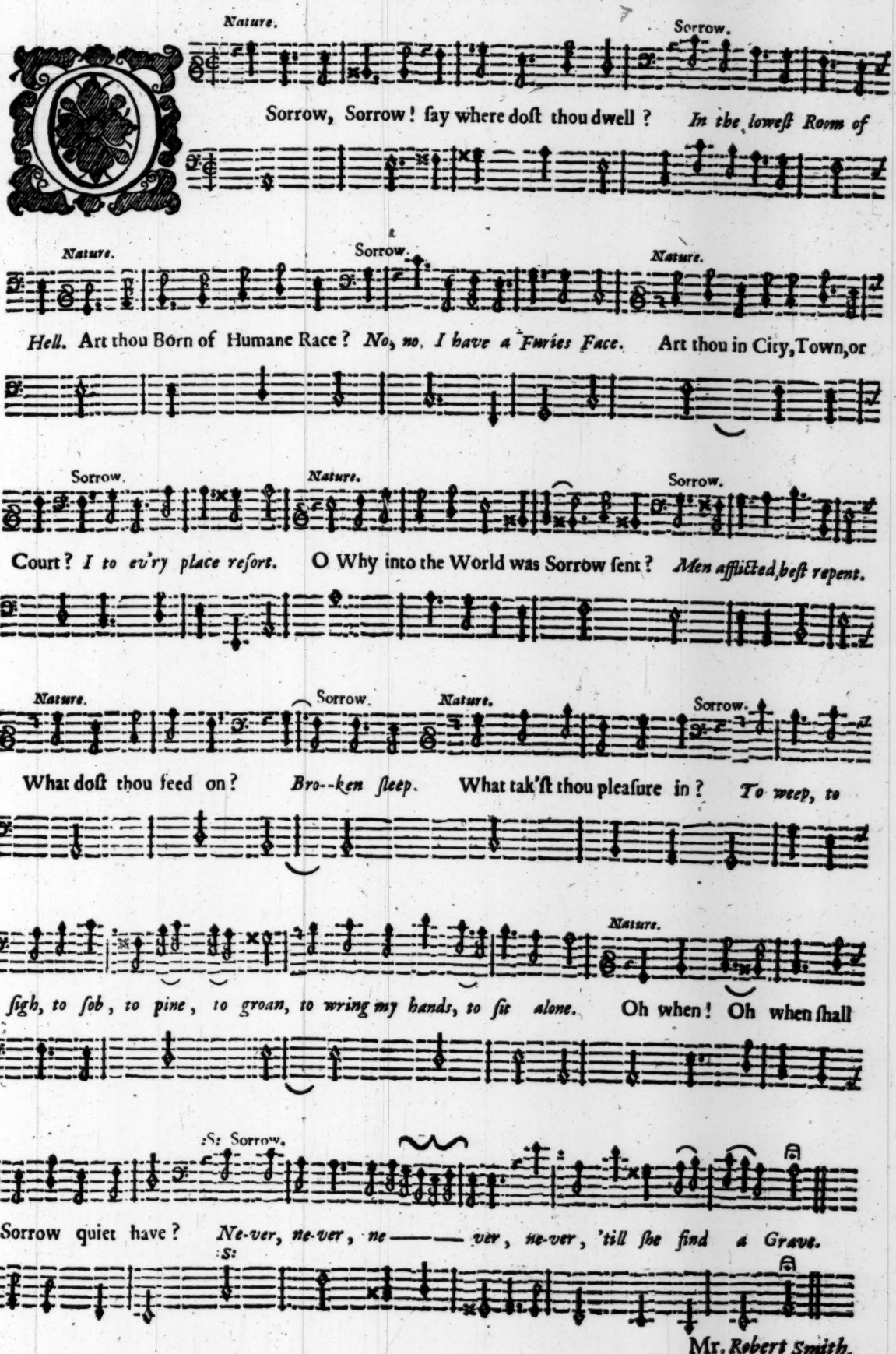
II.

Thus with Wenches and Wine
Our Hearts we'll refine
From the Droſs of the Melancholly City;
We care not a Louſe
For the dull Coffee-houſe,
'Tis the Tavern that makes a Man Witty:
Then in ſpight of misfortunes,
Thus happy we are,
In a Jolly brave Soul,
That's a ſtanger to care.



Mr. *Robert Smith.*

A DIALOGUE between *NATURE* and *SORROW*.



Mr. *Robert Smith.*

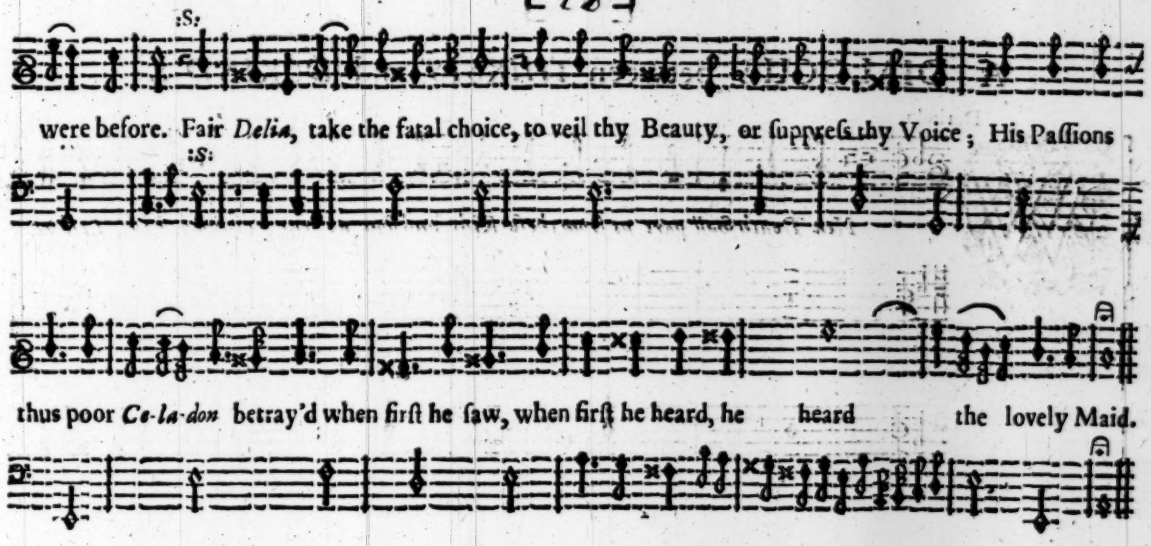
CELADON on *DELIA's* Singing: A Paſtoral.

Celadon.

De-lia! for I know 'tis ſhe, I know 'tis ſhe; for nothing leſs could move my tuneleſs Heart, than ſomething from above: I hate all earthly Harmony; Hark! hark! ye Nymphs and Satyrs all a round; Hark! how the baffled Eccho faints, and dies, faints and dies: See how the winged Quoire all gaſ--ping lies, at the Me-lo-dious Sound; Mark while ſhe Sings, how they droop, and flag their Wings. Angelick *Delia*, Sing no more; Thy Song's too great for Mortal Ear; Thy charming Notes we can no longer bear: O then in pity to the World, give o're, and leave us ſtupid, as we

Soft.

Soft.



CHORUS.

A. 3. Voc. *Cantus.*

FAir *Delia*, take the fatal choice, to vail thy Beauty, or ſuppreſs thy Voice; His Paſſions thus poor *Ce-la-don* betray'd, when firſt he ſaw, when firſt he heard, he heard the lovely Maid.

A. 3. Voc. *Medius.*

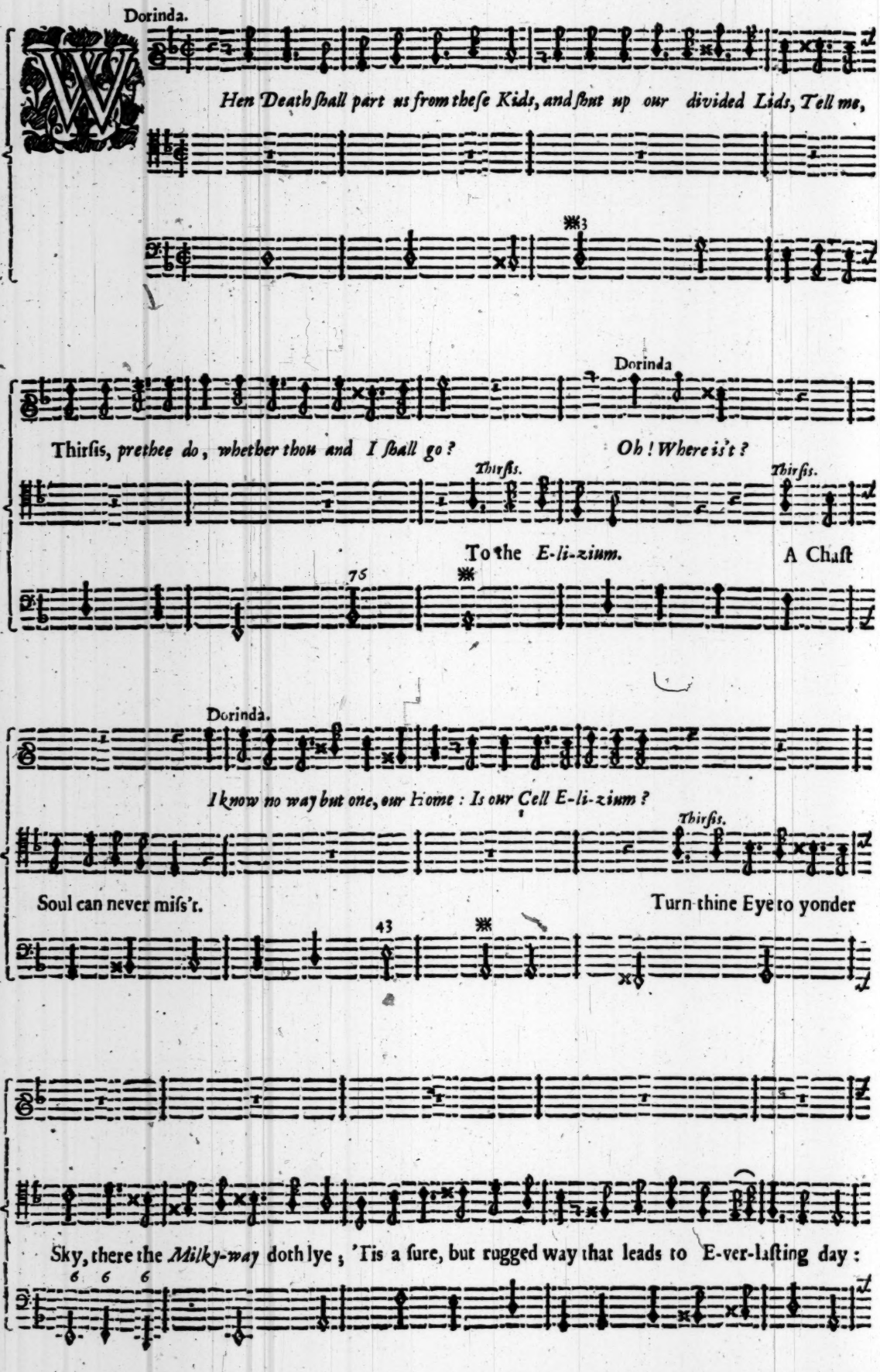
FAir *Delia* take the fatal choice, to veil thy Beauty, or ſuppreſs thy Voice; His Paſſions thus poor *Ce-ladon* betray'd, when firſt he ſaw, when firſt he heard, when firſt he heard, he heard the lovely Maid.

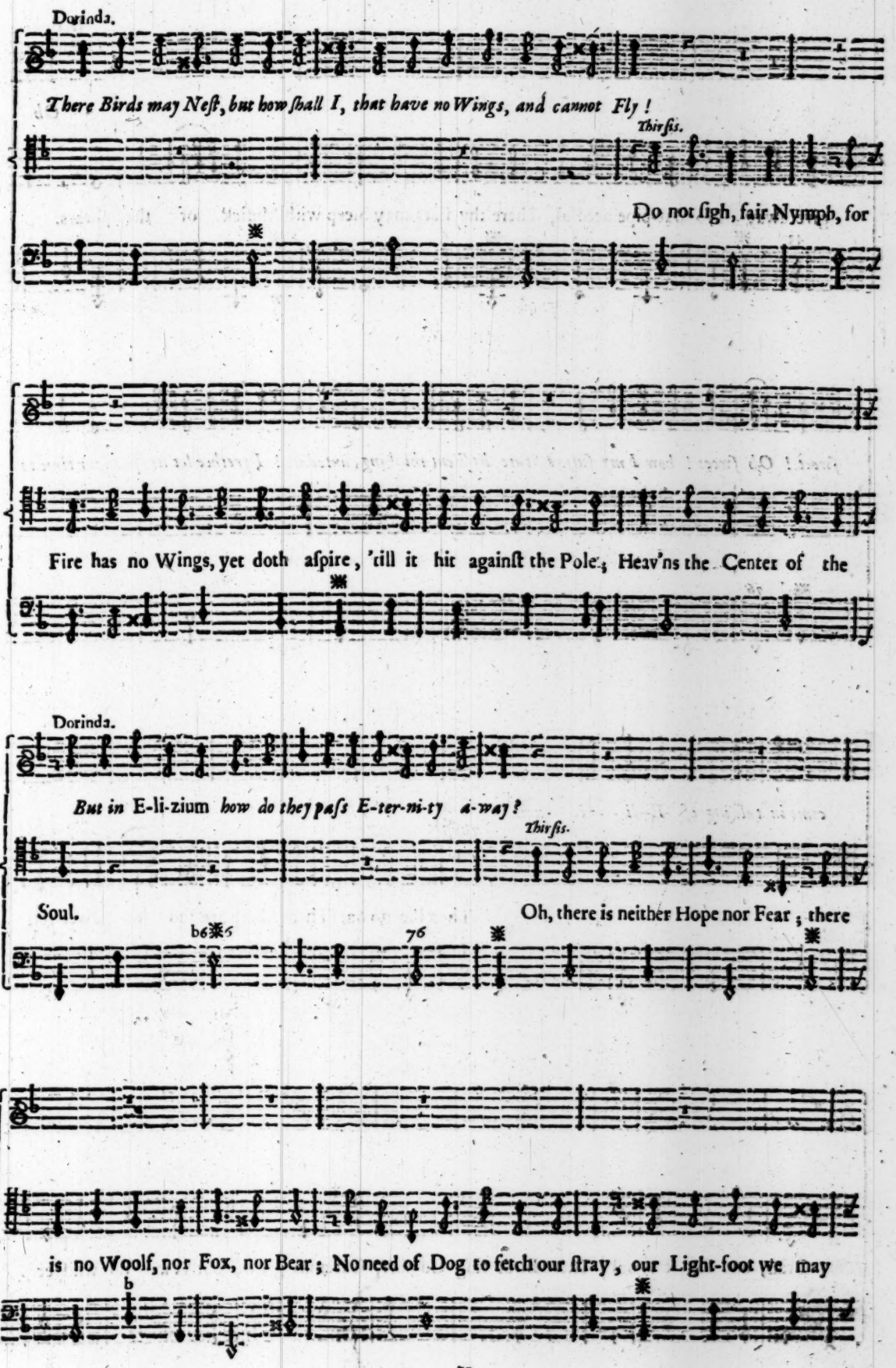
A. 3. Voc. *Baſſus.*

FAir *Delia*, take the choice, to veil thy Beauty, or ſuppreſs thy Voice; His Paſſions thus poor *Ce-ladon* betray'd, when firſt he ſaw, when firſt he heard, when firſt he heard, he heard the lovely Maid.

Mr. *William Gregorie.*

A DIALOGUE between *THIRSIS* and *DORINDA.*




Dorinda.
There Birds may Neſt, but how ſhall I, that have no Wings, and cannot Fly!
Thirſis.
Do not ſigh, fair Nymph, for
Fire has no Wings, yet doth aſpire, 'till it hit againſt the Pole; Heav'ns the Center of the
Dorinda.
But in E-li-zium how do they paſs E-ter-ni-ty a-way?
Thirſis.
Soul.
Oh, there is neither Hope nor Fear; there
is no Woolf, nor Fox, nor Bear; No need of Dog to fetch our ſtray, our Light-foot we may

Dorinda.

Oh

give away; No Oat-pipe needful, There thy Ears may Sleep with Muſick of the Sphears.

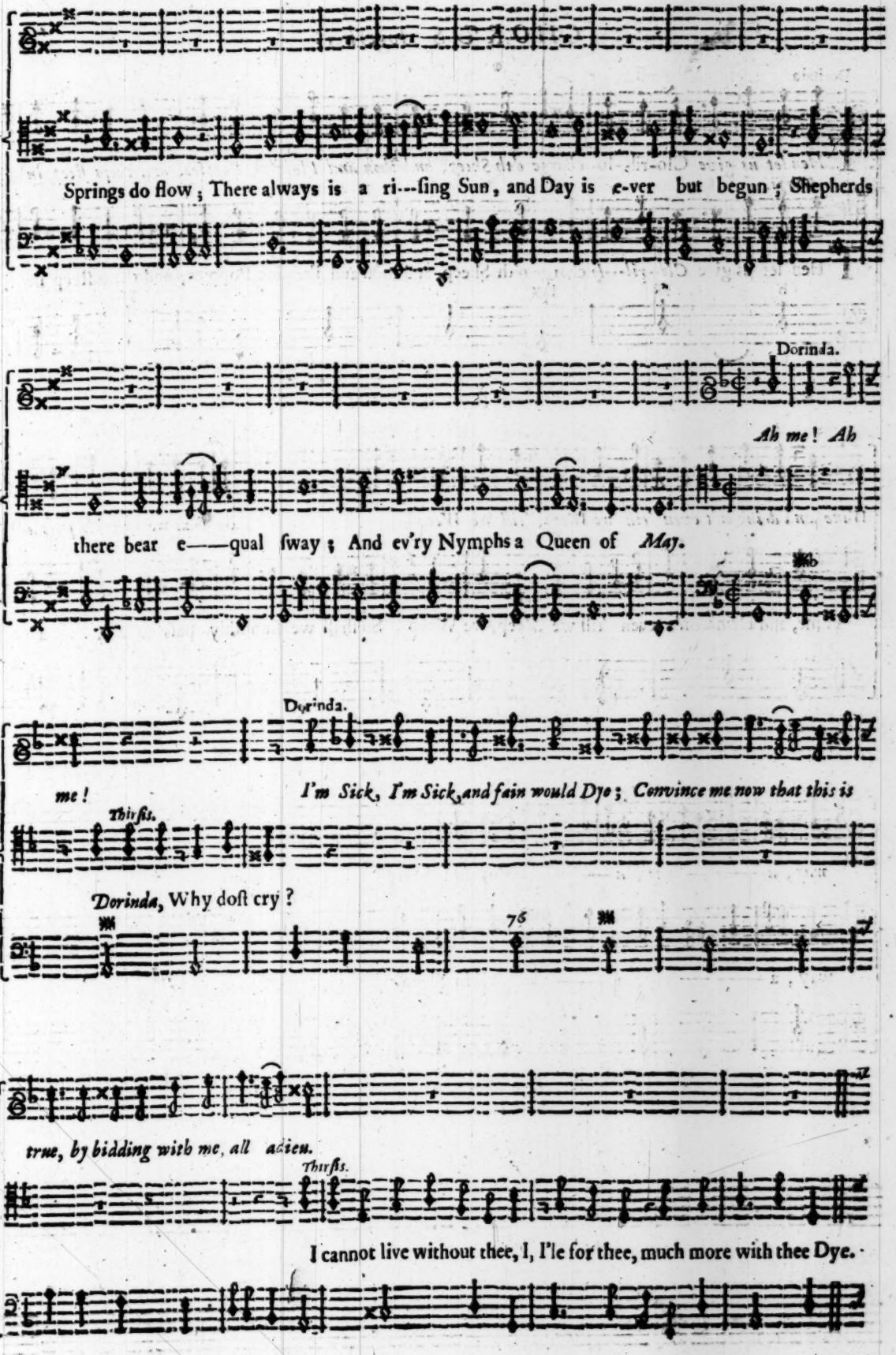
ſweet! Oh ſweet! how I my future State, by ſilent thinking, antedate! I prethee let us ſpend our time to

come in talking of E--li----zi-----um.

Thirſis

Then I'le go on. There Sheep are full of ſwee-teſt

Graſs, and ſofteſt Wool; There Birds ſing Conſort, Garlands grow, cool Winds do whiſper


Springs do flow; There always is a ri---sing Sun, and Day is e-ver but begun; Shepherds
Dorinda.
Ah me! Ah
there bear e——qual sway; And ev'ry Nymphs a Queen of May.
Dorinda.
me!
Thirsis.
I'm Sick, I'm Sick, and fain would Dye; Convince me now that this is
Dorinda, Why dost cry?
76
true, by bidding with me, all adieu.
Thirsis.
I cannot live without thee, I, I'le for thee, much more with thee Dye.

CHORUS together.

Dorinda.

THen let us give Clo-ril--lo *charge o'th Sheep, and thou and I'le pick Poppies, and them steep in*

Thirsis.

THen let us give *Clo--ril---lo* charge o'th Sheep, and thou and I'le pick Poppies, and them steep in

Wine, and drink on't even 'till we Weep, 'till we Weep; So shall we smoothly pass a-

Wine, and Drink on't even 'till we Weep, we Weep; So shall we smoothly pass a way, a—

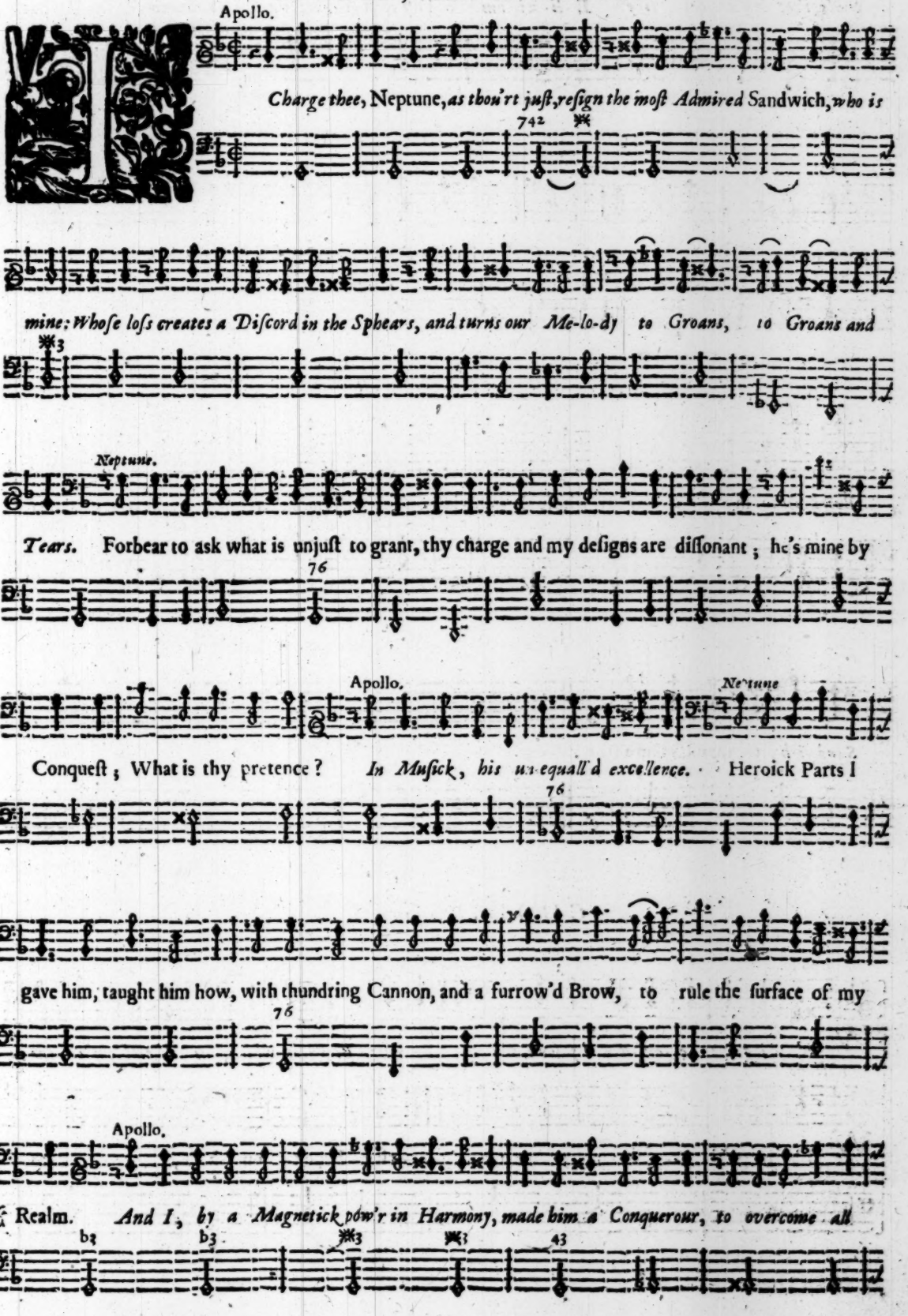
way, a——— way, a——— way in Sleep.

way, a——— way, a——— way in Sleep.

Mr. *Matthew Locke.*

A DIALOGUE between *APOLLO* and *NEPTUNE:*

Occaſioned by the unfortunate Death of the Right Honourable *EDWARD*, Earl of *Sandwich.*



Neptune.

Souls, that lov'd or like E--li--zi--um. Thy Seat is Pleasant, there all Sweets do dwell; but

mine with Rage and Horrour onl--y swell, which lately is encreas'd, since *Sandwich* sent so many

Belgians to my E--le--ment; whose E--mu--la-tion to a Prince therefore, makes me keep

Sandwich, to maintain my store.

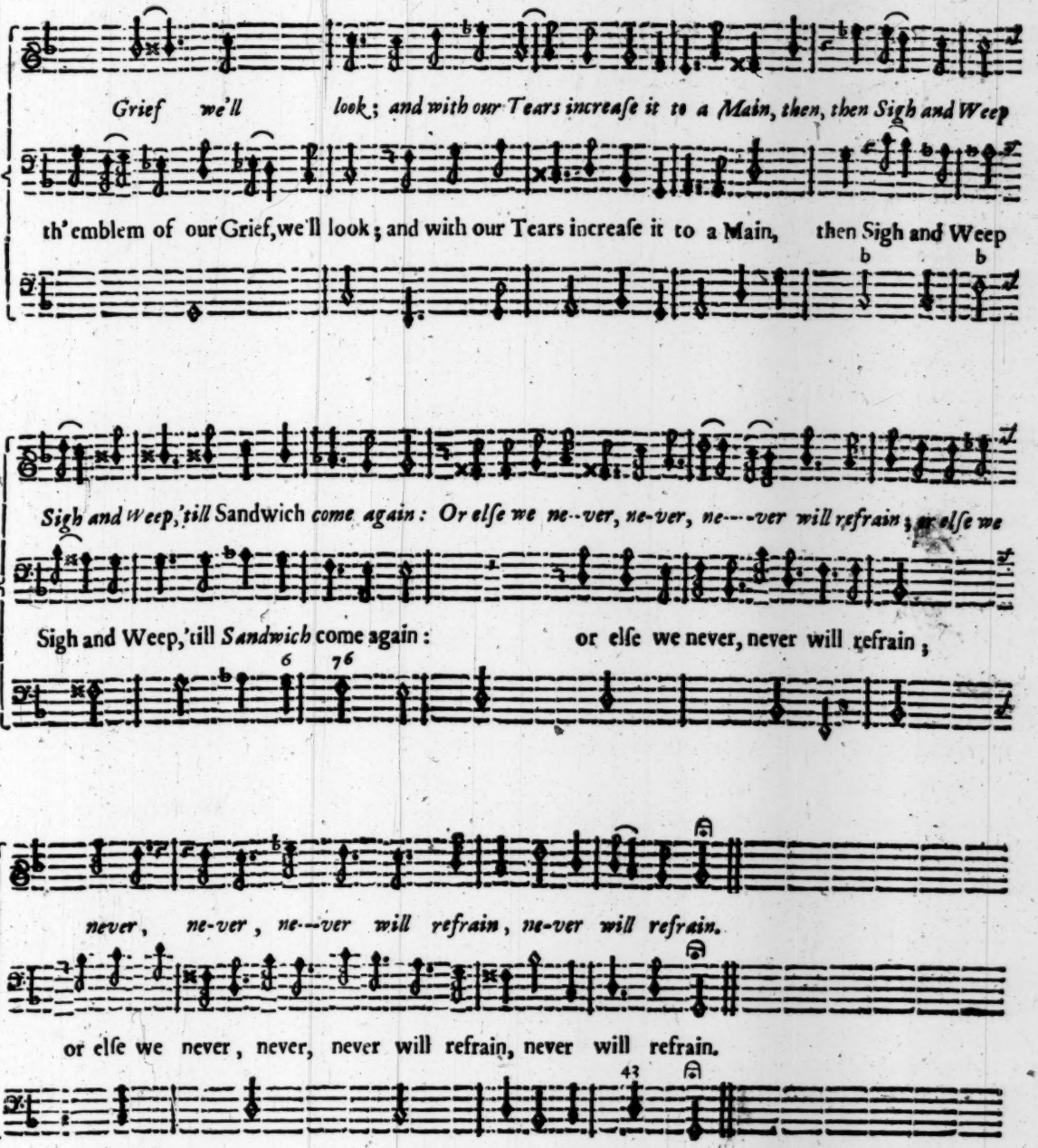
CHORUS together.

Apollo.

W*E'll Sing his Re--qui--em by some murm'——ring Brook, on which, as th' emblem of our*

Neptune.

WE'll Sing his Re--qui--em by some murm'——ring Brook, on which, as



Mr. *Matthew Locke.*

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